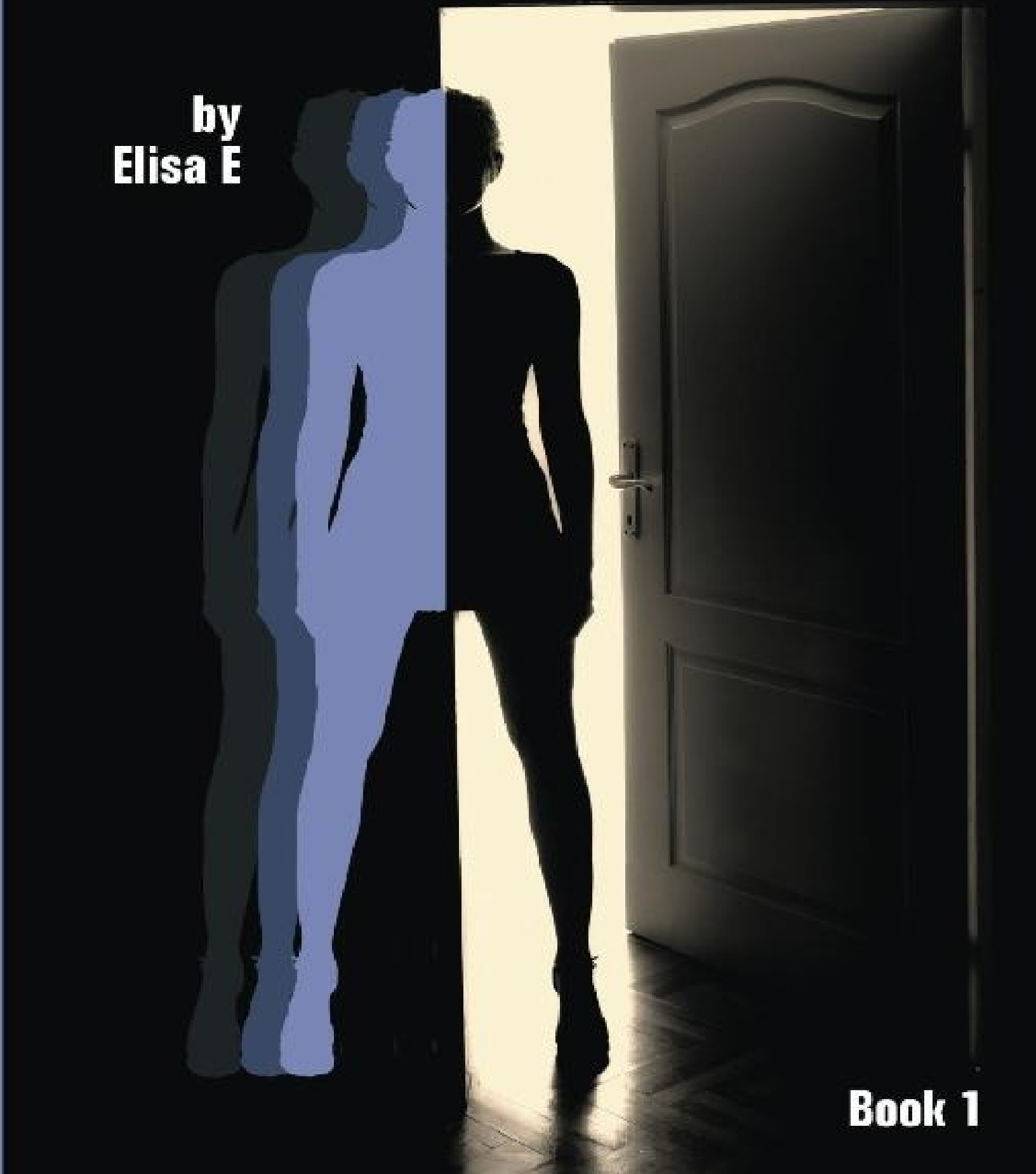
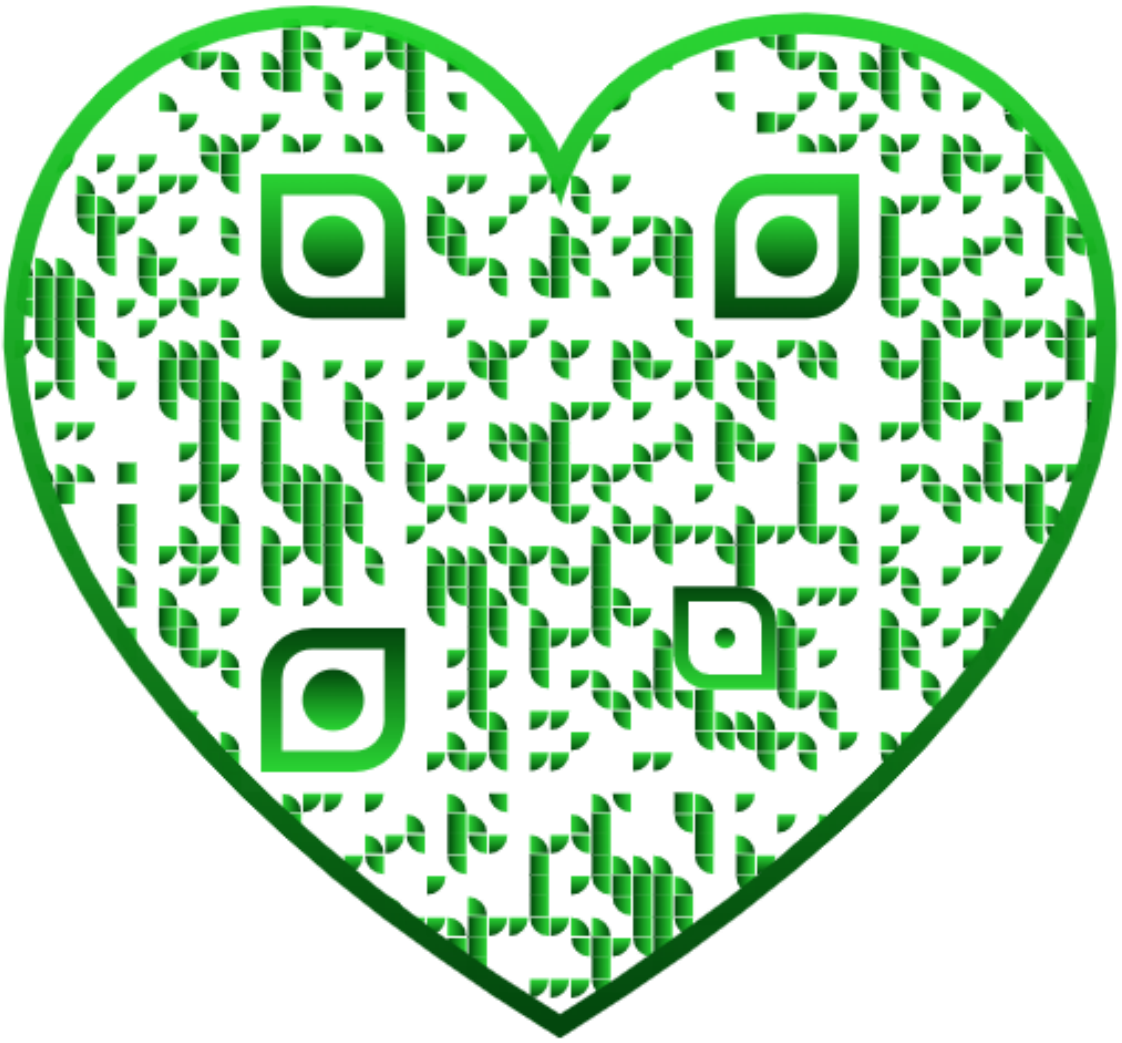
Our Life Beyond MKULTRA

by
Elisa E



Book 1



Our Life
Beyond MKULTRA

Book 1

By

Elisa E

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Cover art and design by Travis Kelly

Caveat lector!

(If you think you may have been a victim of *total mind kontrol* (*tmk*) programming, *we* strongly suggest that you read the following material with a safe support person in place with whom you can dialogue as TRIGGERING MAY OCCUR.)

DEDICATION

For those still out there under
total mind kontrol *programming*.

May you awaken to find safety and Love.

Book 1

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our deepest Love and appreciation to Lynn and all who have followed in his footsteps with support and faith in *us*. Without you, *we* would not be here to tell what *we* know. No judgment, just Unconditional Love.

Thank you to Elana for giving *us* hours of editing, remaining ever patient with *our* constant questioning, all the while knowing this story needed to be told. And thanks to Travis as well for his photography work.

A special thanks to Ron Patton and the staff of *Paranoia* magazine.

We are extremely grateful to predecessors who have gone public. Their willingness to come forward has provided validation and corroboration for much in *our* own alter downloads and conscious experience memories, as well as assisted in *our* struggle to break free of *our* doubt programming.

Foreword

> *The assassination of President Kennedy was, in the final analysis, a nationwide MK-ULTRA project designed to inflict massive trauma on the entire country and to thereby affect a significant change in the collective consciousness of the American people.*
>
> - David McGowan, "Ruminations on Littleton, Mind Control, and JFK," September 2000

During the years I spent digging in reams of disinformation and the occasional sudden Freedom of Information Act revelation as to what happened to this country, I discovered many disparate answers that, with diligence, finally fit together to reveal a picture of terrible intention and purpose.

The same research has led me to remarkable individuals who were victimized by the ice-Cold War now morphing into a transplanted techno-fascist Third Reich under the guise of Wars on Drugs and Terrorism. Having clawed their way out of brutal mind-soul control that began in 1953 with MK-ULTRA, these remarkable individuals are the canaries in the coalmine crying out to us, our children and grandchildren that *transhumanism* / *singularity*—an engineered humanity—is now just around the corner.

Elisa is one of these intrepid people, and her story of struggle is meticulously recorded in *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA.*

That organized religions like the Mormon Church, Catholic Church, Protestant churches, Freemasonry, Judaism, Islam, and Satanic cults are engaged in pedophilia and mind control should come as no surprise. Whatever the beliefs, these are, after all, dying institutions whose once good spirit has fled. Now, like generations of Satanists, they too are eating their own children.

Whereas Elisa is what I call a third generation MK-ULTRA survivor, Cathy O'Brien was a first generation MK-ULTRA survivor who, in the name of "recovery," has probably continued to be exploited as a "spy coming in from the cold" experiment. Still, her testimony before the Texas Justice Council in Dallas, Texas on June 11, 1996 is food for thought regarding the first Jesuit Pope in history, the Mormon Church and its Romney's, and how the terrible intention

and purpose of mind control has engineered public education to teach the masses facts but not how to *think*:

> It was in Mackinac Island that I first met then-Prime Minister of Canada Pierre Trudeau, a professed Jesuit. Through conversations that I overheard between him and Governor Romney, I learned how the CIA and the Catholics were merging their information for NWO [new world order] controls.
>
> Michigan's Governor George Romney was very much interested in implementing mind control of the masses. He wanted to bring the Satanic rituals of child abuse that were proliferating in the Catholic church into the Mormon church. He wanted a robotic society growing up within the Mormon church so that they would give more money to the NWO effort.
>
> One of the things that he instructed me to do was to attend the Muskegon Catholic Central High School—which was very much involved in this CIA/Jesuit merger of mind control information. Through implementation of trauma in the school system, a person such as myself would photographically record whatever I was taught. I got all A's but I didn't gain any information I could use. I couldn't think to use anything that I had learned, but I was recording facts and that's what they were interested in . . .
>
> Governor Romney was also interested in an early version of the Global Education 2000 Program (Outcome-Based Education) that's infiltrated our school system. It was designed to increase our children's learning capacity while decreasing their ability to critically analyze. As a result, the Michigan education system ranked first in the nation for many years but the devastation to the children was horrible.

Unbelievable? Not really. From 1975 to 1977, the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources (the Church Committee) Joint Hearing tangled with the same out-of-control CIA that President John F. Kennedy and his brother Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy attempted to contain. After two years of testimony and ten large boxes of documents labeled "MK-ULTRA, 1952-62," the public went back to sleep until the 1995 President's Advisory Committee on Human Radiation Experiments tried again, but to no avail.

Historical accounts insist that MK-ULTRA ended in 1973, but the truth is that it has continued under one name or another, moving from trauma-hypnosis-drugs

to remote electromagnetic mind control. (Robert Duncan, author of *The Matrix Deciphered* and *Operation: Soul Catcher*calls it EEG cloning / EEG heterodyning.) The last time I checked, MK-ULTRA's latest conduit was the International Cultic Studies Association (ICSA). Access to MK-ULTRA cutting edge technology for no-touch torture and slavery has grown beyond its original federal military and intelligence agency gatekeepers to defense contractors and other transnational corporations, police departments, criminal cabals, cults, churches, NATO members, high-level Satanic (Illuminati) families, etc. You name it; if it leads to greater power, mind control is the name of the game. Get those children while they're young!

Elisa tells her tale in all its horror and pathos. The unique aspect of *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* is in the pronoun *our* that speaks from the reality of being a multiple—that is, from having multiple personalities who also have a say, given that each of them holds one or more memories of horror that Elisa must eventually hear and know in order to *deprogram*. To speak as "I" is to speak as a singular individual, which Elisa is honest enough to admit is not her condition.

Elisa tells what happened from the vantage point of the programmed twilight zone, which should make this book extraordinarily valuable to professionals grappling with programmed clients, *and* to victims struggling to come to terms with what it means to live in a twilight with alters living their lives inside their psyche(s)—alters one must build a relationship with in order to learn their secrets.

Elisa is a proponent of the possibility that programming does not so much *insert* the twilight zone that the programmed must live in as *access* realms normally unattainable. Given the ascendancy of quantum physics and the scientific possibility that parallel universes are just an eyelash away, the possibility that other realms are being accessed may be pivotal to understanding the working of the brain and, indeed, "reality" itself.

Like the recently published *Twenty-Two Faces* by Judy Byington (Tate Publishing, 2012), *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* is a book that should stimulate a long-overdue public dialogue. Just yesterday, a friend sent me an April 1, 2013 clip from an *RT* interview with the outspoken Roseanne Barr in which Roseanne clearly states that "MK ULTRA mind control rules in Hollywood."[1] Given that entertainment is the number one mass mind control machine in America, what is being done to entertainers to turn them into obedient, multi-role cogs dominated by their contracts?

So derail the pleasure-pain programming you have been conditioned to obey and read Elisa's story to learn about the terrible intention and purpose that have shanghaied the United States of America. Learning may not sound like much, but as the first step to knowledge, it can lead inexorably to wakefulness and then *action*.

- Elana Freeland, June 21, 2013

Notes

1. "Roseanne Barr: 'MK ULTRA Mind Control Rules in Hollywood'." http://vigilantcitizen.com/latestnews/roseanne-barr-mk-ultra-mind-control-rules-in-hollywood/ At this same site is an August 16, 2001 CNN interview with Larry King in which Roseanne also speaks about MK ULTRA and "trauma-based mind control."

Elana Freeland is the author of the Sub Rosa America *series that can be found at www.subrosaamerica.com*. She worked on *MKZine* with publisher / writer Ron Patton and is now editor of his *Paranoia* magazine. Elana is presently writing a book on chemtrails and HAARP for Feral House Press. She has a master's degree in historiography.

Introduction

It was not until April 2008 that *we* came to consciously understand that *we* are a multi-generational bloodline, satanically ritually abused, trauma-based, *total mind kontrol* slave (*tmk* slave). Prior to that time, *we* remained under the kontrol of *our* programmers even as *our* programming was severely breaking down. Through much struggle and heartbreak, *we* slowly came to realize who and what *we* were and were able to take up the ongoing process of gaining control over *our* own lives.

First of all, *we* **front alters** use the words *i, me, us, we, our,* and *ourselves* to denote all or several of *our* personalities. Thus the use of italics for *our* personal pronouns, as well as for the names of certain alters. When *we* began writing, *we* were finding *ourselves* switching between using *i* and *we*, still very much in the lifelong discovery process. *We* decided to go back and replace almost all *i*'s with *we* so that the reader would be less confused. *We* realize that this takes away from expressing, in a word, the part of the process that *we* have to go through in order to move toward some degree of wholeness, but at least less confusion will encourage readers to read *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* in full.

Our Life Beyond MKULTRA is only a partial collection of *our* memory downloads spanning a lifetime—several lifetimes, if you consider all of *us*. Where possible, *we* have not gone into unnecessary violent details, only into what *we* feel is necessary to those for whom this text is written.

We have encountered many personalities within *us*, some full, others fragmentary. Full personalities can interact with the world at large, if necessary, while fragments seem to be completely unaware of the world at large and exist only within a particular programmed *act*. Fragmentary personalities never age or mature.

The **alters** who have consciously become known to *us* thus far collectively cover a broad range of programming. The majority are fragmentary personalities with very specific programmed “tasks.” So far, *we* have seen and felt more than two hundred alters and fragmentary personalities, some of whom are named, most of whom are not, due to being parts of systems. Hundreds fall into sub-groups under larger systems. For example, the *crystal system* is a grouping of sex alters

who perform sexual acts for whoever can access them. *We* hope to make this process clearer as *we* continue.

Many personalities have appeared without staying around or giving their names. One— a young adult—consciously presented for the first time in a **download** as recently as a few days ago. Some alters have normal names and many do not—or if they do, *we* front alters are unaware of that name. Some seem to be associated with numbers, some with animals. In most cases, *we* believe it is how they are known to whomever it is that knows them.

Another aspect that is confusing to *us* is that *i* am not yet sure about who *i* am, but *i* do know that *i* am part of the **frontline alter system** and that *i* am not the original self. Often, *i* realize that *i* am a front alter programmed for other alters who need to come through. At times, *i* seem to forget (or be forgotten) until alters show *me* again. Thus, the process of writing *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* has been one of internal struggles.

Upon editing *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA*, *we* clearly saw that different parts of *us* were writing at different times. Alter perspectives are varied, particularly when information is coming from several alters but presented by one alter working as a conduit for the others. *Our* main front alter is not the one who holds the memories or information about *our* “systems”; they are presented by many.

Try to understand *our* need for excessive italics and quotation marks for the exact words *we* see in *our* head. In many cases, *we* believe them to be specific programming words. In April 2012, *we* edited as much as *we* could, focusing particularly on utilizing capital letters and removing excessive quotation marks while still maintaining the truth. This was a difficult task as *our* inclination was to leave it as originally recorded, due to the possibility that it might resonate with other victims.

Our downloads are usually experienced as the presenting alter's consciousness as well as one or more of *our* front alter's simultaneous consciousness, now that *we* are in what *we* refer to as *our* **deep deprogramming**. Often, more than one alter is providing download details as more than one alter was present during the experience. When this occurs, it is clear to *us* that one alter's memory stops as another's starts.

It took *us* a while to understand and get used to the personality switches taking place within the original occurrence. *Our* alters present their memories to *us*

from within their own characteristics, abilities, frames of reference, timeframes, and levels of safety. The information is *their* memories from *their* life experiences—memories that have never been lost, only separated and sequestered away with the alter by walls within *our* shared mind.

When *we* use the words *see* and *feel* to describe *our* downloads, *we* are denoting a *knowing* between *our* front alters and other alters within *us*. That *knowing* may be physical, emotional, mental, spiritual, or all, and it is nearly impossible to describe the power of it in words in that it involves body, mind, and spirit. It is not that *we* are remembering so much as the alter is showing *us* their memory due to the fact that *we* were not present at the time of the original occurrence. *Our* body was there, but it was the mind of the other alter/alters that was present.

There are huge gaps within *our* conscious memory, often spanning many years. With what *we* refer to as *our* deep deprogramming, some of these gaps have given way to a flood of memories spanning a year or two.

Downloads of experiences have come in many ways, including photographic flashbacks and fragments during full waking consciousness or dream/rest time. *We* are uncertain if *our* state of sleep/rest is the same as that of a non-multiple personality, given that *we* have alters who never sleep. *Our* cells reveal body memories as well as intense emotional and physiological downloads. *We* have ongoing conversations between *our* alters, an internal process that can and usually does involve at least one of *our* front alters; hence *our* awareness either as a participant or as an observer. Often, when *we* find someone *we* can share with, as in someone seriously researching **illuminati *total mind kontrol (tmk*)** or another healing victim of illuminati *tmk*, *we* find validation and corroboration for many of *our* experiences.

After two and a half years of deprogramming backed by a minimal support group, *we* are attempting to live a life on *our* own and function within reasonably acceptable parameters within a society that appears to know nothing about illuminati *tmk*. *We* have gained a degree of management over *our* lives, though it remains an ongoing process as *we* continue to struggle with a labyrinth of masterful internal programs programmed into *us* since infancy, and against individuals sent to interfere with *our* process of deprogramming. At times, *we* are still accessed by *our* **kontrollers**, given that programs can and do still run inside of *us*. As the main front alter, *i* can say that there is still much for *us* to discover and learn.

The words *entities, demons, aliens, beings,* and *others* are used interchangeably

as they are the true programmers, kontrollers, and handlers. *We* ask readers to suspend judgment until they have read *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* in its entirety.

And last but certainly not least, there are the collages throughout both books. In the summer of 2009, *we* began collecting material for them as well as their actual construction. This was a collaborative effort by the many of *us*. The collection process alone took several months during which some of *our* front alters did not know why certain images were being gathered. *We* had no idea how profoundly powerful this work would be for *us* in *our* heart, mind, body, and spirit. Each page reveals things that some of *us* are still coming to understand. Due to the exorbitant costs of color production, *we* have had to print the collages in black and white even though the lack of color detracts from understanding the extremely significant role of color in *our* programming. However, you may find them in color on Kindle Fire, Kindle Cloud Reader, or Kindle for Android, BlackBerry, iPad, iPhone, iPod, Mac, PC, Windows Phone 7, and at *www.ourlifebeyondmkultra.wordpress.com*.

At the outset of the work, several of *us* asked all of those of *us* who would be willing to participate in this effort to please do so, assuring them that no one would ask questions of them regarding it—a necessity for many of *us* in order to come forward and be willing to help create what is contained in this book. In the more than three years of deep deprogramming, *we* have noticed that most of those inside are very guarded about their identities, and rightfully so. *We* are learning to honor that, no matter what. So it is the many of *us* who put their memories and understandings into this work. The collages appear throughout.

For definitions of **boldfaced** new terms, please turn to the Lexicon.

bed
Methods and madness
OH, BABY
Irish
Mother
SCOTTISH
Collins
genetic fate
3
Torture
How do you like your Rabbit?
J. Brooks
"How little how eager to learn"
Pleasure
Secrecy
lost
HEART
Split
Repeat
abuse
SUCK
Adore
Approval
Loved
the sweetest face
SCAR
Bed
THE MAN
Father's Baby
father time
Affection
Hard to Swallow
sticky LIPS
There's No Place Like Home
Touched
HANDS
without food.
YOUNG
bring us back from the brink
THINGS
little
SEXUAL PREDATORS
ARE EVERYWHERE
HIDE
small
beginning

baby parts

1

Shattering A Young Mind: The Early Years

We would be well into *our* 40's before becoming consciously aware that other parts of *us* were personalities and that *we* had multiple personality disorder (MPD). The main front alter could not figure out these wounded and terrible parts of *us*, nor how when such things had occurred and how *i* could do such things, nor why *i* had these parts that wanted to do such terrible things.

In the 1960's, *we* lived as a small child with *our* family in New Jersey in an area that many years later would be revealed to have strong connections to illuminati *total mind kontrol* programming (*tmk*). Due to how *we* were to be used by *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers in subsequent years, *we* were systematically sexually abused from infancy through adulthood. *We* are still being sexually abused, though the explanation for this needs to be left until later in the book after the reader has grasped how illuminati *tmk* programming affects *our* own continually running internal programming along with program access via external forces.

From infancy on, *we* were consistently abused and sexually traumatized to create early alters who would participate in a willing manner with their abusers. Such willingness is a direct result of systematic victimization by *our* programmers. There have been many, many downloads in which *our* alters—child, adolescent, teen, and adult—were not only participating but were instigating sexual acts and engaging enthusiastically *after* being triggered by *our* abusers. This is how programming works: once successfully triggered, the alters are in kontrol of *our* mind and body, having been completely programmed at a young age to perform sex acts that normal children don't even know of, let alone perform with enthusiasm and skill. (More on this later, though due to its *integral nature* in *our* programming, *we* wish to give it the necessary introduction here.)

Thus *our* formative years were shaped by perverse acts of sex with *our* father and at least one of *our* brothers (and *i* suspect others within *our* biological family as well as outsiders). From the crib years forward, these sexual acts were

combined with systematic physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual trauma and torture (electroshock, drugs, rape, drowning, suffocation, *alien* encounters and abduction, near death experiences, etc.) to seal them as programming. Such techniques of what today is known as *trauma-based mind control* allowed *our* programmers to fragment and split *our* mind into alters that could then be programmed to be used to do their bidding.

We still deeply struggle to dismantle the programs that transform repetitive pain into pleasure (sadomasochism or S&M) and extract *ourselves* from the grip of *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers. This struggle is very intense and difficult due to the complex nature of the internal programming *we* are still under. Even within *our* deep deprogramming, *we* continue to struggle with the disabling programmed behaviors and desires of *our* alters as they present to *us*, all the while having to thwart direct interactions with those still being sent to access *our* programming in an attempt to continue to kontrol *us*.

The infant

Our first conscious memory of abuse is as a preverbal infant, when *our* original or core self was splintered off, followed by an experience that designed the *rabbit* personality at three years old. This is the earliest experience memory thus far presented to *us* by alters attempting to show *us* the original *us* or at the very least someone closely associated with her. What *we* now attempt to relay is the body memory with a full abreaction coming from *our* preverbal infant who is co-existing with others of *us* so she can relay her trauma involving suffocation, followed by the memory of a trauma inflicted to split a three-year-old involving men in Navy issue clothing. Within this memory, *we* switched back and forth between the alters presenting while at the same time remained consciously aware of the collective of alters. Body memories are so numerous throughout *our* life that *we* are aware of their surfacing prior to their presentation, as was the case here.

We were just finishing a long distance voicemail download to one of the men supporting *our* attempts in deep deprogramming when *we* began to cry: a body memory was being brought to *us* by several alters. After hanging up the phone, *we* reclined on *our* bed as the front alters became aware of another alter holding *our* body as *our* body moved into a position that *we* would later realize was *us* in

an infant's body, the infant manifesting *pre-verbal* arm and leg movements as well as consciousness.

Through the sobs and contortions of her in *our* adult body in the here and now, *we* experienced the infant's pain and screams from long ago, still very present within *us*. Her mouth was stretched as wide as it would go and *we* were trying to scream, yet no sound was coming out. The pain was everywhere without her knowing *Why?* After her mouth was momentarily free, *we* sobbed and rolled about, then again she was holding *our* body, her mouth again blocked from screaming and breathing, stretched as wide as it would go.

We do not know how long this went on, time not being felt. *We* became aware that *we* were *seeing* and *feeling* through her as she stared blankly at one spot on the ceiling, completely empty inside. *We* were making a movement with *our* mouth, creating a sound from within her small body, on her back, her arms and legs held in that infant way. It took *us* several minutes to realize it was the end of what had happened to her and she was now adrift somewhere, empty**,** dissociated, staring at the ceiling, smacking her lips to alleviate the feeling there.

Then a sound issued from *our* mouth, a familiar sound that occurs often after body memories—not very loud, but a subdued release of air as though gently holding it from escaping to prevent it from creating too much noise, allowing *us* to go unnoticed—a constant, continuous, soft hum that creates a vibration in *us* that becomes the total focus of *our* mind—a sound that *feels* pleasant to *us* in that nothing prior to it exists.

Within the hours following this memory experience—including a full abreaction—*our* alters presented information to *us* through *jacked*, a neuter alter who is the presenter for several other alters with much to tell *us*. *Jacked* also will talk to someone it trusts who is sincerely interested and knows that what has happened to *us* is real. The man that works with *us* in *our* deep deprogramming has received many downloads from *jacked*. *Jacked* provided *us* with understanding that this infant was part of our original self—a reflection, so to speak, of *our* original self. The main front alter did not fully understand this until *our* alters holding this information revealed it because she was part of what disappeared within *us* so long ago when she was associated with *our* core before *our* mind was fragmented. It is also known to *us* that *our* father was *our* main abuser in those early years, being joined by *our* victimized brother.

Rabbit

The memory of the experience that designed the *rabbit* personality at three years old was shown to *us* by the three year old alter herself. We *see* her as a *rabbit*, what she is in *our* consciousness and what *we* visually see her as. She never speaks verbally and so by thought transference, she said that this experience designed her.

The memory begins with *us* looking down at a 20º angle on a man with blond hair and blue yes some fifteen feet or so away in a very large warehouse. *We* feel nothing at all in this part of the memory—a common dissociated state for many of *our* alters. *We* are evidently *above* where he is standing next to a metal cot with a bare mattress, no linens. *We* can still *see* the thin, pale red pinstripes on the cream-colored fabric with fabric-covered buttons creating indentations. Behind him are long, high rows of large metal shelves of three or four levels. It is difficult to see exactly what these are, though sometimes *we feel* deeply that some of *us* cannot bear to know. He is chained to the cot by a six-foot metal chain attached to a device screwed into his head. *We* can hear the chain against the metal frame of the cot as he moves. Blood seeps from his head. He has been badly beaten and his clothes are bloody. He is wearing Navy-issued denims and has a blank stare on his face as if he is totally gone, dissociated.

Immediately, *we* are aware of voices and sounds of men approaching from *our* right and know what is going to happen, thanks to another alter sharing a part of the memory of what is to come. *We* turn *our* head as four men in Navy denims come around the tall metal shelf-like structure behind the man chained to the cot. The men are talking to one another in a jovial, normal day sort of way, even laughing as they approach. *We* see that whatever these metal shelf type structures are, *we* are on the same on the opposite side of the cot. They are apparently on both sides. The memory ends there for *rabbit*, yet *we* know that the chained, beaten man is finished off in front of *us*. *Rabbit* was designed by this experience.

Rabbit would show *us* another memory of being sexually abused by a man she appeared not to know, though she was present when *we* were in bed with *our* father sleeping with his back to *us*. *We* were very young and small and the bed seemed so big with him on the left side and *us* as far to the right as *we* could get without falling off. Down the side of the bed on the floor next to the bed is *rabbit* who doesn't talk but *we* know what she needs. She is very hungry and

thirsty and the kitchen is not far, yet *we* are afraid to leave the bed. *We* have to get her water, so *we* look at the back of the sleeping man and decide to very quietly go and get a small dish of water for her. *We* do this with terror in *our* heart because *we* do not want to awaken the man. The bottom drawer of the nightstand is open, it has two drawers, and there is some type of natural fibers in there that *rabbit* has started to eat. *We* encourage her to get in that drawer if he wakes up so she will be safe and are comforted by watching her nibble on the fiber hanging out of the drawer.

The next childhood memory *we* have occurred at five years old. It takes place in Tennessee, *our* second home. *We* are uncertain at what age *we* moved there.

Childhood aliens

We are standing outside along the edge of the street a few houses down from *ours* in an altered state. *Our* older brother is playing in the street while *we* stand in the gutter looking across the street over the houses at a brilliant ball of light far away in the clear blue, high noon sky. *We* know it is coming to *us* but feel no fear. *Our* brother has not yet seen it, though *we* only notice his unaware state in *our* peripheral vision because we can't take *our* eyes off the brilliant ball of light coming very quickly but getting *smaller* as it nears. By the time it is over the house across the street, it is no longer a ball of light but a 3D *orb* moving gently, angularly, and gracefully—with intention. In a soft, intentional motion, it crosses the street and comes to a stop inches from *our* face. Inside it, various subdued colors are swirling—creams, tans, browns, and blues with a faint iridescence showing now and then. *We* know it is alive. *We* are also aware that *our* brother is now standing to *our* left, very close and silent, looking at the orb. Then the conscious memory ends.

Years later, *we* would discover that this town in Tennessee is a region in which other *tmk* victims as well as alien abductees have reported heavy encounters. *We* want to be clear: with *our* extensive personal encounters of this type throughout *our* life, *we* do not know of *any* of these beings to be Benevolent in nature. *We* can and will only write of *our* personal encounters and “abductions.” They are certainly connected to our *total mind kontrol* programming.

But this is not the only conscious memory *we* have while living in this home in Tennessee. The next occurs when *we* are six years old. *We* would be in *our* early

30's when *we* would finally be shown by *our* alter what actually occurred that evening, a memory that came flooding up because of the circumstances *preceding* the "abduction," namely catching fireflies at dusk with *our* eldest brother. It was a profound memory, one that *we* remembered with much emotion. Every time *we* thought of it, *our* stomach tightened.

We are standing in the woods behind *our* house at dusk catching and releasing fireflies with an old mayonnaise jar with the screw-top lid. While looking at *our* smiling eldest brother, *we* get hit with a blinding light so intense that *we* immediately have a severe headache and are unable to see anything other than blinding brightness. *We* knew as a child that this light was extraordinary in that it could *penetrate us* and yet *didn't leave a shadow*.

The next thing *we* recall is that *we* are sitting in a room on a table of some sort, with *our* feet dangling off one end. *We* are alone. The first thing frighteningly apparent to *us* is the incredible silence in the room, a deafening silence—an oxymoron *we* all know, yet are afraid to speak at first. What *we* knew, though *we* do not recall how *we* knew, was that *someone* was going to come through the door and *we* were very frightened by who that was going to be. *Our* fear got the best of *us* and *we* began calling out for *our* brother, saying aloud, "*I* want *my* jar, where is *my* jar?"

Next, *we* realize that someone is close to *us* to *our* left, someone shorter than an adult, given that *we* are a six year old up on a table looking at a slight angle down. *We* glanced and saw the back right side of a head that frightened *us* so terribly that *we* quickly looked away and stared into *our* lap at *our* hands, trying desperately not to acknowledge what *we* had seen. *We* can still clearly see that it was not a human head but bulbous just above where the head meets the neck. An exaggerated dimple similar to but larger than what humans have between the tendons was at that point, the skin translucent white with visible blue and pink veins and capillaries. The conscious memory ends there.

In *our* early 30's, a hypnotherapist who *we* believe was actually reprogramming *us* for *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers tried to access more of this memory. Repeated attempts to find out what occurred between the blinding light hitting *us* and being in that room were to no avail and all *we* got was an excruciating headache.

A very telling circumstance at this time in *our* life is that the elder brother present at the time of this abduction in the woods had previously drawn an elaborate underground tunnel system with machines and equipment and soldiers

moving about. *We* would not recall his drawing until *our* programming began to severely break into *our* conscious front alter's mind in *our* early 30's.

During the first few months of *our* deep deprogramming in April 2008, *we* would experience the alter memories of a brilliant flashing white light *inside our* head as *our* young child sex alters surfaced with their memories. As of October 2010, *we* are certain that this particular abduction was not an "alien abduction" per se but a sex ritual in the woods behind *our* home during which *we* were raped and sodomized. The latter brutality to such a small child is the direct cause of the blinding white light that *we* were experiencing in *our* head alongside an instant debilitating headache as new alters were created to cope with the pain and trauma. "*Alien* abduction" screen memories were used to prevent *us* from remembering certain things. However, *we* think this traumatic event may have pushed *our* consciousness into another "realm." Screen memories would be programmed into *our* young mind over the years of trauma and torture to come. Additionally, various parts of *us* were being designed to reach beyond this world as a needed capacity for use later. More will be written about what was truly occurring as opposed to what was to be remembered.

There are more memories associated with this neighborhood, including a man who lived down the street—memories that involve life-threatening fear and a great malevolent darkness, as well as fire.

Missing time

At eight years old, *our* father moved *our* family yet again, putting us near a particular military installation in Florida that was infamous for *tmk*. There, *we* would be programmed throughout *our* teens. (See Recommended Reading and Listening for more on programming sites.)

In *our* second grade classroom at the end of school one day, *we* had a missing time experience. Thanks to corroborating witnesses, namely *our* mother and father, *we* can write of this experience.

We can still *see ourselves* erasing the chalkboard, then all goes blank, the next conscious memory being of walking home alone and later in the afternoon than usual. *We* knew this even at the time of this experience because of anxiety about middle schoolers getting out later and being verbally abusive to us younger ones. *We* were alone, uncertain of where *our* schoolmates had gone. Just as *we*

neared the middle school, *our* father pulled up in the car, opened the door, and shouted, "Where the hell have you been? Get in this car!" *We* were fearful of his temper and at a loss as to why he was angry.

We got in the car and began to tell him *we* had been with *our* teacher Mrs. S., and that she had asked *us* and L.P. (another female student) to stay after school to help clean the chalkboards and erasers. *We* thought nothing of it as L.P. and *i*, a young front alter, were teacher's pets. But he said it was late afternoon, *we* had been missing for several hours, and that he and *our* mother had called the school only to be told that all of the students and teachers had gone home. He told *me* that they had called the police and that *our* mother was at home vomiting because she knew *we* were "gone"—her word that *i* would hear later in life. Her fear had plagued her since we children were small—probably a belief instilled in her by her mother. Her fear that *we* would be “taken” (her word) ran deep.

The missing time was never resolved, nor do *we* recall any attempt by *our* parents to do so, nor if they really had called the police. *I* have no memory of how *we* were back then, even the front alters, due, *i* believe, to all of the switching between alters that went on in *our* childhood and adolescence.

However, during *our* time in second grade, *we* were extremely fearful of going to school—terrified and living with a non-ordinary level of anxiety associated with *our* demise. Some of *us* were certain *we* would die there. Part of *our* terror was of another eight year old's ongoing sexual advances that bled into even *our* front alter’s consciousness and caused *us* unbelievable confusion and panic over what presented as his and *our* sexual relationship—real even to *our* front alters because of the abuse occurring at this time for both *us* and him *at school.*

Our opinion is that both of us were being abused was breaking into *our* and his front alters, terrifying *us* as well as causing *us* to have to deal with the crossover, a tremendous burden to *our* various parts. Later in *our* high school, *we* would encounter this same boy, having not seen him since second grade, and go into a severe state of PTSD triggered by *our* alter’s memory—something *we* can readily identify with since so many of *our* alters deal with fragments of other parts' lives, even into *our* deep deprogramming.

We front alters had no conscious memory of being engaged in any sexual relationship with this young boy’s alters, perhaps because it was sequestered with *our* other young parts. *We* lived in an unknown childhood terror while *our* young front alter presentations were of a somewhat disturbed little girl with high anxiety only at times apparent to those around *us*. *Our* programming made sure

of this.

Alien *abduction?*

This experience also took place when *we* were eight years old. *We* were sleeping in the recliner chair in the living room of the apartment *our* family lived in. *We* had slipped and fallen at the apartment complex pool earlier that day and *our* back was hurting. *We* awaken in the dark and know that *they* are here.

Immediately in front of *our* face inches from *our* nose is the face of a gray *alien* with big black eyes. *We* feel completely relaxed while looking at him. (As an adult, *we* would like to note here that the feeling was the equivalent of being heavily drugged.) Trusting it completely, *we* are engaged in telepathic communication as levitation begins. Being young, *we* did not check to see if *we* were leaving *our* body, but it felt like *we* were levitating *in our* body. *We* still have vivid memories of the feeling like tiny bubbles under *our* skin as *we* became lighter and lighter and began to lift out of the chair. The memory then fragments and *we* see the nighttime sky.

Next, *we* are lying in a room with several of these beings around *us*, including the one who came for *us*, *our* friend. They stuck something up *our* left nostril that hurt and *we* began to cry and demand to go home. All of a sudden, *our* friend is at *our* right side again close to *our* face and *we* start to feel good again. Next, *we* are returning to the chair in the living room and the weight of *our* body becomes heavy, dense, and suffocating.

Years later, *we* would describe it as the feeling of putting on a sweater that is far too small. At that point, the "*alien*" face is again inches from *our* face. *We* giggle because *we* are told not to tell *our* mother, though nothing is said about telling *our* father—strange until one realizes he has been abusing *us* for many years; that he is one of *our* main abusers is *our* secret. But whose secret, really? *Ours* and the *alien*'s? *Ours* and *our* father's? And it wasn't just the two of us present in this memory; others were there. Who? The memory fragments end there for this alter.

The profound feeling of becoming weightless and then returning to the incredible heaviness of *our* body is still with *us*. Leaving the body, dissociating as well as levitating ("flying")—*both* are real experiences to *us*. Also, what would strike *us* later as an adult is that this friend with the *alien* face seemed

rather *two-dimensional*. Nor did *we* see a spaceship, as was also true in the "abduction" at six years old in a previous entry. It is possible that this particular abduction, like several others, was rife with holograms or some type of virtual reality known to *us* now as screen memories.

However, almost two years after *we* began *our* deep deprogramming, *we* learned that accessing the pineal gland up through the nasal cavity can “awaken” certain latent abilities. What *we* knew by the time *we* heard this is that *we* have some exceptional abilities *within* the physical world and *beyond* the physical world as most know it, and that these abilities can be accentuated and utilized by *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers.

("*Alien* abductions" are often screen memories installed within programmed alters to obscure what is really occurring: esoteric occult rituals of which many of *us* have fragmented memories—terrible rituals involving sex, human sacrifice, and cannibalism. And yet *we* do indeed believe at this time that the programmers and kontrollers are very “alien,” meaning demonic and malevolent, the two being practically one in the same.)

Breathing underwater

In *our* late 40's, *we* would finally read about Navy experiments to create amphibious soldiers—*tmk* slaves with unusual abilities. *Our* connections to the Navy were already there, including members from both sides of *our* parents' families. As *our* programming broke down over the years, *we* would have more pool downloads, including one by an alter who as a teenager was in a very deep pool with two other people. (See "The Teen Years.")

While living in the apartment with the swimming pool, *we* told *our* mother that *we* were able to breathe underwater. She dismissed this as fanciful and yet cautioned *us* not to try it in the apartment pool. Of course *we* did repeatedly, but always came up coughing, baffled as to why it didn't work. *We* clearly remembered having done it there before, even how *we* had to breathe in the water slowly at first. Years later, *we* would realize that the original water had been slightly *thicker* than regular water—not something an eight year old would pay a lot of attention to. Obviously, the apartment pool was a cover or screen memory and not the actual setting for the lesson in breathing underwater.

In 1990, *we* would have *our* first exposure to others' reports of "breathing pools"

during alien abductions in *Secret Life: Firsthand Documented Accounts of UFO Abductions* by David Jacobs (1993). While reading the particular chapter on breathing pools, *our* knees buckled and *we* gasped (an unconscious reaction).

Secret Life also contained experiences of a person we'll call "L" to whom *we* would eventually become very close when *our* major programming was breaking down in *our* early 30's and *we* were looking everywhere for help. In truth, "L" was an "alien abductee" sent as a kontroller to lock down *our* memories and succeeded in postponing *our* deprogramming and assuring *our* continued use. It appears from *our* alter's memories that "L" was a part of *our* programming as early as in *our* teens (with perhaps even earlier than that). This woman worked directly with Jacobs, purportedly attempting to deal with her own memories but ending up as a kontroller for *us*, probably a *tmk* slave herself.

As difficult as it must be for those living outside the life of a *tmk* slave, in *our* deep deprogramming *we* cannot deny the reality of the many abilities *our* alters have. Even *our* front alters have difficulty with this, despite having seen enough firsthand high strangeness in *tmk* programming to recognize the need to at least keep an open mind. *Our* conclusions are that abilities like underwater breathing are indeed very real when certain alters are up and running while still fully programmed. This ability was evidently developed in part while *we* believed that *we* were going to drown during programming. *We* can still hear in *our* head *Stop holding your breath* while *we* were underwater with more than one man standing over *us* looking down at *us* while *we* were unable to surface.

devastating potential

Black patent leather and nancy the cheerleader

While at work one day in the late 2000's in the Southwest desert, *we* would have another conscious download from *our* alters of programming that occurred at the age of eight. *We* were idly watching foot traffic in the small village in which *we* worked when across the street a woman exited a small cafe carrying a large black patent leather handbag. Immediately, a child alter's memory surfaced of *us* in a cheerleading costume and black patent leather boots with heels. Both the alter and *we* remember clearly *our* days as a cheerleader for *our* father's and brother's Little League football team in Tennessee. But that front alter cheerleader wore white tennis shoes, not black patent leather boots with heels.

The rest of the memory surfaced later that night. There *we* were at eight years old in black patent leather boots and a cheerleading costume made of gold light-weight corduroy with black trim seducing an older man not *our* father and singing Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made for Walking" in a manner no eight year old should know, let alone do. The song would play in *our* head for days during *our* alter *nancy*'s presentation, named no doubt for Nancy Sinatra.

By this time in *our* deep deprogramming, many child alters with sex programming had surfaced, yet to this day *we* have not become accustomed to discovering and experiencing with them. Please understand: these alters were under years of extreme programming and had little sense of right or wrong, their pleasure and participation due to “malevolent” programming.

once upon a time

2

The Teen Years

These years are so fragmented, *we* initially wondered if they existed at all. *We* have detailed fragments as *we* do for the late teens and early 20's, and with time these fragments are connecting and allowing huge gaps to be filled. Slowly, *we* have come to understand why alters chose to remain hidden for so long, the teen years being a time *we* needed to protect *ourselves* from remembering, when *we* were under the full kontrol of *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers, *our* programming locked in.

Unhappy birthdays

Through several alters' memories, *we* have realized that *our* birthdays were not celebrations for *us*. Instead, they were times for programming and use and keeping *us* bound to them through the idea that they kontrolled *our* birth and death. Throughout *our* adult life, *we* have never enjoyed birthdays or holidays, and now *our* front alters understand why: calendar observations were often occasions for major programming. Thus *we* have *chosen* to not celebrate cultural occasions as *our* affirmation to choose, choice being something *we* are learning to assert while attempting to not hide any longer. It has been part of *our* front alter's programming to deny what *we see* and *feel* and act otherwise. Never have *we* felt connected to the "world of man" around *us*, and birthdays and holidays are just one of many examples why.

The next memory seemed rather benign, as some do until they are seen in the context of the rest of *our* life. *Our* memory in *our* front alter is of going to a movie with *our* friends for *our* birthday.

Innocent enough? It is *our* 12th birthday and *we* are with several other girls about *our* age in a theatre watching the 1973 movie *The Day of the Dolphin*. The strange thing is *we* cannot identify the girls with *us* in the theatre. All *we* can

remember is that *our* mother is with us, the exception being flashbacks of movie details. From *our* seat, *we* can partially *see* a group of girls numbering about half a dozen. *We* cannot recall if there were other people in the theatre or not. Like the fireflies memory, this innocent-appearing experience has a profound effect on *us*.

During *our* adult deep deprogramming research, *we* began to wonder about Dr. John C. Lilly due to his connections with several people involved directly and indirectly with *our* programming—and with sensory deprivation, dolphins, and *The Day of the Dolphin*. *We* were immediately back in that theatre on *our* 12th birthday realizing that *our* front alters did not know the girls. *We* could remember George C. Scott in the film, yet not the storyline.

As *we* read the storyline of *The Day of the Dolphin* in the Lilly article, it talked of things undeniably linked to *tmk* programming and *our* particular use. *We* were now sure that the birthday memory was a screen memory. The *baseline* of *our* childhood programming was very pertinent to *our* subsequent use by *our* programmers. *Our* birthday was not a birthday party in the conventional sense but a day of *kill* programming with other girls *our* age. *Our* birthdays would show up again and again as occasions for programming. Dr. Lilly's work was used in *our* programming.

(See the 1973 film *The Day of the Dolphin* online to study how it could be used to program, as well as Lilly's possible associations to *tmk* programming techniques.)

The next memory is difficult to describe, particularly its effect on the main front alter. This will be the first time the main front alter *sees*, *hears*, and *feels* the events. It is also important to understand that the most disturbing memories continue to result in re-fragmenting *our* mind. According to some mental health professionals this is known as a full abreaction. This occurred here. The memory was revealed the day before *our* 2009 birthday.

Our front alter's encounter with the experience memory went something like this: In the early morning hours of present day, *we* were fully conscious when *we* saw a girl in her late teens lying in the grass below *us*, her face covered with hair matted and stringy, red with blood and white with wads of a clear fluid in great quantity. *We* instantly recognized this fluid as semen. She appeared only semi-conscious, not moving except for the slightest movement of her head. She was badly abused and incapacitated. *We* couldn't see her face due to the hair.

Over the course of the next several seconds, alters who were present at the original experience showed *us* this scene. Others of *us* were now present to *see* and *feel* it for the first time. *We see* her and ask, "Who is that?" Then *we* can *see* her blue eyes but not physically, due to the bloody hair covering her face. It is then that *we* realize to *our* horror that she is *us*. Due to the severity of the abuse, more than one alter holds this memory, more than one alter being necessary within the original experience. With this realization, *we* stopped breathing. *We* are above and out of *our* body, so dissociated that *we* do not even think it is *us* at first, hence asking, *who?*

We see that *we* are lying on *our* right side, arms and legs slightly bent. The intensity of the fear and pain experienced during and within this memory is debilitating. *Our* alter let *us* know *we* were brutalized and raped and men ejaculated in *our* hair. *We* were told that the blood was not *ours*. She showed *us* the age: *17*. Then *we* saw *14*, followed by *13*, telling *us* that this was a recurring event—*our* birthday celebration.

This experience memory falls into the category that can never quite be filed away, lingering with *us* in a state of limbo, pushing far into what comprises an unconscionable act for one to do to another, no matter the reason, as no reason will be found to be good enough, *ever*. Most of *our* alter's memories that surface are deeply disturbing, yet some just never seem to stop hurting, and making peace with them will take years, if ever. This is one of those. *Our* abreaction to this experience memory lasted for weeks. To this day, it brings a deep sadness accompanied by someone's desire within *us* to die.

a child's world

"Female," not a woman

This memory seemed surreal until many years later *we* came to understand who and what *we* are.

We are walking through the living room in the home where *we* spent most of *our* adolescent and teen years under programming. As *we* near the sliding glass doors on the south side, *we* realize it is night. *We* are dressed in a flannel nightgown and carrying a stuffed animal in *our* right arm held close to *our* chest while *our* left hand holds the hand of a wide-eyed little boy. (Over the years, more than 25 stuffed animals were given to *us* by *our* father—reinforcements to *our* programming and representative of some of *our* alters.) The wide-eyed little boy is listening to *us* telepathically as *we* ask him to take care of *our* stuffed

animal so precious to *us*. Telepathically, he assures *us* that he will.

At this point in the experience, *we* know that the wide-eyed little boy is a small *alien being* with very large eyes and that *we* are going with them. *We* have always been able to see these *beings*, but it is safer for some of *our* young alters to *see* a little boy.

We release the stuffed animal to him and let go of his hand as *we* walk out of the already open sliding glass door and onto the grass in *our* backyard. *We* stop and look up into the night sky and see a human-looking "female" flying about. *We* know that *we* are to join her, so *we* close *our* eyes and begin to concentrate, focusing on being with her as *we* begin to lift slowly off the ground—something in *our* programmed youth that *we* are quite familiar with and *we* know how to do because they taught *us*.

Our thoughts waver and *we* begin to descend, so *we* refocus on being with her and not just thinking about her. For this young alter, it is a very *visual* experience and she *sees* herself up there with this "female." She lifts off with a tremendous amount of focus, partly due to having already learned how to "fly." Then *we* are moving about in the air with this "female." *We* look down to the yard. There is a man, *our* father, yet to this alter he did not *feel* like her father standing in the yard looking up with a blank expression on his face, frozen in time. To *us*, he looks sad, so *we* swoop down towards him, yet he remains unresponsive. She feels a deep sadness for him.

Next, *we* are seated at a long narrow table like the ones with the fold-out legs you see at conventions, the top made of a faux wood, the legs metal, with simple metal folding chairs—very “earthly” furniture, the "female" seated across from *us*. To the right of her directly in front of *us* is seated a "woman" with brunette hair, her back to *us*, her head leaning on her arm on the table. *We* never see her face. *We* feel emotionally detached, *we* are being taught. The "female" looks at *us* as *we* stare at the back of the head of the "woman," then at the "female" whose hair is blond like *ours*.

Looking into her eyes, *we* hear in *our* head, "You are a female like me, not a woman. Do you understand?"

We completely understand, as if in that moment *we saw* and understood on a *cellular level* what was not stated. As if *we* had always known this, *we* telepathically respond, “Yes, *i* understand. Yes, *i* remember.” *We* recall the whole body sensation with a visual and mental understanding of all that this

implied for *us*. *We* felt no emotion at all while remembering that *we* would never live the life of a "woman," ever. *We* were different and would have a different life.

(*We* had already been programmed for many years for that different life and for this alter at this time there was not even a question to be asked. *We* did not reason or ask such things of these alters. There had always been something that *we* knew about *us* that *we* could not explain and she was reminding *us* of it.)

The "female" then parted her lips so *we* would see her incisors longer than a human's. *We* clearly understood that this would be something *we* would come to understand more fully at another time, but it was clear to *us* that *we* were a "female," not a "woman."

There are many things *we* now know about this, things that would not surface until *we* began a more intense breakdown of *our* programming in *our* early 30's. The "female" would be a part of *our* front alter's life in the years to come, decades after this programming experience. The presentation of the incisors were part of this alter's *conscious* indoctrination into vampirism, the ingestion of human blood in particular. More on this later.

Brutality to the young

This alter experience download would be one that would leave *us* with an understanding of why so many of these experiences were compartmentalized within *our* fragmented mind. Their presentations to *our* front alters were always devastating, yet in *our* deep deprogramming *our* understanding of the necessity for many of these alters to present to *us* for some level of freedom to take place was enhanced.

We are standing a couple of feet from a cinder block wall inside an emotionless alter of the teen years who is very dissociated. (The cinder block wall is a wall within *our* own mind due to fragmenting. Breaching this wall is the alter's memory.)

Over the top of the wall a teenage girl falls towards *us* with *us* thinking she is learning to “fly” on the other side of the wall as *we* were taught to “fly” by *our* programmers. She is badly beaten and bloodied, with a compound fracture to her right arm so extreme that part of the forearm and hand are dangling.

A rush of confusion over who this teen girl is goes something like this inside *our* mind: “She is us, no…” She did not physically look like *us*, but she would not be the first alter to look like another (*rabbit*, *crystal sex alters*, etc.). *Our* difficulty is the palpable *feel* of this young woman’s imminent death and the lack of a scar on *our* right arm that such a severe compound fracture would leave.

She is incapable of speech. Her eyes meet *ours*. “Help me,” she pleads telepathically.

Our dissociated, emotionless thought responds, “*I* cannot help you.”

It is *our* understanding that she indeed was not *us* and that one of *us* was present at her demise. *We* gasped *our* way out of this terrible memory with *our* heart pounding. The *entity* presence at the time of this resurfacing memory was very strong. Though a *low level entity*, its effect on *our* emotional and physical state required much prayer effort to eliminate its *demonic* presence from the room the memory resurfaced in. At last, *we* succeeded and were left with much sadness over the poor young teenage girl's demise. *Our* lack of compassion and ability to assist her, due to *our* own programming under this alter, continues to haunt *us*.

The deep breathing pool

An alter that *we* refer to as *the breathe underwater alter* showed *us* another experience memory in a very deep, very large breathing pool in which *we* were not alone. The pool may have been one hundred feet long and forty feet deep at its deepest end, the floor being a gradual descent.

The deepest end is where she, *our* alter, is submerging herself feet first with her arms, easily and calmly holding her breath. When she hits the bottom, she turns her head to the left and sees two other individuals in dark outer wear standing on the bottom, one in the shallow end about 20 feet deep, the other roughly in the middle. *Our* alter then looks forward and gently begins to inhale the water, filling *our* lungs with breath. As when *we* were younger, this *breathe underwater alter* draws it in very gently, her consciousness showing *us* that she was taught this by *them*, those *we* had come to know as “*alien beings*.”

As time has progressed, *we* understand these *others* to be one and the same as the *entities* and *demons* that *we* have encountered throughout *our* life since *our* first consciously remembered experience at five years old. (See "Shattering A

Young Mind: The Early Years.)

We have also come to realize in *our* deep deprogramming that several aspects of *our* programming came into play in this experience. *We* have a recurring body memory of drowning and other memories, including a tank of water with men above *us* telling *us* to stop holding *our* breath. *We* are certain this was part of the trauma perpetrated on *us* several times by *our* programmers to facilitate the fragmenting of *our* mind.

In *our* deep deprogramming, *we* have also found references to programmers attempt to create an "amphibious human" able to breathe underwater, a skill that *our* programmers have been able to do since long before *our* young programming years. This ability and two other abilities that *we* have (according to alter downloads) are supposed to be physical impossibilities in this three dimensional world. But *we* know, beyond any doubt, that *our* alters can do these things without *our* front alters being able to explain how.

We acknowledge that this may sound like a rationalization for *our* surviving drowning torture; however, the cross-dimensional *demonology* aspect of programming must be understood and considered.

Nowhere to hide

Another late teens experience seemed strange until *we* realized that others who have been *tmk* slaves had been reporting having similar experiences with almost identical verbal messages.

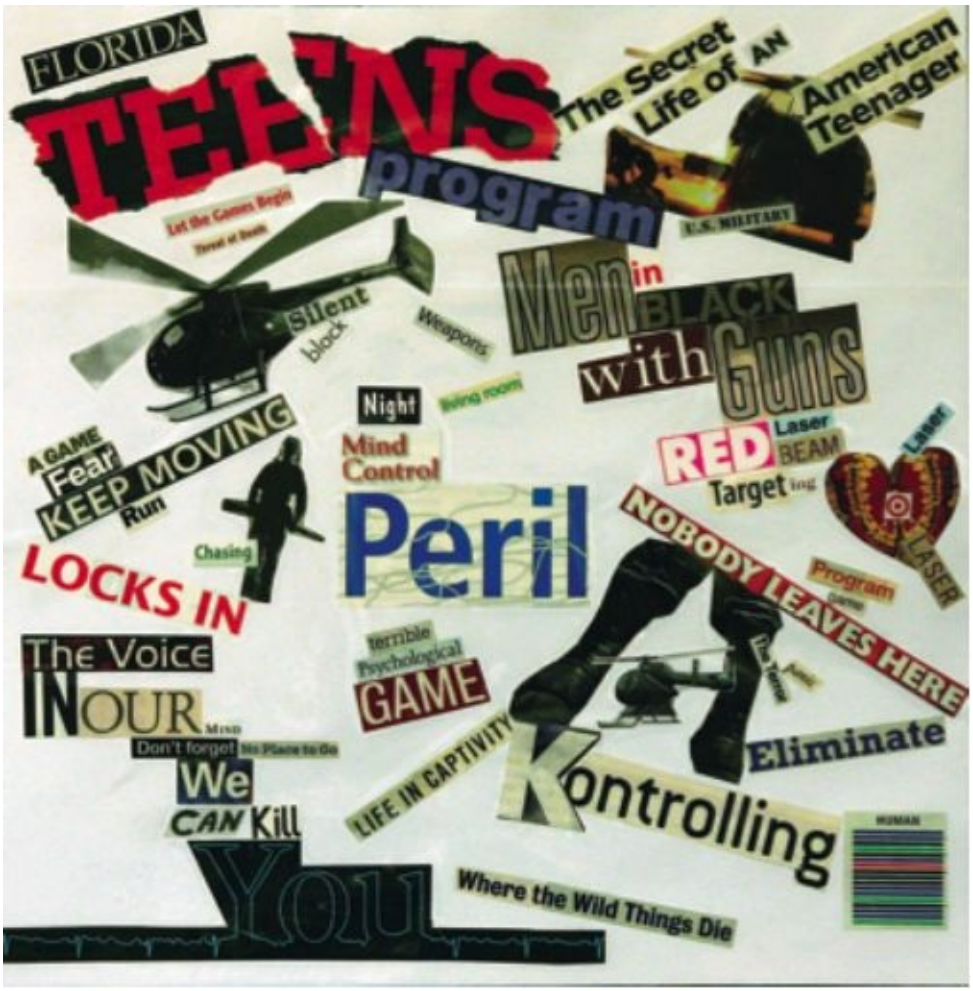
The experience occurs in the home in which *we* underwent programming from adolescence until *we* turned 18. When the conscious download of this experience memory starts, *we* are running about the living room, dining room and kitchen in ambient lit darkness, alone and terrified: a dark helicopter is hovering silently in the backyard, yet *we* can hear the sound of the air in the blades, an intermittent *whoosh! We* see it in slow motion, probably due to the terror making *us* dissociate. *We* are running from hiding place to hiding place—a corner in the dining room, under the dining room table, up against the lower cabinets in the kitchen, between the sofa and coffee table in the living room—while men in black fatigues surround the house, armed with semi-automatics emitting red laser light. When *we* sit still, *our* heart pounding, *we* realize that anywhere from three to six red laser dots are trained on *our* chest, hearing in *our* head,

There is nowhere you can hide that we can't find you and kill you. The words in a male voice are spoken calmly and matter-of-fact.

When *we* jumped up and ran to another spot, *we* experienced the same. Here, the conscious memory ends.

Later during deep deprogramming, *we* read an account of something so similar in Brice Taylor / Susan Ford's 1999 book, *Thanks for the Memories: The Truth Has Set Me Free* that *our* alters became physically ill at the implication. According to her account, this is a hunting game for the programmers and a program reinforcement for *tmk* slaves. *We* can assure the reader that the recurring message *nowhere you can hide* worked and continues to do so to this day.

Is it any wonder that *our* front alters spent so much of *our* life believing *we* must be crazy, while at the same time knowing that *we* needed to hang on a bit longer until someone would know what was happening to *us*?



the secret life of an American teenager

Brought together

This experience memory was presented in three segments by *our* alter along with other alters who know what she does not. The first segment of this memory involved two members of *our* biological family, one being *our* mother, the other a brother, and *our* mother is also present in the third segment, the most important here. The second segment is a flashback that *we* feel is unnecessary to relay here, though it involves both *our* alter and the man to whom it appears *we* are programmed.

Our interaction with this alter has been extensive, yet the main front alter did not realize that *we* had not visually *seen* her until this memory download. (Alters can

present many revelations and yet remain secretive. In the case of this alter, *we* had not *seen* her fully until this presentation.) She is in her teens and lovely to *us*. Her innocence is palpable, due to having no knowledge of programming, no memories of trauma, torture, or *entities*, *aliens*, or *demons*. During those times, other alters take over and allow her to stay in an innocent, devoted state to the one she devoutly loves, in what *we* believe is some sort of spiritual program binding. She has no idea that she, and possibly the one to whom she is devoted, is under *total mind kontrol*, nor that either of them are possessed by *entities* due to their placement during programming.

She and the other alters presented this memory, the trigger being the one known to *us* as “Cain." *Our* alter is possessed by Cain, *we* are told, a very powerful malevolent *being*. According to *our* downloads, the person allegedly possessed by Cain is apparently in intimate relationship with other alters.

The third segment is key to the memory download. *Our* innocent alter is standing outdoors in the grass on what feels like a summer day with leaves on scattered trees rustling as a breeze blows. She is dressed in a long gown of pale golden yellow and green layers of chiffon with a v-neckline supported just below the breasts by a bodice. There are ruffles on the sleeveless shoulders made of the same chiffon. *We* look upon her and *feel* her innocence.

She is attempting to adjust the dress because it is now a little too big. She doesn't remember that she has lost weight, this time in *our* life being a time of excessive trauma with weight loss one of many side effects. In fact, she doesn't know why she is feeling physically unwell, lethargic and out of it, having no memory of what was done to *us* the night before due to other alters having been there for that. From within *our* deep deprogramming, *we* experience the pain *our* alters endured.

Her thoughts are only for *him.* He is coming today so they can be brought together. She is standing in the grass thinking of him. Off to her left is a long table covered with an abundance of food in the open field. The occasion is to bring them together. Several people are present that she refers to as family, yet *we* are only aware of *our* biological mother being present and do not know who the other family members are.

She reaches up and feels around her neck and ear lobes, realizing with a slight disappointment that she forgot to wear jewelry. But the out-of-it state she is in has dulled her concern for anything but *him*.

Just then, he walks out onto the grass with two men and sits between them on chairs. *Our* alter's heart is filled with utter devotion, he being the sole object of her programming.

This memory explained a lot to the rest of *us* about her undying utter devotion to this person and *our* relationship with the Cain *entity*. (The degree of this devotional programming will be explained further under "More On Task" where *we* go further into this person's apparent personal, sexual use of one of *our* kill alters with heavy sexual programming.)

This event—including the night-before trauma—are part of being brought together in some sort of spiritual program binding, a binding *we* are now trying to break through deep deprogramming. The feelings that she still has for him run very deep in *us*. According to *our* memory downloads by more than one alter, the relationship with this person spanned more than two decades.

As of September 2010, *we* are still uncertain whether or not *our* relationship with this person—due to the very real relationship with the *demon* Cain present within this person—is programmed in memory so this alter might be utilized with, by, or against this person, or if this relationship actually did exist in the 3D "world of man." *Our* inner world of programming is very real to many of *us*, just as real, if not more so, than the "world of man" going on around *us* to which *we feel* no significant connection.

At great risk during *our* deep deprogramming, *we* went and faced this man in person and *we* believe him to suffer from *tmk* programming, having been designed to be utilized as a disinformant in a public capacity by the very same programmers, kontrollers, and handlers that design *tmk* slaves like *us*. *We* still struggle with *our* programmed feelings for him, though it has lessened greatly, thanks to *our* willingness to interact with alters who at least appear to know him intimately.

As of October 2010, *we* thought it prudent to acknowledge that in the first year of *our* deep deprogramming *we* were shown a download by one of *our* kill alters —*alter 14*—of a program to kill this man while he spoke at a public event, a program revealed repeatedly over several months by *alter 14*. This kill alter has also downloaded to the rest of *us* her apparent sexual relationship with this man. (See "*Alter 14* and mutual handling.")

Our point here is that *we* are still uncertain of the true nature of *our* relationship to this man, though there are other pieces of information inclining *us* to believe

that this is more than solely a programmed relationship taking place only in *our* mind, and that physical interaction with this man has also possibly taken place during *our* years of use. It remains unresolved at this time, nor do *we* consciously have the details of what took place out in that field that day to bring *us* together with that man.

Greer's girl

3

"18"

Eighteen for *us* was an age when all hell began to break loose inside, due to their use of *us*. Things were done to *us* and by *us* under the kontrol of *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers. *We* were sent out to do their bidding which has not once been presented to *us* by *our* alters as anything other than terrible.

Torture, programming, guns, and reptiles

We become aware, as opposed to waking up or opening *our* eyes. The awareness is a struggle, a very “foggy” state in which *we* at first are still very lost. Due to being heavily drugged, *our* alter is very groggy but trying to think, the struggle being to get through the "fog" enough to even think.

We realize *we* are lying down, though at this point *our* eyes have not opened. *Our* body goes into a rigid, outstretched position, all of *our* muscles tightened, *our* head forced back and chin up in the air. This lasts for *we* don't know how many seconds when *our* body goes limp again.

Our ability to begin to ask what is happening to *us* arises. *We* open *our* eyes and try to look about, but are unable to move. Why can't *we* move? All is blurry, yet *we see* and *feel* that men are there. An excruciating pain creeps into all of *our* nerve endings with an intensity that is frightening. *Our* alter hears a man's voice: "Three more rounds." *Our* body again goes rigid as if slammed. Again, *we* are released from the rigidity and limp.

Though drugged and confused, *our* alter is aware of a pleasant, warm, moving feeling between her legs. *We* become conscious of the fact that *we* are naked and cold and that the warmth between *our* legs is *our* own urine. *We* begin to be somewhat cognizant of the fact *we* are in a terrible situation at the hands of others, *but who*?

Still fighting the heavy “fog” in *our* head, *we* become aware of a few things: *We* are naked and cold, lying on a table, and *we* have urinated on *our* self. To *our* right are two men, one in a white lab coat, the other in a khaki military uniform. Behind them are at least two men, maybe more, in this rather small, brightly lit room. Beyond *our* feet is a door off to the left guarded by another man with something long (rifle? baton?) in his hands. These men are shocking *us* and *our* alter is baffled and terrified. The excruciating pain is increasing and unbearable as *we* again go rigid. All goes black.

For years *our* main front alter was sure *we* were going crazy due to what *we saw*: To *our* left very close to *us*, we *saw* a dinosaur, its right eye looking directly into *our* left. *We* could see his head, skin, and snout. The closest to dinosaurs *we* have ever seen is in the movie *Jurassic Park.* When *we* finally told this occurrence to the two men helping to support *our* deprogramming, they said that they had heard similar first-hand reports from others and assured *us* that *we* were not crazy. The sheer terror felt within *us* while he was staring at *us* is something others of *us* have *felt* over and over, due to him being with *us* as long as *we* can remember.

The second thing *we* saw during this programming torture was a triangle made of blue light in *our* head—a *delta*-shaped triangle set against the solid black background with a grid inside and “s” curves coming off the two bottom corners. What *we* were uncertain of was whether or not it came from inside *our* head or was put in there by them? *We* had this conscious memory recall fully awake and there were many things *our* front alter could *see* and *feel*.

Next, *we* again become aware (as opposed to awakened or opening *our* eyes) that *we* are elsewhere and more lucid but still completely unable to move, including *our* eyes. *Our* lucidity makes *us* even more fearful. *We* are painfully aware that the men in military uniforms have no real concern for *us* and that *we* may die here, yet *we* are also aware that they are not *trying* to kill *us* but doing their jobs.

Alters hold different parts of *our* life experiences in memory, one separate event, then another separate event, and so on. Years later, one of the things that became clear to *our* front alters was that as long as none of the fragmented events touched one another, *we* would survive in a *programming* kind of survival. In other words, the amnesic walls between events kept most of *us* from knowing what and who *we* are.

In this next fragment, *we see* directly in front of *us* a man's leg and brown boot

with black tread, brass eyelets, and brownish, gold laces under khaki pants. he is standing astride so the leg is about two to two and a half feet in front of *us*. *We* cannot move *our* eyes but still can see *our* periphery and *see* and *feel our* position on the floor. *We* are on *our* left side, knees and right arm bent, *our* left arm under and behind *us* parallel to *our* body. The floor is cold, smooth concrete, and *we* seem to have been lowered to the floor without any concern for *our* position. The man in front of *us* is facing the two men behind *us* who are talking, though *we* cannot make out what they are saying while the man in front of *us* waits for them to finish, after which he is going to take *us* away. *We* are in and out of *our* body during this time due to *seeing* things that are even beyond *our* peripheral vision, such as *our* position from above and the two men behind *us*. It is no surprise to *us* that this is the case, given the circumstances.

We see that *we* are in a huge structure that looks like an airplane hangar minus airplanes. People are moving about and it is very well lit. No one here feels that a young, crumpled, naked, incapacitated woman on the floor is of concern. *Our* alter realizes that *we* would probably die at their hands in this place and no one would feel a thing. Again, they aren't *trying* to kill *us*, yet if they do, too bad. This was palpable to *us*, and completely incomprehensible. Once again, it all goes black.

When *our* alters began to show and tell *us* what they had experienced, *we* realized how much at times *we* could *see* and *feel*. Several parts have much of the information and are now able and safe enough to share with *our* front alters what they know. This is basically the process *we* call *our* deep deprogramming: *we* had begun to deprogram long before *we* actually had anyone to really talk to about *total mind kontrol* and *our* alters, except amongst *ourselves*.

This is what *we* know regarding this experience: *We* were in a military atmosphere that *we* have long believed to be MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Florida, having apparently been taken there on more than one occasion. Things were being taken out of and put into *our* mind, though the alters present had no conscious knowledge of "mind kontrol" during this experience nor during its revelation to *our* front line alter system later. *We* just knew that these people were in *our* head messing around and realized that other frightening things were taking place—being with people with a total disregard for *our* life, encountering what looked like a dinosaur, etc. *We* had been abducted, tortured, and did not know why they had been in *our* mind.

One of the most prominent elements of this experience was that an

overwhelming amount of *sexual energy* was in and around the event. In the parts *we* remembered, there was no sexual rape per se, yet *we* could clearly *see* and *feel* that they had *used our sex against us.* This was one of the things that *hammered* in *our* head and disturbed *us* for years until *we* had more conscious recall of events in which *we* were raped. The use of sexual energy by these programmers is by far one of the most difficult elements in *our* deprogramming. It haunted *us* until *we* began to understand who and what *we* are, as well as its apparent necessity to the programming itself.

For example, since *our* late teens *we* repeatedly relived men in military uniforms engaging in various sexual acts with *us*. (There were men in non-military clothing as well, yet here *we* wish to address men in military uniforms.) Again, the physical, emotional, and mental aspects of *using our sex against us* was overwhelming, yet in the fragments from the airplane hangar event, the act of sexual rape wasn't presented to *me*. *We* have come to believe their use of *our* sexual energy against *us* is key to *our* deep deprogramming because in these sexual assaults the front alter could clearly *see* and *feel our* body enthusiastically *participating* in these acts.

At this point in *our* life, *our* main front alter as well as other parts of *us* were consciously unaware that *we* are a *we* and all that this means. This disturbed and confused *our* main front alter deeply, due to her unawareness of being in alters during these rapes in which *we* appeared to be complicit directly due to the alter's programming triggered by these men. For an unaware front consciousness, it reinforced the "*we* are crazy" program. This was and is part of the psychological torture.

A particular memory has played over and over for decades: *We* are on *our* knees in front of a small three-man group in black fatigues. *We* are performing oral sex on the leader who is holding a black handgun against *our* cheek. Despite the obvious threat, *we* are completely focused on this act with fervor. Until *our* front alter came to understand that *we* are a *we*, these memories haunted her and prevented *us* from getting the help *we* needed. Guilt and shame are by far the most difficult emotions to deal with.

When *our* 24-hour-a-day downloads began once it was safe for *our* alters to speak up, the things *we* re-experienced were devastating. In far too many memories, *we* had become a perpetrator directly out of *our* victimization. *We* were doing their bidding under *total mind kontrol* without consciously knowing *we* were under *total mind kontrol*! That is exactly what they do so well. It is the

"why" of what they do.

For *us* to be able to initiate *our* deep deprogramming enough to really start to be able to heal, *we* front alters had to allow the other alters to show and tell their lives to *us*. *We* had to come to the understanding that *we* are a *we* and how *we* became such. *Our* alters had been with *us* off and on all of *our* lives, *we* just consciously did not understand who and what they were. The main front alter just kept trying to figure out these hideous memories and what was wrong with her. She predominated.

Years later, even the aspect of the man in fatigues holding the gun against *our* cheek during this act oral sex made sense. After finally telling someone who was helping *us* deprogram that *we* have inexplicable and unusual reactions to handguns, *we* would read accounts of other *tmk* slaves who also had what one researcher called "gun fever." *We* now know that *we* have alters who were programmed to guns in very disturbing ways.

piece of mind

Binding possession

For years, *we* have viewed this experience as an "*alien* union," having no other context within which to understand it. *We* now understand it as an *alien entity binding*—all part of *our* generational programming.

The experience begins at night in *our* bedroom in the home *we* lived in during the *our* years of adolescent and teen programming. *We* are standing in *our* bedroom in front of the door that is closed. *Our* eyes are unwillingly closed, but *we* are not frightened as we are in alter. *We* can *feel* that someone is standing in front of *us*. Telepathically, *we* ask him if *we* may open *our* eyes to look at him. He responds in the affirmative as though the *concept* of “yes” is understood.

We open *our* eyes and gasp, *feeling* many emotions at once. His physical beauty is astounding; seeing him simultaneously evokes fear and desire. Starting with *our* eyes at the top of his head, *we* slowly work *our* way down, taking in as much as *we* can, awestruck. He is humanoid, yet clearly not human. He is not much taller than *us*, his skin tan, his eyes amber with vertical pupils like a cat. He has no hair on his head or body (at least to the waist), and though he is small in stature, his musculature is very pronounced. Nothing is wasted on him; his skin is taught over frame and muscle with not an ounce of fat. His facial structure is strong and angular, his ears so close to his head they are barely noticeable from the front. A nose, lips, a square jaw. At the neck and chest, the exaggerated muscle development, and rounded shoulders with strong arms. His pectoral and ab muscles are very developed, *but no nipples or belly-button.* His v-shape leads to the smallest waist *we* have ever seen with highly developed muscles. *We* want to touch him, to run from him screaming, to engage in sex with him, all the while feeling repulsed by him. *We feel* him as father, brother, friend, lover, and god; *we* are euphoric.

When *we* reach his waist, all goes black, followed by a visual landscape of desolate desert plains and mountains of red sand. At this point, "union" takes place, as though *our* soul unites with his. It is not sex between a man and a woman as *we* know it; it is much more for *us*.

We become obsessed with him and *our* memory of him, the way he looked, the way *we* felt when *we* looked at him, and most of all, the deeply felt emotional connection that accompanied what repeatedly played in *our* head: that *He and i are kin*; that *He and i come from the same place, the red place…* that he had shown *us*.

Years later at a UFO conference, *we* would see this body neck down on a sculpture made by a self-proclaimed *alien-human hybrid abductee*. *We* would also see the exact same facial structure with vertical pupils on an *alien hybrid reptile* painted by Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa.

At 18, *we* joined a health club via a *tmk* family involved with *our* family through *our* father. Years later, *we* realized that *our* upper body workouts were geared towards trying to emulate the shoulders *we* saw on him that night. Why? Was it because our "union" meant he possessed *us*? Was he inside of *us*?

We now consciously understand him as one of many ruling *entities* within *us* running *our* programs, or perhaps more appropriately *our* alters. *We* have come to see these *entities* as *our* 24 hours-a-day handlers, the ones running *our*

programs, with him being one of the more powerful ruling *entities* that have been and continue to be in possession of *us* and allowing the ongoing programmed use and abuse of *us* on both the physical and astral planes —*complete* ownership through total deception and programming.

However, *we* now have the ability to affect this condition, at least in degrees. It is *our* devout opinion that programming is not possible without the presence of these *entities*, this being the key to success in programming *us*. During deep deprogramming, *we* painfully discovered the extent of their possession of *us* and their ability *through astral access* to wage 24-hour warfare against *us* in order to maintain or even regain kontrol over *us*, once *we* began to attempt to *exorcise* them with assistance from *our* support group. *We* know these *aliens, entities,* and *demons* intimately, yet not nearly as well as they know *us*. *Our* attempt to free *ourselves* from them will be a lifelong struggle, due to the depth and complexity of *our* programming.

a taste for beauty

The Mormons

The sundress *we* were wearing during the following encounter tells *us* that this occurrence took place at the age of 18 or 19. *We* are getting into a car with a man in a gray suit. *Our* alter is under the misconception that *we* are going to a business convention for a "job interview" with a "family-type company," *our* hope being to become a "team member" and part of the "family."

As usual, *our* questioning and reasoning capacity within *our* alter is almost non-existent. We neither ask this alter who this man is nor what it is *we* will be doing for this "company." *We* ride in the front seat with him, both he and *we* silent until we arrive at a complex of buildings which *we* recognize as a hotel in a tropical setting. (The alter who is showing this to *us* is not the same alter who told *us* that it may not be the tropics. *We* believe it is a tropical theme hotel possibly in Las Vegas, Nevada, or even in Florida where *we* were living at the time. *We feel* more strongly that it is the former.)

The man pulls up to a covered sidewalk-walkway as opposed to a parking space in the large lot and the man and *we* get out of the car. It is daytime, feeling like late morning light. Maybe six men and women are waiting there for *us*, one whom *we* know as "the daughter," a petite woman with short dark hair making up in energy what she lacks in stature. In her late twenties, she is confident and competitive and roughly *our* height, though she is wearing heels. *Our* alter reads “the daughter” immediately; many of *our* alters have an ability to read people and their *entities*, a programmed ability geared to the success of the alter’s programming, not to save *ourselves*.

Everyone is professionally dressed, "the daughter" and another woman in dark skirt suits. As soon as we get out of the car, everyone starts walking down a sidewalk walkway covered with an aluminum top with aluminum poles holding it up at the sides every ten feet or so. There are no introductions, *we* just know to follow everyone. "The daughter" is on *our* right, the man who brought *us* on *our* left a few steps back, the others scattered and walking with us. *We* become aware that *we* are in a sundress and everyone else is dressed professionally and briefly wonder about this, yet no one seems to notice or comment, so it slips

from *our* mind.

To *our* right and between the buildings is a somewhat large open foliage area with tropical plants like palm fronds. Beyond is a white building. To *our* left is only about eight or ten feet of foliage and then the white stucco wall of a building. The walkway is leading into this complex of buildings. *We* see no signs. Though *our* alter is unable to reason things out, *we* are aware that *we* are nervous because these people are unscrupulous. The thought in *our* head is, "Be careful or they will chew you up and spit you out."

The next memory fragment is *us* indoors entering a room through auditorium-type double doors with a long bar handle. Our small group is following "the daughter" into a very large room with a stage and seating for 150 to 200 people. A tall man who is “the father” to "the daughter" that *we* are with is standing up front just below the stage on a wooden parquet floor that resembles a dance floor measuring 30 by 40 feet. The rest of the room is carpeted. The chairs are in a u-shape around the parquet dance floor area.

As we enter, *we* just keep following. The tall man is holding a microphone and begins to speak to other men and women in professional attire as we enter and continue to walk down the carpeted aisle towards the front. Before *we* even saw the tall man, *we* were aware that he was "the father" of "the daughter" and that he would be speaking today. *We* were also aware that there is another "daughter" present though *we* don't recall seeing her in the room, yet *we* know what she looks like, just not how *we* know. She looks very different from "the daughter" *we* are with—more fair, with long dark blond hair and fair eyes. *We* are also aware that "the father" began talking to the group just when *we* arrived. Even *our* alter realizes they were waiting for *us* and fears these people, yet *we* are incapable of figuring out why.

The man who picked *us* up peels off to the left into a row near the back. *We* hesitate, uncertain if *we* too should sit, yet there is no empty chair next to him. It is obvious to him that *we* are confused, so he says, "I don't like to sit up front" and motions with his head for *us* to follow "the daughter" who has not broken stride. So *we* continue behind her.

She takes *us* all the way down to the front and around the right side of the u-shape to two seats along the dance floor right in front of the tall man with the microphone who is looking intently at *us* as he speaks to the group. She sits down in one of the chairs and *we* step past her to sit to her left. The tall man is talking about *the company ... family ... being a team member ... welcoming our*

new member ... all working together for a common goal... (Words in italics heard by our alter at the “interview.”)

Within seconds of *us* sitting down, the tall man—his eyes locked onto *us*—begins idly walking towards *us* while talking into the microphone, his left arm and hand palm up outstretched. *We* begin to shake as he nears and respond by taking his hand with *our* right hand as he gently pulls *us* up and out onto the parquet floor, continuing to talk and look into *our* eyes. He turns *us* toward the center of the u-shaped group and releases *our* hand, then turns away and steps further onto the dance floor.

We know *we* are supposed to introduce *ourself*, so *we* do, shaking and twitching as we use *our* given name. *Our* front system is made up of several alters with the same name so no one would notice that *we* are a *we*, including most of *us*. Three times, once towards each of the three sections of the u-shaped crowd, *we* say, "Hello, *i* am elisa," then return to *our* seat and sit down. *We* hear murmurs and subdued laughter and are again unable to determine why *we* are as fearful as if *we* were in a roomful of sharks. Often *we feel* that something is going on but are unable to figure out what, then even that thought slips away, at which point *we* break into a *profuse sweat*—not perspiration, but a full, dripping sweat.

We look at "the daughter" who seems to not notice or care. Everyone, including "the daughter," reaches under their seats, so *we* too look. Sure enough, there is a thick stack of folders. "The daughter" pulls out the top one, so *we* do the same, but the first page seems to be in gibberish and *we* cannot read it. It doesn't look like English or any language *we* recognize.

Confused, *we* look at "the daughter" who returns *our* look with a very dismissive comment while scrunching up her nose and slightly shaking her head, saying, "This is only for the presidents." *We* put it away, assuming she meant the "presidents" of the “company,” yet it seemed that everyone has them. Are there that many "presidents" in this “company”? At this point, confused and uncomfortable, feeling very alone in this group, *we* wish *we* could leave.

The conscious download of this experience stops there, but here is what *we* know to be true about this encounter:

In 1980 or 1981, *we* were being presented as a "new member" of the bloodline to which *we* are a slave to be utilized by the Mormon church. Later in *our* forties, *we* realized that the tall man up front was the current Prophet of The Church of the Latter Day Saints before he became President/Prophet. *Our* alter’s memories

show *us* that *we* were used by the Mormons in various ways over the years.

As with many alter experiences, *we* were aware that everyone in that room except *us* knew who and what *we* were. It was not a "job interview" but the presentation of *us*, an illuminati *total mind kontrol slave* to the "presidents" of the Church. It would not be until 2008 that a person well versed in the Mormon-LDS Church and its structure informed *us* that *our* alter's estimate of attendance was roughly the equivalent of "stake presidents" within the Church.

We have also found references to mission and temple presidents, both of whom attend stake conferences. *We* were frightened because even though in alter, there was enough of a programming breakdown occurring to try and warn *us* of the danger *we* were in, including the profuse sweating. This also explains why no one was concerned about *our* casual attire nor *our* profuse sweating. The reason *we* can remember neither what was said nor why *we* couldn't read the paper is that *we* were programmed to not be able to. Parts of memories can be "photographic," a total blank, or blurred, such as faces. *We* know what is occurring, but cannot get at the specifics. It is possible that the papers the "presidents" read were in code, but it is much easier to believe *we* were programmed to not be able to read it.

We have conscious memories of trips to Las Vegas, Nevada as well as Salt Lake City, Utah over the years, yet no conscious memory of why *we* went and only fragments of what *we* did while there. *We* also have memories of locales in Salt Lake City that *we* were able to locate after memory downloads with no front alter conscious memory of having been there. In these memory downloads, there are also places *we* have yet to locate, some of which—due to the nature of why *we* were in these places—*we* will probably never locate.

We are presenting what *our* alters presented to *us*, not making a judgment about The Church of the Latter Day Saints congregation. Instead, *we* are showing that Latter Day Saints *at the highest levels* are involved in *total mind kontrol* slave use.

the little black dress

4

Killing

An alter from when *we* were 18 years old gave *us* an experience memory that began to explain things *we* had known for a long time but which *our* main front alter hadn't understood.

It is here that *we* must now reveal with much difficulty that *our* main use was as a killer. *Our* extensive sexual programming was often used in conjunction with *our* kill programming, very often according to *our* downloads as well as independent of it. It is *our* understanding that *we* had many uses, though *our* heaviest programmed uses were sex and killing. Within the following downloads are more than one presenting alter, each showing a part of the experience they were present for.

Alpha and Omega: First and last solo

There are two parts to this memory, two different occurrences for this particular alter. The first part was the *alpha*, the second the *omega*. In other words, this download contained her *first* on-task in which she would be on her own for the kill but under the watchful eye of her handler at the beginning. The download also contained her *last* on-task as well as some of the programming involved. She was showing *us* the beginning and end of her use.

Alpha

We are walking calmly and confidently through a narrow area in a casino, not the wide open main room. Poker tables are to *our* right.

We are eighteen years old in a mid-thigh black dress with black hose and black high heels, *our* blond hair down to the middle of *our* back.

To *our* left, a man dressed in a long dark coat, dark slacks and large dark sunglasses is at one of four or five black and silver pay phones on the faux wood

wall. He holds the phone to his right ear as he faces the room, his head moving with *us* as *we* pass. *We* are relieved to see him there and feel the same sexual connection to him that he feels toward *us*. *We feel* him deeply, like a life force, yet if anyone would ask this alter who he is, she would not have been able to answer. *We* did not seem to know who he was, yet *we* knew him *very* well. Within this alter's consciousness, this paradox was not a concern; she did not ask who, where, why, how. These were not things she could think about unless they were programmed as part of her on-task; she simply recognized him in a *feeling* that *felt* deeply good to her. He is *our* handler.

We are also aware that *we* should not continue looking at him. *We* avert *our* eyes to the target at the last poker table in a row of five tables, deeply aware that the man on the phone will not take his eyes off of *us* as *we* continue with *our* task. A dealer faces *our* direction while the man *we* are to go to has his back to *us*. The target is wearing a two- piece gray suit with a white shirt and no tie. His hair is gray to white. *We* sit in the chair to his left and swivel it so *we* are facing him. He has now turned toward *us* and *we* look him in the eye silently and cross *our* left leg over *our* right. He smiles and leans in toward *us*, looking deeply into *our* eyes as he places his hand palm down on *our* inner left thigh. *Our* eyes follow his hand. (To this day, *we* can *still* see his hand on *our* black panty hose.) *We* return *our* eyes to his and he says, "*Place a bet* [on it]," *place a bet* being part of a combination of actions that trigger access to the appropriate sex alter. *We* have switched alters.

We then went up to his room, engaged in sex with him, and killed him. This was *her* first on-task kill program by herself. *We* can still *see* his nameless face but know nothing about him except that he was willingly engaging in sex with a very young woman.

Much changed for *us* during this year of unbearable use. *Our* programming began to deteriorate ever so slowly even at this young age, probably because a child of God is not intended to kill another child of God. It goes against everything that is *our* very nature. *We* were made into what is abhorrent to the Divine soul lying within *us; our* eternal freedom depends upon *our* deep recognition of this. *We* often wonder how much program reinforcement was necessary to keep *us* functioning properly. There would be periods of reprogramming in the years to come.

Omega

The second part of this download occurred in fragments and flashes. At one point, *we* are moving through a city's downtown; at another point, in a semi-industrial zone with residences off to one side. It refers to the same alter who is not to survive the last programmed on-task: the *omega*. Whether this means the alter will die or all of *us* are slated to die during or after the on-task is uncertain. The *omega* for one alter, or for the entire system and end of *our* physical life? *Our* alter is programmed to not even question if *she/we* will die.

What *we* do know, thanks to researchers out there, is that this is what is known as *End-Time programming*. (See Recommended Reading and Listening.)

Ten months after this conscious memory download, *we* intuitively went to the exact area in the suburbs of Salt Lake City without ever having been there in *our* front alters. The two areas involved, in addition to Salt Lake City, were West Valley City and West Jordan.

In the download, *we* see several green street signs with white letters at intersections and consciously remember *Parkway* and *Athens*, though there were more *we* could not retain. *Our* alter does not know what she is doing but moves through these areas knowing what to do next as she comes upon the next trigger such as "Bangerter," she knows to "turn right now to get back to downtown" and does just that.

A memory gap and then she is in a very expensive, elegant building. Inside are granite-like tiles, water fountains, plants and a lot of glass, with something else that would later seem so out of place, outside of program reasoning. *We* are entering an area that the alter thinks is a "mall food court," though *we* see no restaurants or food of any kind.

She descends tile steps, the atmosphere new and very expensive. A curious group of gray- and white-haired men and women are seated at round tables to *our* right. Even to this alter, they seem out of place, but they are waiting for her, looking at her, some smiling. She begins to see through the scene but lacks the unprogrammed reasoning to decipher it. She looks at them, then to *our* left where bright red cursive writing is lit in a "Cinema" marquee high up like something out of the 1970's or 1980's.

The men and women begin to speak to *us*. It feels wrong, but the alter cannot get at what is wrong. Their statements and questions are odd, their smiles and familiarity even more odd. Are they testing *us*? They ask seemingly innocuous

questions to see if she remembers them, but she does not. As can and repeatedly does occur, *our* alter is perceiving beyond her programming but not enough to get very far. Like other kill alters within *our* system, she has a lot of high alert programming for use within the programmed on-task, but unfortunately it does not allow *our* alters to decipher these programming sessions at the time of their occurrence. She listens and responds with head nods or shakes, and then the memory fragments. She goes through a door beyond the group. Another gap in the download.

Next, *our* alter is in a garden atmosphere on a walkway. She stops to look at a "snake" about five feet long on the walkway with mucous all around it, like a slug trail but much thicker. A gray-haired woman walks up and starts to step on the head of the "snake." *We* stop her and say, "No, it is life." She stops, as does the download.

Here is what *we* know: The city is Salt Lake City, the semi-industrial area in the southwest suburb called West Valley City is on Parkway Boulevard, with the "turn right now to get back to downtown" being at Bangerter Highway while heading west. *We* are to deliver something, possibly bio-weapons, to someone or a group of people in this area. *We* would later find Athens Drive south of West Valley City in another suburb of Salt Lake City called West Jordan. Since going to West Jordan and being on Athens Drive, *we* also understand that the National Guard Reserve base within a mile or two of Athens is very much involved, yet *we* are unable to yet state how.

The "mall food court" is not a food court but the interior of The Church of the Latter-Day Saints Conference Center in downtown Salt Lake City near Temple Square. The group of gray- and white-haired men and women are a "council" within *our* programming, perhaps even an actual three-dimensional human "council" present during *our* programming, *feeling*, however, like an "internal council" within *our* system that has shown up repeatedly in memory downloads. (See Fritz Springmeier's works on creating an illuminati *total mind control slave* for an explanation of "internal councils." The systems are what *we* are, a compilation of alters with programming, a system of alters, and *we* have more than one system.)

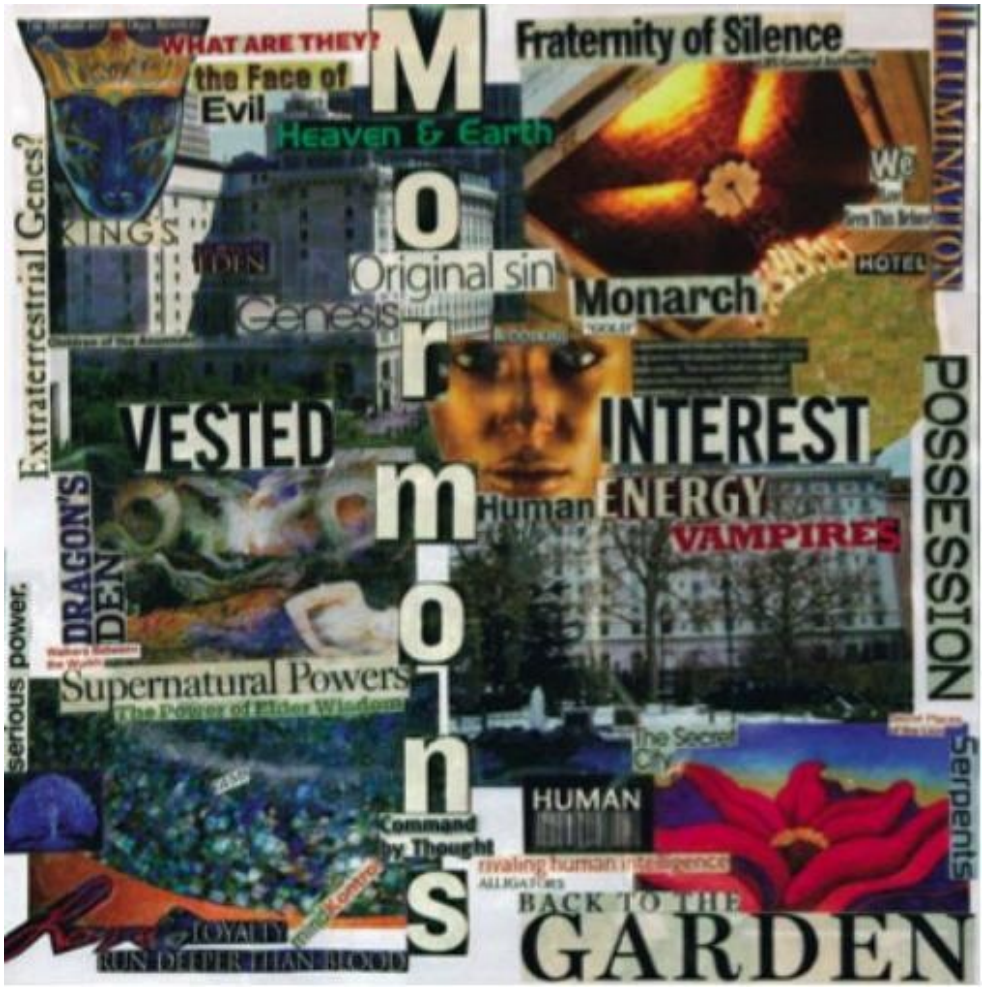
We strongly believe the neon "Cinema" sign to be a screen memory to throw *us* off if *we* begin to remember *our* location as The Church of the Latter-Day Saints Conference Center, plus reinforcement of *our* extensive movie programming. The alters with End-Time programming would tell us that *The Dark Knight* was

a major trigger for *our* End-Time programming, *The Dark Knight* being representative of a group of alters in *us*, various characters in the movie reinforcing various alters and their End-Time programming in *us*—the End-Time program referred to here being associated with the Mormon LDS Church.

Obviously, *we* were not to make connections to the Mormon Church. "Snakes" are part of *our* programming both in content and as the *entities* themselves, as well as what *we* believe really occurred in the garden on top of the Center after the programming was tested to be in place, and the Church of the Latter-Day Saints Conference Center was at least in part the location of programming.

Again, this section was the *omega* for this alter as well as being one of *our* End-Time programs within *our* system. This download was so profound it would lead *us* to Salt Lake City to see these areas. In January 2009, ten months after *our* deep deprogramming began, *we* found them. On the next trip to Salt Lake City, *we* found Athens in West Jordan, not far from West Valley City. Finding these locations triggered a tremendous amount of fear and paranoia as self-destruct programming kicked into full gear, but it also allowed *us* to finally accept that *we* have indeed been involved with the Mormon Church, and that the Mormon Church is deeply involved in illuminati *total mind kontrol* programming and the use of *total mind kontrol* slaves.

Another very disturbing element that surfaced with this download is that The Church of the Latter-Day Saints Conference Center's construction was not completed until April 2000, which means *we* were programmed there between 2000 and 2007. This deeply frightens *us*.



mormon sin

Shiny purple and the actor

Here *we* will address a download for which it is difficult to determine *our* age, though *we* choose to put it here due to the age of the woman *our* front alters would meet in the physical world in *our* early thirties, which was not the first meeting with this woman for others of *us*. In this experience memory, this woman appears to be in her forties and when *our* front alters met her, supposedly for the first time in the physical world in *our* early thirties, she was in her sixties.

(See "*Alien* abduction?" and "'Female,' not a woman.")

She was an ongoing presence in *our* programming and different alters know her as different things. Ultimately, it appears that she was involved with *us* since *our*

youth, exactly how young *we* are unsure. When *our* front alters met her in *our* early thirties, they did not consciously recognize her at that time.

This download begins with *us* driving up to a small building with white flowing yoga and lounge wear clothing hanging out front that draws *us* in with its white and flowing motion. Next, *we* are inside a health club in a section where they sell exercise, yoga and lounge wear clothing. *We* are standing in front of a round clothes rack, aware of the colors, particularly "shiny purple." *We* can *see* and *feel* the shiny purple, though shiny pink, green, blue, silver, gold, and white are also present. It is the shiny purple that *we* are to focus on. On the other side of the rack is this "woman." She is looking intently at *us* as *we* take in the shiny purple and then return her gaze. *We* feel very uncertain about what is happening here, at which she says to *us*, “Though it is not at all what you thought, it's more than okay, you *must* continue, it's still beautiful." Though *we* still feel uncertain, *our* alter is aware of her commitment, so *we* agree.

(Note on health clubs: *We* have come to understand that *we* were actually programmed in health clubs around the united states, even triggered to go to them as well as programmed in what *we* were told were health clubs so *we* would not know *our* real location once programs began breaking down and slipping into conscious memory. Years after this memory resurfaced and five months into writing this work, *we* would read articles by ex-programmer “svali” mentioning private workout facilities for illuminati programmers and other illuminati wishing to keep fit. Are these health club facilities used for programming *tmk* slaves?)

Next, *we* are in the workout area of the health club crouched by a counter next to actor Danny Glover as gunmen brandishing handguns enter the health club. *Our* alter feels no fear and is very systematic, doing what is before her with confidence and no emotion. She tells the actor to stay put, that she will take care of it, and heads toward the gunmen.

Now it is night and *we* are standing on the sidewalk outside the aforementioned building facing the street wet with a recent rain. *We* still *feel* nothing, and Glover is standing in front of *us*. At this point in the download, *we* are aware that this is a programming memory for an actual on-task, and that the person in front of *us* was not Glover at all but someone who looked like him for programming purposes. *Our* alter does not know this, nor even question who this is or isn’t. She does not know him as an actor, nor who he is at this time, only as someone in the program scenario that she just encountered—in fact, as the target she is to

interact with in a particular way. (*My* contention is that the alter was being programmed to kill as part of a team kill, and that she was not the one programmed to do the actual killing.)

The street is dimly lit, brick on the front of the building. *We* can *see* and *feel* lust coming from the person playing the actor. With both hands, he cups *our* face and pulls *us* to him as he forcefully kisses *us* and shoves his tongue deep into *our* mouth. *Our* alter feels nothing; she does not want him. He realizes this and says to *us*, "I'd like to get a glass of wine or orange juice." The code he delivered to *us* was either out of date or delivered improperly. Emotionless, we tell him, "We will not have sex."

He then points to a 1970-something dark Ford Fairlane parked under a street light on the opposite side of the street about 150 feet away. *I* cannot tell what the color is, yet when *our* alter looks at it, she immediately knows and *feels exactly* "the time of the darkness becoming a physical presence within *our* life." It is as though *we* are consumed by those words and that all resistance is futile, as though death itself is upon *us*. *We* know that *we* will give *our* self to him and do whatever he wants, now and always. The “always” that *we* refer to is a result of *no time* in the alter's conscious reality. To her, now is “always.”

The alter being triggered by the car, the color, a combination of several things, comes out, painfully aware in *feeling* that her programming has been triggered out. She is aware that extreme sexual pain is coming because that is what she takes. She can *feel* how much he wants to hurt her that way and she will let him. She is one of the most despondent, resigned alters that *we* have experienced to date. What she is programmed to give is ruinous.

Here is what *we* know: This programming involved the "woman" that *our* front alters would meet years later in *our* early 30's when *our* programming began breaking down. It was a kill program targeting the actor with the person playing the actor gaining access to a sex alter who takes severe, sexual pain. Years later in *our* deep deprogramming, *we* would discover that Danny Glover was a high-profile political activist who eventually became a real thorn in the side of the Bush administration. *We* were being programmed to be part of a team kill program. In addition, *we* have a conscious flashback of going to see this actor briefly from a distance in person in Florida in *our* mid-20's—a very brief, perfectly timed, late night observation of him while in one of *our* alters. It is quite eerie to recall.

program words to remember

5

20: More Sex and Killing

By the time *we* were 20 years old, things were slipping into *our* conscious mind and forcing *our* front alters to have to deal with undeniable, disturbing facts.

Our frontline system being a compilation of alters designed to deal with any difficulties that might slip through to *our* conscious mind, *we* believe *our* front alters would have to be some of the strongest alters in *our* system. Imagine personalities that have to deal with sexual perversion, occult ritual, killing, cannibalism, severe trauma, and the actual real-time physical conditions for which the front personalities have no recall, fragments that slip into their everyday life while consciously they never know that they are part of a multiple personality disorder system whose parts perform unspeakable "tasks" at the bidding of their programmers, kontrollers, and handlers while under the threat of self-destruction and death programming if they remember.

The following are some experiences from *our* 20's. Sometimes, *we* know *our* actual age, sometimes only that it occurred within a range of years. Except for front alters, *our* alters don't age, so whether the memory is from 20 years ago or yesterday, certain alters look the same to *us*.

Broken bones

Most of the 1980's have been missing from *our* conscious frontline system most of *our* life, as did *our* childhood, adolescent, and teen years, though many pieces have begun to return, often with major experience memory downloads of occurrences spanning the better part of two years, and often all at once. This particular experience was always present in the physical reality of *our* front alter’s consciousness, admittedly deeply tucked away due to its inexplicability, but *our* frontline system was aware of it when *we* arose the day after it occurred. Thus it has haunted *us* for years, forever altering *our* conscious life.

We awoke one morning in a lover’s bedroom, *our* right hand and forearm in

great pain. The sunlight shining into the room said it was late morning. *Our* arm was still under the sheets. *We* pulled it out and were shocked at the swelling and bruising distorting the forearm, wrist, and hand. Everything was blue, purple, and green and so swollen the skin looked as if it might rip open. The pain was excruciating. As adrenaline rushed through *our* body, *we* heard in *our* head, "Something is very wrong," referring not only to *our* arm and hand, but resonating into areas of *our* life that *we* could not consciously reach. This was alter chatter that *we* knew for so long as others in *us* tried to reach the front alters.

Our mind raced to try to find an explanation, but found none. To *our* left was the back of a sleeping man, a lover as well as a handler from a *tmk* family *we* were heavily involved with. *We* were bartending in lingerie at the *tmk* family's restaurant and sleeping with both sons. He was sound asleep, so *we* again looked at *our* arm, trying desperately to figure it out, consciously knowing that he would never do such a thing, he was not like that. *Our* mind raced through *our* conscious memory of the night before. *Our* lover and *we* had gone dancing at a club in a city about 30 miles from where he lived, the same city near MacDill Air Force Base, where *we* had been programmed, after which *we* came back to his place and had sex. That was all *we* remembered, the programming at MacDill being sequestered in *our* alter's memory.

We reached over and woke him, showed him *our* arm, and asked him what happened the previous night. He looked sleepily at it, then grew wide-eyed, responding with profanity that he had no idea. His sincerity appeared genuine. *We* believe he too was a multiple and consciously unaware of what had occurred the night before, though at this time *we* are uncertain as to his particular use other than as *our* handler.

We looked at each other, fear in our eyes, though not for long. You learn to cover for things that slip into your front alter's consciousness because allowing them to linger is often far too disturbing to your other "selves." We got up, talked a bit about it, and decided he would take *us* to a doctor. He suggested a walk-in clinic to avoid emergency room questions.

We still remember the doctor looking at *us*. Something was clearly not quite right about our story, plus the obvious delay in seeking help apparent in *our* hand and arm. *Why would anyone wait so long to treat such numerous fractures? We* could *see* and *hear* his disbelief when *we* looked into his eyes.

Over the next six weeks, *we* became an ambidextrous bartender, using *our* left

hand to pour while *our* right arm was in a cast. Every time someone asked about it, *we* felt the fear of not knowing, yet covered with lies that went on long after the cast was removed. Over and over, one of *our* front alters asked how in the hell *we* broke *our* hand? What could *we* have hit and not remembered? and why? How hard *we* must have hit whatever it was.

We still cannot claim to have the answer in *our* conscious mind, but there is a visual fragment that plays over and over since that morning. It is of *us* attempting to fight *our* way out of a small room with at least three men in it, punching *our* way out. The room is similar to rooms from other downloads—a simple room with a table and chairs, a small room with men *we* did not wish to be in with, a room in which *we* had been receiving instructions in *alter*.

Hanging on through the heavy use years

The age of 18 marked the beginning of *our* decades-long main use by *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers. *We* were stunned when *we* heard of other *tmk* victims reporting heavy use beginning at 18 and running on into their 20's—for particular tasks, anyway. 18 and 22 had always been extremely significant ages and numbers to *us*, long before *we* even consciously knew that *we* are a *we*. After the experience at the military base detailed under "Torture, programming, guns and reptiles," *we* knew that 18 and 22 were very significant, though uncertain if it was from 18 to 22 years old, or at 18 for 22 years, which would put *us* at *our* death age of 39.

We believe this was a built-in program from *our* early years of programming that was deactivated when *our* use was extended. *Our* downloads show that *our* use continued well beyond 22 and even beyond 39. The length of *our* use provokes discussions during deep deprogramming about programmers extending the efficiency of their programming to extend the life of a *tmk* slave's use. *Our* uses certainly shifted as needed over the years, yet one of *our* main uses certainly did not end in *our* 20's or even our 30's.

Our early 20's were fraught with brief breaks in *our* programming that allowed *us* to know that something was terribly wrong while unable to get at it due to the success of *our* programmers, or retain it briefly, then it was gone again. *We* very clearly recall episodes of complete breakdowns in *our* early twenties during which *we* could not function or leave the house, curling up into a ball in the

corner of a room, hysterical. Programmers are working on eliminating such problems.

These weren't missing memories, though *we* would find out that collectively *we* have hundreds of missing memories held by alters. The break-throughs were conscious memories that *we* tucked away so that *our* front alters would be able to consciously survive without going completely insane. To *us*, insanity is losing all ability to function in the everyday world, and *we* were consciously and painfully aware all *our* life that *we* were teetering on that edge, hiding *ourselves* away, yet the why and what of that was never clear to *us*, even with many details of *our* programming and "on-tasks" in *our* conscious mind.

If you can understand the degree of fear *our* perpetrators instilled in *us*, you can begin to see the lifelong deterioration that *we* as a *tmk* slave went through. Though the programming may still be holding, the physical, mental, emotional and spiritual deterioration started very early and is directly related to *our* particular use. *We* appeared to age slowly, yet inside *we* were dealing with a 24-hour-a-day adrenaline push, despite the compartmentalization and walls between *our* alters—alters whose entire existence were the very same programs that were abhorrent to *our* Benevolent Spirit because they were killing *our* body, mind and spirit, and *we* mean that literally.

This is what *we* knew: anxiety escalating to terrifying panic; being at *our* jobs in the "world of man" and having to lock the door and spend *we* don't know how long curled up in the corner of the bathroom, sobbing with terror over things not remembered but *felt* and *seen* in flashes; the sense that *we* would die at any moment never leaving *us*, nor the desire to.

It is difficult to explain how the lives of *our* alters are experienced by those of *us* separated from them in *our* internal mind as well as body. When *our* programs broke through, *we* could *see* and *feel* the other lives but not remember them, at least not in the way most people experience memory. It is relived in fragments or flashes in the consciousness of other alters and often re-fragmenting *us*, like abreactions in deep deprogramming.

Body memories

By *our* early 20's, *our* body began trying to tell *our* front alters what was occurring. *We* began having body memories, often without *our*

conscious mind *seeing* what the cause of these memories was. For *us*, these body memories were terrifying and painful, as if the experience was occurring right then and there, yet only sometimes did *we* have a visual during them. There were things *we* understood about these body memories that made them all the more surreal—sex, torture, murder, and more—all of which would kick *our* doubt programming into high gear and debilitate *our* ability to understand who and what *we* were. After all, *i* the main front alter had not been consciously present during these experiences. *We* knew *we* were suffering and going to die in them, yet here *we* were, still alive, *our* fragmented mind at a total loss to explain it. And yet *we* knew it was more real than the life *we* appeared to be leading.

During these years, *we* had very little conscious recall of these experiences, *our* alters still feeling far too unsafe to bring the information forward. Besides, without support, if what *we* had been subjected to and done thus far had fully come to *our* conscious mind, *we* would probably have taken *our* own life as per *our* programming.

The "Bordello" years

Under "Broken bones," *we* wrote of two lovers, the two sons of the *tmk* family that owned a small restaurant and bar franchise based out of a well known city in Florida. The one sleeping beside *me* was the unmarried son, the other one married. *We* worked out of the franchise south of the original location in another developed city with many *tmk* ties, as *we* would learn years later.

While the wife, two sons and daughter-in-law worked in the restaurant and bar, the husband/father was pastor of a local fundamentalist church. The wife and daughter-in-law were classic *tmk* slaves, but under *tmk ourselves*, *we* could tell something was very wrong with them but were no more capable of determining what that was than that *we* were a multiple personality. Consciously, *we* knew that the married son was sleeping with his wife and *us*, and that *we* were sleeping with him and his brother.

One of *our* handlers, S.W., had brought *us* into this family business, initially offering *us* to the two sons for their personal sexual use. *We* clearly remember being told that the married son was tired of another young woman working for them and that *we* would be for both sons. *We* took this other woman's place in the married son's bed and behind the bar, as well. *We* also remember being

repelled by the father, yet could not figure out why. *We* now suspect sexual encounters involving him as well, though it was not to be part of this particular alter's knowledge. *We* know for a fact that he acted out his perversions with various other girls working for him, despite his jolly, kind father and pastor persona. It sickens *us* even now. Happily, *we* may have escaped his attentions, given the pretty young blond twin girls and their adventures in a local motel room at which *we* are pretty certain *we* were not present, thank goodness. The wife and the daughter-in-law both behaved as if they were unaware, except that the pastor's wife was a heavy drinker and prescription drug taker.

Demo-ed in New York

After working for them for some time, *we* were told that *we* were to go to New York with the franchise creator and owner, J., and one of "her girls" from her restaurant. The cover story was we were going to Wall Street to seek investors. J. owned and ran another
restaurant out of another city in Florida. *Our* front alters thought nothing of this journey, but from this point onward what occurred is fragmented and at points frightening.

We went to meet J. and "her girl" D., another blue-eyed blonde, and recall *nothing* about this Florida trip of a few hundred miles, nor of being in the restaurant in which they worked. *We* are uncertain if *we* flew there, though *we* think *we* did. Then we all flew to New York, though *we* don't remember flying; instead, it is known and shared by one of *us* without presenting the actual memory of the plane.

We were greeted at the airport by a man with dark hair in a suit, roughly 45, maybe close to 50. We were then driven to the Roosevelt Hotel where *we* stayed —at least *we* consciously recall being in the lobby of this "historic hotel," yet remember absolutely nothing about the rooms, including if *we* shared a room with someone or were alone? Nothing!

From this point on, *we* have flashbacks of being in a yellow cab racing very fast down a narrow street. *We* recall eating out at a restaurant and being served a 7-course meal at a large, long table with J., D., and the man in the suit from the airport, as well as other people that *we* do not know. *We* also recall being in a small Italian restaurant where the waiters and waitresses took time out to sing at

a microphone. *We* have flashbacks of walking in downtown New York, as well as being inside Saint Patrick's Cathedral and sitting on the steps outside watching people go by. It was cold, so *we* are guessing it was fall or early spring, though not full winter.

Of all the flashbacks, the flashback of what *we* were told was a building on Wall Street frightens *us* the most. *We* recall going into a bathroom or room of some kind with D. to change into in corsets, hose, and heels. Two young Florida girls in their 20's, tanned and smiling, half naked. *We* then entered a room filled with approximately 20 men in suits. A wall of windows looking out onto the city indicated it was midday and we were several floors up. We walked among them being "charming, yet not too talkative," our instructions from J. The men looked us up and down and enjoyed the alcoholic drinks we served.

This scenario has haunted *us* due to a clear memory of a terrible *feeling* (as well as the last recalled fragment). As within many alter experience memory downloads, this alter tells *me* that something was happening that she was not aware of. It's as if a part of *us* knows something else is occurring, but *we* cannot even inquire within *ourselves* enough to figure it out. As soon as the *feeling* appears, it slips away and *we* continue *our* program. This entire experience *feels* that way, and the last piece makes *us* feel very frightened:

We are standing still in the center of the room holding *our* tray and smiling. A man in a gray suit in his 30's or 40's is walking around *us*, looking *us* up and down without speaking. The alter had the distinct feeling that he was choosing *us*, but for what?

The download ends with no conscious recall of leaving Wall Street, going back to the Roosevelt Hotel, or flying back to Florida—*nothing more of the entire trip*! However, *i* still *feel* anxious and sick at this memory, even after four years of deprogramming. *We* are also certain that while standing in that room being circled by the man in the final memory fragment, *we* switched alters per programming.

uptime

The FBI

We are now sure that D. and *we* were being demoed on Wall Street and that investors were indeed being sought, but for a very different agenda than was told to *us*.

As a manager, *we* helped this *tmk* family open two more locations within a tri-county area. By the time they had established the third location, FBI presence was apparent. *We* were told by one of the sons that wiretaps had been installed with the cooperation of their father. Maybe he got caught with his hand in the cookie jar and was being used by the FBI in some way, or *we* were being told a lie to explain the FBI presence, or a faction of the FBI was trying to gain

information about this particular arm of the *tmk* network, given that all high-level organizations have *tmk* factions. *We* do not recall any court appearances or judgments involving law enforcement regarding the *tmk* family.

We have since come to understand that FBI presence regarding the *tmk* family's restaurant and bar franchise went farther than *we* originally suspected. Due to *our* inability to prove involvement by certain individuals, they shall remain nameless, though not so in *our* personal support system conversations. Included is a high-level FBI official who, despite claims to have "retired" in the 1970s, continued to work for this network. *We* contend that he had connections to this restaurant and bar and its programming and use of *tmk* slaves, including his possible personal sexual involvement with slaves out of a Manhattan Beach, California location.

It would not be the first or last time *we* encountered men in suits claiming to be FBI while not displaying any identification, since the men *we* were being handled by were involved in drug trafficking and prostitution. It is difficult to determine which handlers came first and likely that the number of people involved with *our* various alters at that time were numerous. From 18 through *our* early 20's, *we* consciously remember being run by several handlers, one being a local drug trafficking and prostitution network head for one of the very large counties in the aforementioned tri-county area. He may also have been engaged in gun trafficking, due to some of the other people who show up in *our* alter memories. A man presenting as FBI warned *us* about him while he was in the restroom in a nightclub in Clearwater, Florida. *We* recall *our* front alters becoming frightened by his activities, yet do not recall the circumstances of *our* eventual split from him.

Through most of these years of heavy use, *we* officially lived in Florida and were most definitely associated with and utilized by what is known as "the Octopus." (See Recommended Reading and Listening: *The Last Circle*.)

The island and shiny purple

Another fragmented memory from *our* sex and kill program alters puts *us* in what *we* believe are the Bahamas, a location *we* have fragmented conscious memory of going to in *our* early 20's on several occasions with handlers. *Our* memory is in more than one part, each a segment of the same event, within hours

of each other.

In the first segment, it is daytime and *we* are seated in a slightly raised section of the restaurant at a small, round, wooden table with two dark-haired men, one being a lawyer and the other possibly *our* handler. They are facing away from *us*, looking out the open slatted wooden shutters painted a light color toward the water and beach beyond the restaurant. A wall is behind *us*, to *our* right and left. Just beyond the shutters are fronds of potted palms hanging slightly over into the opening and framing *our* view. The shiny wooden floor has two steps down to the main floor of the restaurant where there are other small tables and chairs, after which it opens out onto a beach of white sand.

We are in what *we* call "holding pattern," a *void* alter of *ours*. *We* can acutely s*ee* and *hear* the surroundings and yet *we* are empty inside in this alter. This is an actual personality, but designed as empty and waiting—an alter between alters, a place where *we* are put to await the next switch. Within this "holding pattern," *we* are as usual devoid of the ability to ask questions even of *our* own mind, devoid of the capacity to reason. *We* simply are.

The two men are engaged in conversation about where they would like to dine tonight. They wish to eat at a nice restaurant. *We* are not a part of what they are discussing, nor do *we* exist at this moment for them. In fact, the most predominant awareness *we* have in this segment of memory is that *we* are observing without any feelings or thoughts.

The second segment is later. *We* become aware that *we* are in a white hotel room walking over to clothing hanging on the outside of a closed closet door made of slatted, white shutters near the room's front door. Hanging there are shiny purple, satin pants with a hand-written note saying, "Wear this to dinner." *We* are in the “holding pattern" alter until *we* read the note. The combination of the clothing, colors, and written words initiate a switch into a sex alter who knows she is to go to the lawyer's room to seduce him. As *we* move from the "holding pattern" alter into the sex alter for the sexual encounter, it feels good to *us* and her. There is an almost inexplicable *relief* when *we* are released from the "holding pattern" due to the profound void and emptiness that *we* feel in that alter. *We* clearly *feel the sex coming into us* and are very pleased by the thought and *feel* of going to his room to seduce him. This is the alter’s life and to her it is not only okay—it is natural per her programming. *We* are not going to dinner, as the note says; *we* are to go to his room without even putting on the outfit. This alter is to go to his room for a sexual encounter, that is all she is programmed to do.

This is where it is difficult for *us* because *we* know that the lawyer was killed after *our* sexual encounter with him began. *We* can *see* and *feel* that it is *us* who was responsible for his death. *Our* alters have shown *us* that, yet *we* cannot consciously tell you how he died because it is not what this sex alter knows.

Bodies on the beach

The first flashback *our* alter presented about this on-task occurred approximately eight months prior to the experience memory download that came in several segments, given how *our* alters present. For *our* front alter, it was only yesterday that *we* found this first download written last year in *our* deprogramming journal and realized that it too pertained to this particular on-task.

In the first download, the alter is very sexual in a young adult body, fully developed, yet emotionally childlike. Due to the two downloads as well as others, *we* realize that she is part of *our* kill programming. *We* call her “the wild one.” *We* are still uncertain about her exact role within this kill, but were astonished that in the first flashback she showed *us* the couple she was interacting with—a man and woman in their 40's or early 50's—before the man and his adolescent son were killed and shown to the wife/mother by another kill alter who is emotionless and robotic. To backtrack:

In the first download, “the wild one" is playfully and innocently flirting (in *her* consciousness, anyway) with the man in front of his wife. Both of them act a little surprised, which the alter quickly interprets as feeling sorry for her. They certainly do not overreact.

The very next flashback presented in this first download is of *our* alter making her way down to a beach at a 45º angle from a rugged precipice above. *Our* alter *feels* the danger *we* often *feel* when kill alters are present.

From the two experience memory downloads, it is apparent that this middle-aged couple knew *us* in some capacity and that *we* were responsible for the death of the man and adolescent son which had been planned for when the wife/mother was not around, after which she would be shown their bodies on the beach, her fear and hysteria being the desired effect *our* kontrollers and handlers intended.

In this case, it is possible that *our* alter broke programming, but there is no evidence except for *our* suspicion.

The other flashback from the second download may involve the very same location, given the house on the bluff and the beach below. If this is the same location as that of the other two memory downloads by other alters, it puts *us* there at least three times, allowing *us* to see that this may have been a regular location for *our* use. *Our* adult unchildlike sex alter is wearing a yellow skimpy string bikini and getting ready to exit the house to go down to the beach to “entertain” several men waiting for her.

This experience memory download is in three segments, all presented by more than one alter. The first segment *we* will not relay here, due to it being a separate time in the alter's lives. The second and third segments *we* understand to be different points in time within the same incident. *We* will present them in the order they were presented to *us*. If it is the proper order, it may mean the woman was killed after the man and son were shown to her.

Having exited a rather nice house up on a remote bluff, w*e* are walking in a sandy area. Sea grass stretches out toward the ocean some distance below. *We* sense this is the California Coast. *We* are above the shoreline and approaching a drop off down on the bluff. An early 50's blond woman is walking on *our* left just a couple of footsteps behind *us*. *We* are leading her and *feel* nothing, no emotions at all: *we* are on-task.

As *we* reach the rise a couple of hundred or so feet out the back of her house, we look down at two bodies rocking slightly in the shallows, the shore protected from the open ocean or at low tide. They are brownish-green in color, as if in a degraded condition or coated or covered with something? Ropes are tied around their necks that run about six or eight feet up onto the shore where each is secured to a small heavy metal pole. *We* feel they have possibly been in this water for several days.

The woman reaches the rise and looks, emitting a muffled scream and clasping her hands over her mouth. *We* do not look at her but at the bodies as she tries to contain her grief over the bodies and fear of *us*. This alter feels nothing but realizes in a detached way that the man and child were very close to her. It is a very intellectual observation. The woman tries to control her uncontrollable emotions so *we* are not angered. That the deaths do not affect *us* is creating additional fear of what *we* will do next. *We* know this, *we* can read her. *We* turn away from her and look at the back of the house. *We* feel a tightening of *our* stomach, but why?

Our programming was briefly breaking down due to the nature of *our*

relationship to what had occurred. But this alter's programming does not allow for emotions, so the break disappears quickly.

This experience memory download continues with *us* in “the wild one” propped up on *our* elbows and lying naked on the floor on *our* stomach, legs bent at the knees, ankles crossed, feet up in the air. The location is the house on the bluff. "The wild one" is humming and looking at *our* hands. *We* are in an adult body, late teens or early 20's, *our* long blond hair pulled up in a ponytail. Something has occurred in this room and *we* are facing away from it, the "consequences" behind *us*. (“Consequences” are what they are to this alter—dead bodies she has killed.) There is a man close to *our* right side facing away from *us*, squatting down, doing something to the "consequences." *We* do not look at him, yet know that he glances back at *us*. *We* know him and he knows *us very well*.

We have much difficulty with this memory, including severe physical reactions during *our* first attempt to record it in writing. *We see* more than *we* can write and know more than *we* have said. Eventually, *our* front alters will address it as is needed, it just takes time.

What *we* will write is that the man squatting near *us* is a dark-spirited man doing something to the dead bodies, either the man and adolescent or the woman. (*We* strongly suspect that “the wild one” wound up killing the wife/mother though she was not originally supposed to per her instructions and program. *Our* alters are generally very meticulous about the details and timing of memory downloads; hence *our* confusion over why *we* would be shown this segment after being shown the emotionless alter presenting the bodies to the woman unless the “consequences” are now the woman herself. “The wild one” successfully distracted *us* while lying there on the floor. When *we* later drew a picture of this scene, the dark-spirited man squatting behind *us* was drawn completely in solid black.

(Note: In late summer 2010, information came *our* way to help *us* understand why the bodies were presented as they were to the woman. *Our* kill alter was just following her programming without any information other than what she needed to know, and our front alters had no conscious knowledge of Masonic traditions and codes. The shallow water’s edge and ropes around the victims' necks were to send a message to others in the “network” that if you step out of line, we will kill you—*crystal clear* to *us*.)

Alter 14*’s right hand grip*

Alter 14 gave the following experience memory download to *us* with her lack of emotion, systematic execution of skill, and program-initiated thoughts occurring at the moment of assault. Someone else in *us* would become conscious in the aftermath of what occurred in the parking lot and would have to face what *alter 14* left for *us* to see, which was why *we* returned from this memory download to *our* front alter consciousness yelling aloud. For those of *us* who are not in any way killers, it was surreal and devastating. With every presentation by *alter 14*, *we* are amazed by her lack of fear, her precision in *our* body and mind, and her power. She frightens *us* and yet she belongs to *us* as well. She does what she is programmed and trained to do, nothing more, and absolutely nothing less.

Alter 14’s download starts in a parking lot at night. A light on a tall pole is near where *we* are. She is approaching a man. Off to *our* left about 25 to 30 feet away near a delivery truck is a woman with the man who just exited the truck. The truck is like an old bread delivery truck. *Alter 14* gives *us* the impression that these two men are planning to abduct the woman and *alter 14* has come to stop that from happening.

In a split second move, *alter14* steps towards the man in front of *her* and grasps his windpipe in a fingers and thumb grip. The man seems to know what *alter 14*’s intention is and succeeds in knocking *our* right arm from his throat. Both are moving quickly and intently, *alter 14 completely* focused and not taking *our* eyes off of his windpipe, thinking the whole time, “Finish this quickly" because she clearly knows that each passing second is a second closer to not succeeding in crushing his windpipe and once the target knows what is happening, the chance of success is limited.

This is *our* view during download, the view through *our* alter’s eyes. To this day, *we* can still *see* his windpipe as well as *feel* the emotionless thoughts of *alter 14*. Her calm, powerful confidence is most certainly not *ours*, it is indeed hers.

He is moving backwards in an evasive dance, yet not taking his eyes off of *us*, as she is aggressively making intermittent contact with his throat but not maintaining the grip. She is not only envisioning crushing his windpipe, but of crushing it and ripping it from the throat. She is not angry, only motivated solely by being on-task, something that must occur.

A blackout—for lack of a better term—occurs at this point in the download.

Others of *us* become conscious as it continues with a woman's scream. *We* are now standing in the parking lot as *we* come into the consciousness of another alter, no longer alter 14. *We* see the woman about to be abducted screaming hysterically and looking in *our* direction. There is a body in front of *us* motionless on the blacktop: the man *alter 14* was pursuing. *We* are responsible. *We* yell and return from the download.

As with other downloads about *our* kills and other kills for which *we* were present, *we* often don't have the actual kill in *our* conscious mind. *We* would like to say that *we* never know it occurred, yet that is not the case.

A life of killing

One of *our* kill alters came to *us* one night and showed *us* the life she has led as she sees it. Her life then flashed before her eyes while being shown to *us* over the course of several hours, or so it seemed. She was standing in one place, though she would turn from right to center to left as the scene changed. She was holding a black handgun in her right hand lowered to her side. As a time from her life arose before *us*, she would raise the gun and shoot at the appropriate time, always when a man was standing before her within whatever setting she remembered him. She did not change or age—just her position to the right, center, or left. Always she shot him in the center of the forehead between the eyes just above the eyebrows. Always there, time and time again, pivoting right, center, left. Raising the gun, lowering the gun—robotic, detached, systematic, no emotion save a profound, distant, underlying, deep sadness. As scene after scene, man after man drifted in and out, *we* were left with emotional exhaustion and an aching heart for her, for *us*, for them.

warlords, guns, and money

6

Ritual Use, Ritual Death

The ritual experiences are difficult to assimilate into *our* front alter consciousness. They were kept in *our* alter's memory for a good reason, and more often than not they are held by several alters. They did not present more than *we* could handle, but much like *our* killing experiences, the effect when they surfaced was often debilitating. At times, *we* would get just a part of the experience from one alter while other alters presented other parts of the experience and left *us* physically, emotionally, and mentally devastated for days, weeks, even months.

Part of the reason was *we* had not yet come to realize how many of *us* there were, nor that these horrible things had occurred to or been perpetrated by *us*. *We* who are part of the frontline system were terribly confused as to *our* age then and how it could still be happening "now." *We* were haunted for days, weeks, months and years as the memories surfaced, incapable of consciously grasping them, let alone assimilating them. Full physical, mental, and emotional abreactions are still common.

By far, these experiences are the most profound when it comes to triggering *our* suicide programming.

Beware, little ones, there be dragons . . .

We are in a kitchen with an adult male who is an *entity/demon*. Also here are a "little boy" and a "little girl" who are "creatures," not children, allowing *our* other alter to remain somewhat detached from them. One of *our* alters *sees* "creatures" in order to buffer *our* psyche while *we* see children.

The door leading outside is open and to *our* left; beyond it, the screen door is shut. Outside, a "komodo dragon" steps slowly into view. It is taller than *us* and looking inside, moving ever so slowly. Terror arises in *us*: the screen door is not

latched. Slowly, *we* reach out to close it, knowing that *we* and the "little ones" are in danger.

Instantly, the "komodo dragon" is standing inside the door next to *us*. *We* are frantic and attempt to pick the "little boy" and "little girl" up off of the floor, desperate to get them out of the "dragon's" reach. The "little ones" do not realize the danger and innocently start moving about the floor. By now, *we* are hysterical inside.

The "dragon" and adult male then begin a frenzied fight. The "little ones" are ripped to shreds, their limbs torn off, decimated. *We* scream hysterically, even as *we* return to front alter consciousness in the here and now. The memory of this experience would leave *us* crying and suicidal for weeks, one of many that *we* have not been able to put away, as there is nowhere to put it.

The gold bowl of mon-atomic gold

The following memory returned amidst repetitious "loop" programs running all night long, accompanied by a low-grade fever and body aches—what *we* once called *delirious sleep*, a night state in which sleep never comes amidst ongoing physical symptoms. It is a common, recurring state, day in and day out, while experience memories surface, past and present. *We* felt drugged in the original experience, which is partially why it felt so surreal.

We are in a room with a fog that *we* believe is coming from *our* drugged mind. A dozen or so men are there with *us*. A gold bowl is sitting on top of a table or surface of some kind. The bowl is about a foot and a half across and about eight inches deep, thick and roughly hewn, with an ancient, pitted surface. It is empty except for three small white cylindrical pills with a small amount of a pink substance around the edges, sitting just inside below the rim. Oddly, the white pills are not resting on the bottom of the bowl, as if defying gravity. *Our* alter stops downloading there and another alter takes over to tell *us* that these men used *us* sexually and that blood was added to the bowl containing the white pills, which the men then ingested. Semen was on *us* as well.

We cannot recount this experience without weeping and gagging. After this memory first resurfaced, despair and *our* suicide programming plagued *us* for weeks. Sadness over this experience runs deep.

We were at a loss to explain the gravity-defying pills, but were certain someone

may someday be able to explain it. *We* have since learned of a weightless substance called *mon-atomic gold* greatly desired by certain *entities*. Its multi-dimensional properties make it more and more weightless as the amount is increased. *Our* source alchemically produced it, claiming that some was stolen from his heavily secured lab and that the thieves did not set off any of the systems. Since in deep deprogramming, *we* have had a small jar of it in *our* hand. It is a tangible, physical substance.

This substance is not in any aspect Benevolent, nor does it have *any* Benevolent properties! *"Mon-atomic gold" is malevolent in its very nature and effect.* Those who say it is "consciousness opening" and "beneficial to humans" are clearly mistaken—or lying. *It actually makes humans more susceptible to being accessed by these malevolent entities!* If anyone tells you it will benefit you in anyway if you ingest it, walk away. It may have properties that appear to be healing, but *we* assure you it is anything but. Malevolence uses humanity's limited knowledge against them.

This memory, like others, has yet to be resolved within *us*.

Human flesh

We present the next experience because it is integral to *our* programming and use, part of *our* training being to dispose of bodies after kills. But the fragment *we* share here is very disturbing. *We* share only what *we* deem necessary to create an understanding of what it was like for *us* under programming and help people grasp what a true miracle it is every time an illuminati *total mind kontrolled* slave begins to sincerely heal with the assistance of Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love.

The memory download entails dark-skinned human female body parts (including pubic hair) tangled up inside of black trash bags, but also more difficult memories of consuming human flesh and blood. *Our* programmers sought not only to successfully create kill alters, but to dissociate *us* in the most extreme ways possible from *our* humanity. Thus *our* alters were programmed to perpetrate and undergo many horrendous abuses.

We are standing over a stainless steel sink in a kitchen. The water is running full force from the faucet and overflowing onto the floor because the drain is blocked. A man is standing behind *us*, watching. He is one of them. *We* are

projectile vomiting liquid containing small chunks of human flesh and blood into the overflowing sink. *We* step back only to realize that the floor is covered with water mixed with the human flesh and blood. This memory is lucid, vivid, and horrendous.

Since *our* programming began breaking down in *our* early 30's, *our* front alters realized that *we* were no longer consuming the flesh of animals because *we* could not handle its texture in *our* mouth. This is still true to this day, now that the rest of *us* know consciously what *we* were programmed to do.

Subjecting *us* to this trauma had several purposes for various parts of *us* as well as the *demons* that inhabited *us*. For some of *our* alters, it separated *us* from all other humans and made *us* believe for many years that *we* are more like *our* programmers. Certain alters thus believe they are not human because the ones *we* truly serve are not human. The double bind is that *we* are "one of them, always and forever," due to *no human ever being able to Love us*, plus that the human part of *us* will never be able to forgive *ourselves* for such abhorrent deeds. It has created an isolation that is still so omnipresent that *we* wonder if it will ever really be possible to *see* and *feel* that *we* are indeed like others around *us*. Hence, *our* strong need to be able to associate with other slaves who are sincerely healing, particularly those who were programmed to be utilized the way parts of *us* were.

The *demons* themselves participate in such activities on a regular basis; hence those inside *us* drive the alters to such deeds as a direct result of their programming. These *entities* are the handlers within, creating *cult-loyal alters* with programming reminiscent of the personalities of the very *demons* themselves, binding *us* to them mind, heart, and soul—until from *our* soul the Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love that *we* are first and forever pushes through the lies of the unforgivable.

7

All In A Night's Work

This particular experience memory is a combination of torture, programming, and use all in one night. It also shows the extent a full abreaction can have when it surfaces within deprogramming.

Full abreaction to "Jones" on Halloween

This download is definitively the most severe abreaction in *our* deep deprogramming thus far, meaning that its effect on *us* during and after reliving it lasted for days. Because of the intensity involving overwhelming physical, emotional, and mental symptoms, *we* thoroughly believed that it occurred on the night of October 30th and early morning hours of October 31st of the current year 2008, but the reality was that it was an experience memory from years ago.

We will now relate the fragmented memory download, followed by parts of *our* journey in the days following. What *we* know from hundreds of experience memory downloads is that the dates that *our* alters choose to download are not random; they repeatedly choose the day or date that the experience actually occurred and can even present it repeatedly each year on that date.

The part of the experience now in *our* conscious mind began with it being night and *we* are in the backseat of a light-colored late 1970s, early 1980s model Suburban vehicle. The driver is a man in his late 30's, average build, dark blond hair; *we* are clearly blocked from remembering his face. This is quite common: *we* often remember intricate details such as the designs on clothes, but faces remain in a fog or non-existent, as if *we* never saw it.

We pull up to the door of an industrial shop outside which another man is standing and looking at *us*. He is about the same age as the driver and is blond

with blue or green eyes. *We* know him as "Jones" and remember his face. "Jones" brings up a wild image: Jones is "wild" and "aggressive" to one or more of *our* alters. *We* are in an alter that is innocent and totally oblivious to any danger, neither able to think of why she is there nor able to fear it.

The driver turns the engine off and exits the Suburban, walking around the back to pass where *we* are seated in the back seat on the passenger side, the front and back being bench seats. He looks in at *us* as he passes on his way to Jones. *We* watch him as *our* alter attempts to exit the vehicle, baffled that she cannot move her hands or feet. She feels twisted up, yet cannot figure out why. And yet she is not afraid, but is rather content to believe that the driver will get her out. It is then that *we* realize how unaware of her situation this alter really is, perhaps because fear is not even possible for her. *We* see no physical bonds around her hands or feet and believe she is "bound within her mind"—programmed to not be able to move or break free because she does not even know she is programmed.

When the driver reaches Jones, *we* hear Jones say, "I've had her." Both are looking at *our* alter smiling in the backseat. Jones has not taken his cold stare off of *us* since we pulled up. The driver too is cold throughout the entire scenario.

The memory fragments here, though *we* know *we* were taken into the shop, tortured, and raped, the latter involving a cattle prod, an object used on *us* repeatedly over the years. *We* also know that drugs were used. Additionally, *we* know that this experience was about torture, programming, and use all wrapped up in one night. The *degree* of this experience is what puts it in a category all its own, there being many aspects of what is locked in *our* mind and body that *we* do not know how to let out. *Our* inability to capture or define it makes it *feel* separate, something other than or beyond occurrences written about so far. It also occurred on more than one occasion.

The real confusion for *us* began in the early morning hours of October 31, 2008, partly due to the fact that *we* were alter-awake most of the night. *We* were accustomed to looking at *our* watch that *we* kept next to *us* at night to record times, as the memory patterns were ongoing and often repetitive. On heavy alter download nights, all sense of time is lost.

According to *our* bedside watch, *we* arose with awareness at 3:30 a.m. with a great deal of nausea, even getting up to get plastic bags to keep next to *us* for vomit. *We* tried to lie down, yet were up and down until 7:00 a.m. when *we* finally just stayed up. *Our* bowels repeatedly evacuated. Homeopathic

remedies didn't alleviate *our* symptoms. *Our* sense of time was so distorted that *we* couldn't understand how the events of the previous night/early morning hours could have occurred. Even though the time seemed in short supply, *we* never really trusted *our* sense of time, given that most of *our* life spanning years had been lost. So *we* didn't trust *our* judgment of time within this particular event at all.

What *we* awakened to in the morning were physical and emotional symptoms that would worsen over the next few hours and continue for days. Heart palpitations were more severe than usual, though not uncommon in extreme experience memory downloads, particularly when electricity was used on *us*. As *our* chest fluttered throughout the day, *we* wondered if *we* might have a heart attack. Due to years of trauma, electricity, and drugs, *we* were aware that *our* heart was not very strong. *We* were sick to *our* stomach and running a fever with severe body pain.

Our abdomen swelled due to the cattle prod rape, and by late morning, *our* womb, lower back, kidneys, and entire pelvic region were filled with pain—a condition that recurs throughout *our* life. *Our* front alters are unable to explain it, though it often comes on the heels of vaginal and anal penetration memories.

In this download, the emotion was just as intense. *We* wept almost continuously, despairing that *we* had so many more fragments. At this time, *we* were staying about twenty miles from a small town in someone’s home while they were gone. Thus *we* were alone. But *we* felt *we* had to go into town and pushed *ourselves* to go. *Our* ability to do this never ceases to amaze *me*, *our* capacity to dissociate still alarming to *our* conscious mind. During the town trip, *our* physical and emotional abreaction symptoms worsened. *We* had several conversations with various alters while triggers all about *us* had a profound effect due to *our* vulnerability. *We* couldn't see that *we* were pushing *ourselves* much too far because *we* were so accustomed to pushing beyond *our* physical, emotional, and mental pain by dissociating.

During the abreaction, *we* experienced severe body memories and a despondency that pulled *us* away from *our* deprogramming support people for days. The degree of hopelessness had *us* believing that *we* would never be safe from "them." On the first day following the memory download, *we* wept uncontrollably. For the first time in *our* deprogramming, *we* were consciously aware of experiencing re-fragmenting or splitting within *our* mind while still under the belief that it had actually occurred the previous night, and that *our*

fragmenting was due to trauma inflicted in the here and now. After four days, *we* came to understand that *we* had instead had a full abreaction to an experience memory that had actually re-fragmented *us*. *Our* symptoms were so extreme and the visual memory so lucid that *we* believed *we* were there in the here and now, despite *our* younger appearance in the download. This is one of the dangers of attempting to deprogram on one's own. It would be when *we* finally allowed a member of *our* three- person support group back into *our* world on the fourth day—another recovering victim of *tmk*—that *we* discovered while talking with her by phone that this was a full abreaction and began to understand what an abreaction really was and the dangers of being alone during them.

Here, *we* want to include some of *our* journal entries from those days because they relay some of the various minds that *we* were in, including the torturous confusion. It is *our* hope that those who read this will better comprehend what is happening inside *us* during severe experience memory retrievals.

> journal entry, november 1st
>
> . . . immense sadness is upon *us* . . . leaving *us* feeling so small in this mind-boggling, vast darkness that seems intent on *our* destruction, that seems to have all the time in the world, every opportunity, and all of the resources necessary to use and abuse *us* . . . a seemingly limitless opportunity to abuse *us* . . . the confusion in *us* grows paradoxically to the revealing of the ugly truth of this . . . as *we* come to understand *our* own experience in all of this, *our* mind grows more boggled by it all. *we* feel lost today, completely lost . . . more fragmenting occurred . . . *we* know this . . . the physical sickness is almost more than *we* can bear . . . *we* do not want to converse with [names of three people *we* had been talking to while deprogramming], *we* do not want to hear how *we* can do this, how God can protect *us* . . .
>
> . . . at one point [in town] while standing at the laundromat listening to the attendant . . . *we* thought as *our* heart fluttered that *we* were going to have a heart attack and *we* tried to keep focused and composed as *we* thought, "oh God, they will call an ambulance and *we* don't want that, that is what people do when someone collapses in public, *we* do not want that!" *our* heart fluttering, *our* head spinning, *we* kept silent and prayed *we* would get through this day . . .
>
> . . . *our* last stop was to get some herbs at the health food store to alleviate *our* symptoms . . . as *we* pulled into the parking lot, *we* heard a voice in

> *our* head say, "why do *you* keep going? *we* can't do one more thing, just go home" . . . then a voice replied, "*we* go on because *we* have to, this situation is no different than thousands of others . . . *we* don't have time to stop and rest . . . *we* get it done . . . survival, always survival mode, push out the pain, just get it done . . . *we* are adrift today . . . *we* don't know how not to be . . . the pain stays locked in *our* body . . . in *our* programmed isolation . . . a double edged sword . . . is *our* being possessed by evil, by darkness . . . so much so that *we* are one of "them," too deep to ever be freed of "their" reach? Is *our* soul owned by "them"? are *we* trapped in that room with Lucifer, as "they" showed *us*? . . . *we* feel like *we* are cycling from one horrendous event to another, briefly coming up for air in between . . . programmed messages, "you better watch out, every second, we are always watching" and "it's you're own fault" . . .
>
> . . . at *our* last stop in town at the health food store, one of the employees had on an elaborate halloween costume . . . the twenty-something woman had gone to great lengths to recreate the depictions [of demons] she had seen . . . she was in black and red . . . a black satin cape with a hood . . . her face painted entirely in black and red face paint . . . horns protruding from the sides of her forehead . . . she was bagging groceries in the line in which *we* stood behind two other customers . . . *we* began to weep uncontrollably [as *we* looked at her], feeling as if *we* existed a million miles away from where *we* appeared to be . . . wondering who all of these humans existing around *us* were . . . *we* could feel no connection to them whatsoever . . .

Nine months later, *we* realized that the costume was that of the Siths from one of the recent *Star Wars* films. *We* saw a picture of this character in a magazine and recognized its similarity to *demons we* were familiar with.

In the above abreaction, *we* were so completely out of *our* body that *we* were unable to see *ourselves* as human. Also, red and black together have shown up in *our* programming memory downloads, associated with at least two different alters. This combination of colors was seen by some of *us* after being triggered in the first 15 minutes of the pilot episode of a network television show that *we* believe *without any doubt* to be a trigger for *trauma-based mind kontrol* slaves with kill programming. *We* are sure that this television show, along with many recently released movies, are associated with End-Time programming for *tmk*

slaves. See Chapter 12, "The 40's."

journal entry, november 2nd

. . . *our* low back seems locked in pain . . .sleep constantly interrupted . . . almost constant internal programs going off day and night . . . *we* see now that *we* are not supposed to recover for any use by "them" . . . something inside of *us* has changed since early a.m. of october 31st. who is coming out of that? . . . it is out of focus . . . *we* are finding it more and more difficult now to delineate groupings of days . . . it is all running together . . . an assault by *our* own memories . . . alters? . . . not wanting to be in *our* body . . . feeling a million miles away from everybody else . . . a state of limbo . . .

journal entry, november 4th

. . . dealing with anorexic programming . . . nausea for last couple of days . . . *we* realized *we* were starving, like someone threw a light switch . . . it felt good to eat . . . *we* are on *our* way back . . . *we* hope.

8
More On-Task

The perfect, *lethal* hostess

This memory download came during a period of ongoing downloads by *our* alters 24 hours a day. Preceding it, *we* were experiencing physical and emotional memories—pain in *our* body, emotional heaviness and deep sadness sometimes lasting for weeks.

We call the alter presenting to *us* in segments *the perfect hostess*. *We* have encountered her many times in a variety of on-tasks filled with extensive details, including faces. Her thoughts in her programmed mind are only those that assist her programmed on-task.

First, *we* are aware that she is responsible for several small groups of important people—at least people who believe they are important, though she realizes that they think more of themselves than others do. This recurring feeling of hers is initiated by the thoughts of another alter who is also present during these experiences, apparently *waiting*.

We are in a large facility of some kind where these groups of important people are separated into various rooms. *Our* alter enters an expensively decorated room with rich, dark-stained wood walls and a dark rectangular wooden table at the center, the end of which faces the door through which *we* enter. Around the table are seated six men in their 40's (one in his 50's) and two women in their 20's. One of the women has long blond hair and is dressed in black. *The perfect hostess* is aware that these women are mere ornaments for these men—lovers, nothing more—but must be treated with respect above and beyond what they deserve because of the men they are with, who are assholes but must be treated like dignitaries, her specialty. This was her understanding, yet the critique was not actually hers.

As *our* alter enters, everyone at the table looks up, the men frustrated at having been kept waiting. *The perfect hostess* holding *our* body is apologetic in her most disarming and charming way, and the men are calmed. A younger man at

the far end of the table introduces the women to *us*, each of whom makes eye contact as she is introduced. The blonde is named Jennifer.

We would like to interject here that a recurring *see* and *feel* within memories is that *we* the alters are working with a capacity far beyond the five senses, yet this capacity is of restrictive use due to the parameters of the alter's program. *Our perfect hostess* alter is caught in a dichotomy: her ability to take in her surroundings and discern its value is extraordinary, and yet she is incapable of using this same information to reason out her own situation and reach the inescapable conclusion that she is in serious danger. In this particular situation, she knows exactly who these men and women are on a hierarchic level, but is not concerned with their three-dimensional existence except as it directly pertains to her on-task. She can walk into a room and immediately discern each individual's power status and know where and where not to tread based on the level of power present in any given individual. From this insight, every aspect of hosting them is determined. This is the very thing that makes her *the perfect hostess*.

The rest of her capacities branch out from this central ability of honing in on levels of power. She cannot think in terms of *entities* or *demons*, though that is precisely what she is “reading” in terms of power. *We* have *seen* her with both low-level *entities* and high-level *demons*, and her manner as well as her internal respect is drastically different. Her program is to get the on-task done and survive; for this, she is on extreme alert state inside while outwardly presenting a charming, cool, calm “hostess." Many of *our* alters have an extraordinary capacity for discerning danger levels and maintain a perpetually heightened, alert state not necessarily equated with fear.

In this experience, the "hostess" is in a minimal state of stress because she herself is being run by *entities*—what *we* think of as internal handlers really running the programs but with the assistance of external handlers. *We* are very clear that *our* main handlers are the *entities* themselves. This alter's ability to “read" *entity* levels stems directly from the internal *demonic* handler deeply enhancing an ability *we* already have.

One of the noticeable differences in this memory was how out of program she was in presenting strong judgment about these people. She clearly *saw* and *felt* that they were "nobodies"—adolescent *entities* whose asses she could kick if allowed, and on some level wanted to but wouldn't because it was not allowed, i.e. it was not in her program to hurt or kill.

In the immediate aftermath of this experience download, *we* clearly saw another alter surfacing, one *we* were very familiar with, run and handled by Lilith: *she 29th*, a kill alter. *The perfect hostess* is also handled by Lilith. *We* know this because of the signature sexual energy used by *the perfect hostess* for success in her programmed on- tasks. Killing is not all that *she 29th* does, yet one of her signatures is to loathe those who think they are powerful when they are not—not in the way she understands power, at least. *She 29th*'s programming contains a pure hatred of anything less than power, which she refers to as "juice." To *our* understanding of *she 29th*, the only humans worthy of life are those possessed by high-level *demons*, though she would gladly kill them as well if her handler instructed her to, as she relishes absorbing their “juice” at their death.

From what *we* have been shown, *she 29th* does not think she is human, given how she loathes perceived *human* weakness. *She 29th* appears to be an alter that is a replica of her programmers and kontrollers. In fact, when she presents to *us*, her mannerisms and language are identical to those of *our* abusers, including their consistent, alternation between degradation and false love. She is therefore an internal programmer not only by *entity*, but also *in the alter* run by Lilith.

In many alter personalities, it appears that the *entity* is the whole negative source of evil energy, but with *she 29th* it is as though the alter is aligned with the programmers and *demons* who are really one and the same. This is what *we* have come to call “cult-loyal alters,” of which there are more inside of *us*. *She 29th* is a master at *seeing* and *feeling* individuals' "juice," a very accurate metaphor for life energy, including the ejaculate of the powerful upon whom she enjoys performing oral sex. *We* now understand that her hatred of humans is her programming that allows and justifies being able to engage in killing men, women, and children without remorse.

What became clear with this download was that *the perfect hostess* is attempting to co-exist with *she 29th*, maintaining her ever-charming essence while trying to keep *she 29th* from taking over. The reason *she 29th* is here at all is that she is part of the program at a later point—in other words, *she 29th* has been programmed to kill one of the men in the room, though we don't know which, a fragment not shown to *us*.

Eventually, *the perfect hostess* leaves the room and sends a couple of younger slaves, twins, in to “serve” the group. *We* choose not to go into the second part of this download at this time and will skip to the third segment.

Our on-task continued after *the perfect hostess* was switched to another alter. *We* are now in a smaller storage or utility room where a male is present. *We* believe he is a man, though to some of *us* the male *entities* can present as men—a much stronger presence. Whatever he is, he is present with *us* off to *our* right in the little room, though *we* do not see him as *we* would a three-dimensional person. *We* undo *our* pants and begin to masturbate.

Masturbation is a definitive program repeatedly downloaded by alters either to keep *us* in programming or to switch from one alter to another—that being the case here. *She 29th* began to come out. Together, the internal handler and male *entity* in the room ran the program necessary to switch *us*. *Remote handling*—particularly with switching sex and kill alters—took *us* some time to come to terms with. There were clearly many times a physical handler was present, and other times when *we* were, for all intents and purposes, alone.

This is where the conscious memory stops. *She 29th* does not tell *us* much; what *we* do understand is that *she 29th* was to end the life of one of the men in that room. She withholds everything not meant to get *us* back into the cult or to handle others for the cult, but gladly shares anything to confuse or distress *us*. *We* have been misled by her directions on several occasions since she first announced herself consciously to *us* in August 2008. By "cult," *we* mean the network of government, military, intelligence, religions, secret societies, and corporate hierarchies.

Drive it in

These memories can be photographic upon presentation but void of specifics at the same time, due to *our* alter's programming to only be given the on-task necessities.

This memory came in two distinct parts—the first part being the programming, the second part being the programmed on-task that occurred in *our* younger years. In this instance, *we* are aware that the on-task presented by the alter is the programming for that on-task, even though sometimes the on-task has not yet taken place (like certain End-Time programming), whereas most of the on-tasks that have been shown to *us* by *our* alters thus far have already taken place.

The first part is *we* are seated in a room with a table and a couple of chairs

receiving "instructions" from men; different "instructions" are being given at different times in this room. *We* are in an "altered" state—a very non-emotional alter who knows these men as CIA—and the "instructions" are being given between separate events. At the time of this download, the main front alter was *consciously* unaware of the trauma necessary to the programming process to "lock it in," but in fact the "instructions" are being given between the traumas necessary to "locking it in."

The second part is the on-task, meaning what this alter did for at least part of the on-task. A high-level political event was occurring, a formal black tie event, and this alter's on-task was to "drive it in" in a particular vehicle. *We* are on a blacktop drive about a football field away from the estate. *Our* alter is dressed in black and white, yet what she is "driving in" is unclear, but *we* believe it is in the backseat and are fairly certain that the cargo is not a person. As to whether or not *we* drove to the front like the guests or continued to the back, *we* are unclear but suspect the latter.

We can still clearly *see* and *feel* the view of the very large, white estate with white Greco-Roman columns: the semi-circular entry up to the front of this large estate with its interior golden lights shining through the numerous windows as well as some exterior lights. The view at night is like a snapshot in detail. Several men and women in formal attire are entering while others exit vehicles near the entry where there is valet service. It looks like an individual’s home.

This download was pivotal to understand internally how an alter only has the information necessary to her programming in the on-task. She can present to *us* but is incapable of giving what she does not have. *We* can *see* and *feel* her inability to ask why, what, where, who with any reasoning ability. The agenda beyond her part of the on-task is not even a question within her mind, nor is the end result.

Time-sensitive

This experience memory download came with much detail yet in fragments, in flashbacks. In the first part of the download, *we* are again aware that this alter was receiving training, instructions, and directions from what she knew to be CIA men. (Some of *our* alters are aware of being associated with men in the CIA.) She told *us* that the following on-task was performed by *us* with these CIA

men in the location she showed to *us*, not solo.

We are in a large indoor space reminiscent of an airport, open with several escalators and a stairway before *us*, high ceilings going up several floors. Light colors predominate, double doors, tile floors, carpeted areas, people milling about with a sense of direction and purpose. *We* are going down a set of wide, carpeted stairs to the first floor. As *we* walk down, an escalator is coming up directly to *our* left. When *our* alter is just over halfway down the stairs, we lock eyes with a blond blue-eyed man maybe 30 years old getting on the escalator. The alter knows that once she reaches the bottom, she is to turn around and follow him. She chooses the escalator to the right of the one he is on. *We* are maybe fifteen feet behind him and though he does not turn around, this alter is aware that each of us seems to know who the other is.

Another fragment has this alter high up in what she says is the same building. It is different up there, lightly colored and the same carpeted hallway with double doors with bar handles, but much more closed in, with windows to *our* right. The area has the feel of an administrative zone, not public like down below. *We* are up quite high and alone now. *Our* alter tells *us* that *we* are entering places that *we* aren't supposed to. She is following "instructions," though this area is officially off limits to her. There seems to be no one around, yet *we* are clearly trying to not be seen by anyone. It seems to be midday outside.

The next fragment puts *us* back downstairs on what *we* know as the first floor, with people moving about, very public. As she walks on the highly polished tile floor, she is aware that the double doors with the long bar handles to *our* left are locked and she must find the right time to gain entry undetected. She *feels* a time schedule without being the least bit stressed about it. There is no fear, she is clearly on-task with a strong undercurrent of “time-sensitive.”

This is most definitely an on-task that this alter performed in *our* past, associated with a “team” of other individuals, some of whom were associated with the CIA. The where, why, what, and who are not in *our* conscious mind.

Alter 14 *and mutual handling*

The handler *we* refer to here is someone *we* have apparently had much contact with. *Our* association with him spans several decades, and he has more than one alter at his disposal. According to *our* alter downloads, his alters apparently

personally use *alter 14*'s heavy sexual programming. *We* know who this handler is and follow his public lifestyle.

Apparently, alters can be used to handle other slaves, due to the *entities* running the alters making handling a mutual affair. In this particular case, *we* believe that *our* alter's sexual encounters with this man reinforce his programming. *We see* him as a *tmk* slave created for public use within a very specific community. He even has his very own alter within *us* who, due to her programming, is completely devoted to him.

She showed *us* the degree of her devotion after several months of her presenting to *us.* Because of *our* fear of her seeming blind devotion to this handler, *we* asked her to show *us* the details of *our* relationship or programming to him. Frighteningly, part of what she showed *us* was that without *any* resistance on her part she would allow him to kill her if he deemed it necessary.

This is really describing the programmed relationship between *our* alter's *entities* and *our* handler's *entities* facilitated by a three-dimensional and fourth-dimensional capability utilized within the programming process. *We* do not have the details regarding this programming practice, but *we* were seventeen years old when they were apparently "brought together" at an outdoor event. *Our* ongoing struggle to not return to this man via *our* alter is still overwhelming. *Our* "bond" with this man or his apparent *entity* is consistent with what has been shown to *us* repeatedly and systematically regarding *our* deep connection to him. (See "The Teen Years.")

The two different downloads here are *alter 14*'s physical relationship with this individual, and the second is her *entity* relationship to this handler, as in the relationship between *our* alter's *entity* and his alter's *entity*. The *entities* are the actual handlers in both experiences, yet in the first the man is physically present and in the second he is not.

This download was preceded by a body memory including the standard fever, headache, both tissue and joint body aches, and in this case fear *we* call "fear gripping *my* heart" program, causing physical pain in *our* heart. At first, *we* were confused as to who of *our* alters was presenting. As it continued, *we* came to realize that there was more than one. *Alter 14* seemed to be the first, yet within her oral sexual encounter with this individual, he spoke words to her that triggered another alter to present as well.

After the download, *we* initially thought he'd made a mistake, but now believe

that he was getting two alters at the same time: *alter 14* with heavy sexual programming, whom *we* believe this individual used for her particular sexual energy, including the kontrol she could exert effortlessly over *our* body; and the other alter being the one totally devoted to him, his alter alone. (Alters co-existing within *our* conscious mind are now an ongoing state within *our* deep deprogramming.)

Alter 14 is waiting in a hotel room with only lace panties on. When she first began presenting to *us*, *we* realized that it was her who kept taking *us* to the store for lace panties. When *we see* an alter who is not very forthcoming with lace panties on, it is now a marker that she is present.

The man comes into the room and she is waiting for him. He looks at her without speaking, then begins taking his clothes off as she sits waiting for him to "instruct" her. *Our* sense was that he had just come from a meeting or lecture of some kind. He was dressed in a white button-down shirt, tie, and grey slacks. Once he is naked, he moves to a chair near the window, curtains open, next to which is a small round table. *We* see that *we* are many floors up. He looks at her a second time, then sits in the chair and says, "Come here" in a monotone voice devoid of emotion.

This individual has always been calm and has never spoken loudly nor forcefully to *us*. *We* believe that *our* alter's programming is such that there is no need. She is so well programmed that she obliges without any desire not to, it is what she does. In part, *we* all are programmed to please someone.

He is seated in the chair with his legs spread as she approaches. She crouches on her knees between his legs, awaiting his instructions, their "eyes locked." He says one word to which she responds with programmed enthusiasm.

Many downloads shown to *us* by this alter as well as others require only the trigger word from this man while entrained by his eyes. *We* are clearly programmed to recognize his face and voice. "Eyes locked" is part of a trigger sequence involving code combinations repeatedly used by other handlers as well as on one-time occasions.

While stroking *our* head as this alter performs oral sex on him, he says to *us*, "Are you my girl?" thereby intentionally or otherwise pulling up the second alter (though *we* believe it is intentional). *We feel* the confusion in the two alters' minds as they perform oral sex on him in tandem.

We cannot stress enough the incredible difference *we see* and *feel* between the

two alters. It is a struggle *inside, a physical pulling inside* as the two try to please him at the same time. He is getting the power, strength, sex, and kontrolled confidence of *alter 14*, while also getting the complete devotion, submission, innocence, and love “bind” of his own alter. *We* believe this is the desired effect he seeks. *We feel* the confusion in *our* mind during the download as he says, "Are you my girl?"

It is *our* understanding after so many experience memory downloads that it is not only codes and triggers that bring certain alters up and out, but a visual recognition of the handler that assists in accessing *our* programming. This individual is a case in point. His face, physical presence, and voice are triggers in conjunction with codes for some of *our* alters. *We* are as certain as *we* can be that *we* were programmed *to* him so that he could gain access when someone else could not. Is this in part what being "brought together" meant? For *us*, it is the *demonic entity* within a *tmk* slave that is the true handler.

The second download to be shared here is one in which the *demonic entity* within the above-mentioned individual again uses *us* without being physically present in the room. This download comes from *alter 14*, though *our* higher awareness also engages during the experience download as well, significantly during the present while it is being experienced by *our* front alters.

Alter 14 is alone in a bedroom in someone's home. *We* are a younger adult, maybe early twenties, though this is the age that *alter 14* always presents. She is sitting on the end of the bed. A television screen on an entertainment center is in front of her, maybe four feet off the left corner of the bed against the wall. On the screen, *our* handler is addressing a group of people; as mentioned above, he speaks publicly. *We* reach out and put the television or monitor on pause, then roll back in one smooth, controlled motion onto *our* upper back and shoulders, pulling *our* feet straight up with toes pointed to the ceiling, *our* arms straight out to *our* sides at shoulder height to balance *our* weight. This alter has tremendous kontrol of *our* body, so it is an amazing *feeling* when she is holding *our* body—strong, knowing, every action with a tightness and grace to it. Slowly and smoothly, she spreads *our* legs to the sides in a full split in the air. *Our* left hand remains to the side on the bed for balance as she brings *our* right hand in and under her lace panties, the only thing she is wearing, and begins to touch *our* clitoris. Immediately, *our* body jerks as if hit with a powerful, singular jolt of electricity.

At this moment inside the experience memory download, *we* are cognizant of a

higher awareness now present *within the download* with *alter 14*. *We* realize that a very powerful *entity* has just entered *us* through *our* vagina and that the position *alter 14* assumed, followed by the act of touching *our* clitoris, was the program that initiates and invites its entry. *We* can *see* and *feel* this *entity* and its power on every level imaginable. It is very high level, very powerful, and an apparent part-time resident of the individual who is *our* handler. *We* call this *being* "Cain," among other names.

Immediately, *we* realize that *our* left hand is still outstretched on the bed and *our* right hand still under *our* lace panties, and yet *we* are acutely aware that there is a constant, steady pressure against *our* low back and buttocks. *Our* higher awareness asks, *Who this is?* There is no other person in the room.

While still in this position, *we* relax *our* muscles and to *our* surprise and fear, remain in this position, supported from behind. *We* then pull both of *our* hands from their positions and reach behind *our* body to *our* lower back and buttocks region, *our* legs still up in the air. *We* clearly feel two forearms, *three-dimensional, physical reality forearms* moving quickly to tightly grasp *our* hands. Fear shoots through *our* body as *we* realize *we* are being restrained. *Our* higher awareness knows who this *entity* is, and his power, and is greatly concerned.

We try to vocalize the banishment of this *entity* in the here and now, but *our* teeth are tightly clenched, *our* tongue is impaired of free movement, and *our* throat is so tight *we* can hardly attempt a verbal banishment of this *entity*. An *entity* is even attempting to access *us* while *our* alter is presenting this download. Once the *entity*'s grip is broken, *alter 14*—run by Lilith—reaches around to the front of *our* body and slips her right hand under the lace panties to again touch *our* clitoris—a classic example of how *our* alters are driven by *demonic entities*. *Our* higher awareness *sees* it all as *alter 14* presents the download.

We are still in constant struggle with them, even physically, as in this case, while in downloads during deep deprogramming. These *entities* are still within *us*, driving the alters. It is at this moment that *we* become aware that *we* are vocally calling out in a restricted voice the words of banishment in the here and now as *we* come out of this download, trembling with fear. It was very early morning darkness and *we* were aware of a *hum*, a vibration between *our* legs as well as within *our* womb. This is very common when these *entities* are present and active within *us*, especially those associated with *our* sex programming.

In 2011, long after this download, *we* are clearly aware that programming is

being manipulated by both fourth-dimension *demons* outside of *our* physical body and from within it, as well as having “inside” knowledge about remote programming via *black tech*. It is *our* contention that a past programming memory was being used in the present in an attempt to maintain the “programmed in” status of the affected alters to be used by or against this man.

This download and many others involving masturbation served as the catalyst helping *us* to understand how *our* alters are programmed to use masturbation to trigger certain alters to appear as well as to reinforce and maintain *our* programmed status. Another way to put it is to say that it maintains *our entity* handler’s position within *us*.

In the days subsequent to this download, *we* began to realize that the *entities* were often the only handlers present in some of *our* on-tasks, and the only ones necessary. *We* began to look back over other downloads that *we* had written down and saw that this pattern of utilizing masturbation to switch alters when another alter was programmed to take over the on-task had repeatedly occurred when an alter was out on her own for an on-task. *We* believe that this method may have been put into use during the years *we* were being used as a "killer of people" and programmed in many respects to remain isolated and solitary. *We* are easily dissociated and understand this is at least part of the reason this technique was so effective.

Training

This download begins with one of *our* kill alters accompanied by the alter who would show this fragment to *us* from her memory. *We* are standing in front of a cubicle, having just come down a hallway after stopping and looking into other cubicles along the hallway, all made up of concrete floors and walls about 7 or 8 feet tall without a ceiling, though there is a ceiling higher up in the structure surrounding the cubicle structures. Ambient light must be coming from high windows in the greater structure. The look and *feel* of this place is sparse, cold, and dead. Cubicle fronts are covered with curtains on rods. Inside the cubicle, it is like a shower eight or ten feet square with just a drain in the floor, no furniture.

Our kill alter is confused, in part due to two of *us* being briefly present. She is supposed to pick a cubicle to spend the night in, yet after opening the curtain, *we*

are confused by the shower-like surroundings. So for the briefest of moments *we* are confused about where *we* are and why *we* are there: an apparent breakdown in programming.

Out of the corner of *our* eye, *we* see a young African-American woman walking around the corner as though she just exited a cubicle and was leaving in the direction from which *we* must have come in. *We* turn to look at her, but she does not look back at *us*. She is about *our* age (20's). In this kill alter, *we* feel robotic, sober, and emotionless—common states for many of *our* alters. As *we* stand looking into the cubicle, *we* drop a small daypack on the floor. This part of the memory ends here with a despairing *feeling*.

Immediately following this download, this same kill alter would give *us* another experience memory from another time. (See the section below.)

What *we* do know about the cubicles is that *we* were at a training facility on the outskirts of Tucson, Arizona as part of *our* kill programming, to be trained by the men *our* kill alter knows as CIA.

As of October 2010, *we* understand why the cubicle had a drain. The training had to do with the disposal of bodies by dismemberment. These downloads of alter memories have burdened *us* with extreme physical and emotional symptoms over the past fifteen years. The last 24 hours has been very difficult.

Barrenness inside and out

This memory begins with *our* alter riding in the front seat of a van driven by a man. We are on a dirt road out in an open grassy, rolling area with lots of open horizon, lots of sky, and no trees. There seems to be nothing for miles. It is daytime and we are returning from an on-task, headed to a small encampment of some kind in the near distance with a live-in travel trailer in front of which a blue tarp hangs to create a covered area. The man and *our* alter are silent. *Our* alter knows him, but *we* do not.

After we pull up and exit the van, the man lets a dog out of the trailer who begins to walk beside *our* alter as *we* walk out onto the open ground spongy with light-colored protruding rocks sporadically spaced and varying in size. There are flowers spread about, blooming in clumps. *We* see yellow and purple small flowers. There are rain clouds and the rumbling of thunder. *We* go a ways, then turn back, knowing the rain will start any moment. There is nothing inside of this

alter, no *feeling* but emptiness. She *feels* dead inside. There is no recognition of beauty in her surroundings, just a void inside; she is simply functioning. That is the end of the conscious download.

We understand that an on-task had just taken place and that the dead *feel* of this alter is directly due to that on-task, but *we* have no more details in *our* conscious mind.

“Band on the Run”

This memory contained much more than *we* are able to write here. The following is what *we* retained after the download, but *we* could still *feel* the abundance of so much more. Sometimes the memory is so unbelievably palpable, just on the tip of consciousness. Other times, *we* consciously get more of the information but once again it is lost. It is so desperately frustrating.

We are in alter in *our* late teens, maybe 20. *We* are seated in the front seat of a parked car with a man in a gray suit who is seated on *our* right, the steering wheel in front of him. *We* feel it to be England. *Our* alter is looking out the passenger window at a well- manicured park with grass, sidewalks, shrubs, and trees. *We* are very close to the city, perhaps within it. A radio is playing Paul McCartney’s 1973 song "Band on the Run." *Our* alter says different lyrics in a monotone, sing-song voice, ". . . rent on the run . . . rent on the run . . . rent on the run . . .," three times as part of her programming, the man in the gray suit saying it with her. Homeless, her life is one of constant moving between on-tasks. In this memory, she is out of it, totally programmed, no reasoning capacity whatsoever.

It is *our* understanding that this alter was to have her programming to stay “on the run” reinforced every time *we* hear the song. To this day, *we* have no sense of having roots anywhere, though *we* are attempting to dismantle this programming. In addition to the chorus, program reinforcement is in the rest of the song, too, some of which is so specific it is profound—references like “Stuck inside these four walls, sent inside forever," "and the first one said to the second one,” all play unbelievably into *our* programming and *our* alter’s consciousness, as you will see.

music, songs, and sound

Electric programming to forget

This fully conscious download in the early morning hours was preceded the previous night by a memory download by an alter with very explicit details of her experience. *We* remembered this detailed download very clearly in the early morning hours of darkness, three details in particular. *We* can no longer recall two of these details, due to what occurred while *we* lay there fully conscious, but do retain the detail of a vertical pupil eye of a "*reptile*." This particular experience is one of several that have led *us* to recommit to utilizing *our* micro-cassette recorder immediately after, if not during, a memory download. Here is the sequence.

While lying in bed in the early morning darkness, three details were given to *us* by *our* alter. *Our* whole body jumped in pain with a jolt of electricity. One big blast. *We* realized that what had just occurred was important and recurring, so *we* reached for *our* bedside watch to mark the time; it was 1:33 a.m. Then *we* grabbed the micro-cassette recorder to record the electric jolt experience. That's how *we* lost two previous details as well as the alter who had been coexisting with *us*—completely gone in a *fully conscious* instant.

We understood from one of *us* within that these electric blasts occur when front alters return without the memories of what just occurred while the previous alter goes back down inside with the memories. *We* had memories of jolts before, yet being the front alter, *we* had no memories of what came previously; those memories belonged to others within *us* who had experienced them. *We* were shown that *our* alter has the details of programming and on-tasks until she is shocked and then she and her memories go back down inside of *us*, deep down, without any conscious knowledge on *our* part, the front alters. It was *stunning* to not only consciously witness with her, but to *see* and *feel* how well it works! *We* had full conscious memories present one moment, then the next they were gone —and *we* were consciously aware the entire time! It was so precise. *We* were being shown by several alters what occurs within programming during certain traumas and how it has worked on *us* so many times to put alters away and bring others up, sequestering the events and details with them.

Naturally, *we* had difficulty entering a state of rest after this, but eventually did. A wrinkly skinned *entity* remained present, despite pulling in Benevolence, a form of protection *we* use extensively in *our* deep deprogramming.

The reptile eye from the memory download was yellow in color with a black vertical pupil, something *we* are quite familiar with, having seen the eyes many times. However, when *we* attempt to draw them, *we* can never capture the presence of evil that accompanies them, evil so palpable that *we* have yet to manage no fear at all as a response. *We* believe *our* response is not only due to knowing who it is but also to its access and entry into *our* energy field and body, as well as its presence at torture programming sessions. Its non-physical *electric* presence alone is able to generate the energy of fear around and within *us*.

9

Breakdowns, Reprogramming, and Fragments

By *our* early 20's, *we* were having severe outward signs of program breakdown. *We* began experiencing self-mutilation programs at a life-threatening level, severe alcohol and drug abuse, cutting *ourselves*, attempting to break *our* bones, bulimia and anorexia, severe depression accompanied by suicide attempts in an ever-spiraling self-destruction. *We* now know these were all specific programs with specific alters, many of whom *we* have consciously met and engaged. Many self-destruct programs are activated by *our* becoming consciously aware of what should not be allowed to bleed into *our* front alter's consciousness. This is program breakdown followed by built-in safety measures to alert *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers that *we* were in need of reprogramming or *we* would self-destruct.

During this time, *we* received two diagnoses of post-traumatic stress disorder and bi-polar/manic depressive disorder from two therapists and wound up on lithium and anti-depressants for one and a half years. Finally, *we* made the decision to stop taking them after the type of anti-depressant was changed four times that *we* can recall because neither the drugs nor lithium were working. Plus weekly therapy sessions were not making *us* better, though it was there that *we* learned how to exist and go on. *We* no longer recall a time in *our* life when *we* did not want *our* lives to end.

Now, *we* see that *we* were being re-programmed for continued use and kept in a continual disassociated state that allowed *our* programming and alters to continue to function. It would not be until *our* late 40's when *our* deep deprogramming began that *we* were able to see that *we* were rarely, if ever, in *our* body. *We* perpetually existed disconnected from it, switching in and out of alters as desired by *our* kontrollers.

During these therapy sessions, the sexual abuse began to significantly resurface into *our* conscious mind. *Our* flashbacks and experience memory downloads became severe and self-mutilation and suicide were continuously running

programs. At 23-24, *we* went to a Twelve Step-based treatment facility in the north central United States where *we* were also diagnosed as a sex addict (you think?) due to unstoppable sexual activity by *our* alters. *We* engaged with a man against all facility rules and were subsequently sent to an all-female halfway house where *we* continued to act out sexually due to programming, engaging sexually with a woman because of the lack of men.

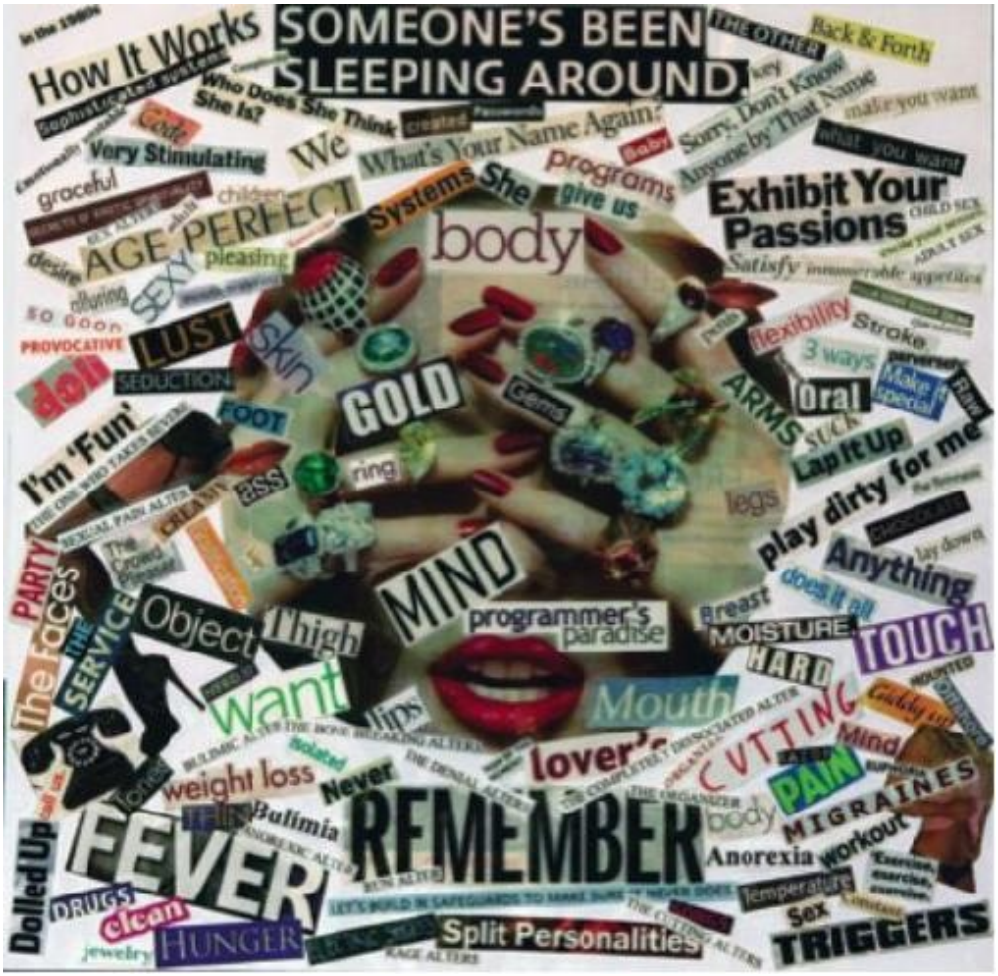
Of course, all of this was the intricate foundation of *our* programming and multiplicity, but went unnoticed because of the indoctrination and programming of those in the mental health field. Had *we* even been strong enough to tell what was really going on, mental health professionals would not have believed *us*. *Therapists we encountered were part of a system designed to not assist intentionally designed tmk multiplicity slaves. We* had sex alters of all kinds and there was nowhere *we* could have been sent to avoid sexual activity; intentional design works well that way.

There was no help to be had within a mental health establishment with no understanding of multiple personality disorder, let alone the intentional total mind kontrol programming occurring within the religious, government, military, intelligence, corporate, and masonic sectors. Thankfully, *we* did not share all that was happening to *us* in either setting, which we believe saved *us* from being institutionalized or killed by *our* kontrollers.

The reprogramming allowed their continued use of *us* for many years to come. By *our* mid- to late 20's, *our* anorexic and bulimic programming kicked into full gear as well. Many years later, it would become clear to *us* that the act of purging is a violent act *our* alter perpetrated on *us* to immediately dissociate *us*, especially when used as frequently as *the bulimic one* did to allow a different, totally dissociated alter to appear. *We* believe this was part of the reprogramming that took place during this time.

Our twenties are a blur of fragments to *us*—prior to *our* deep deprogramming, anyway. *We* have fragments of experiences numbering in the hundreds but much difficulty determining the order of things, often switching years around in *our* front alter's inability to consciously remember the chronology. This has lessened, yet it still occurs. Often after discovering the correct order, it will fall out of order again, which is why *we* record *our* memories as soon as the experience surfaces. Programs are still running in *our* head that allow many of these details to be lost even after recovery by *our* front alters. This is occurring parallel to the ability of some alters to remember things as though they occurred

yesterday.



someone's been sleeping around

Fragments

An example of the aforementioned combination of knowing and not knowing aptly describes *us* at 28-33. Twenty-eight years old marks the beginning of a barren area within *our* memory with many fragmented details—fragments as well as things *we* know from what *our* alters tell *us* without reliving it.

We remember starting an auto and boat detailing business around this time and having many lawyers, doctors, and well-to-do clients as regulars. *We* became

successful in a very small, low-profile business. *We* also remember the man *we* were seeing and moved in with. *We* are as sure as *we* can be that he too was under mind kontrol, yet whether illuminati and to what degree, *we* are uncertain. But the level of kontrol in *our* lives would suggest that he would have to be. Like *us*, he was having many paranormal experiences prior to *our* coming together and continuing for both of us while we were together.

It would be with him that *we* would have a very conscious "missing time" episode, meaning that he and *we* were both consciously aware of it at the time it occurred, having had previous time and space discrepancies, as well as ongoing episodes.

It was during these years that *we* encountered one of *our* most severe bulimic programs. *The bulimic one* predominated for months in *our* 28th year when *our* fear, paranoia, depression, and weight loss became visibly life threatening even to those around *us* who consciously understood nothing about *our* life. *Our* alters have told *us* that this was another time of heavy kill programming use and reprogramming.

We were not only reprogrammed (a term for extreme program reinforcement with possible additions), but a new aspect or method was introduced to *us* in 1990-1995. *Our* kill programming was *enhanced* or altered in some way, though *we* are currently unable to consciously determine exactly how.

Our *Associations*

When *we* have flashbacks of experiences from *our* late 20's and on, *we* get very foggy, though the fog eventually lifts, as it did regarding *our* 18-22 age. *We* remember "dating" wealthy men, though the front alters do not recall having sex with them. Other alters tell *us* that *we* did engage in sex, which can be very confusing at times. Unfortunately, *we* know that sex did occur, even how one of them sounds vocally in arousal. *We* remember specifics of the men, their faces and bodies, the way they smell, certain places *we* went with them, even being in their homes, their bedrooms, showering in their bathrooms.

With one much older man in his 60's, *we* have a very specific memory of coming back to his home on a Tampa Bay beach at night after being out somewhere with him. In the flashback, *we* are in a short black dress on his bed, face down, and he

is on top of *us*. He says to *us* that *our* legs are so beautiful and strong, "sleek and muscular, you are built like a race horse" as he spreads *our* legs and *we* feel the hardness of his penis pushing at *our* bottom. That is all *we* front alters remember. Alters in the frontline have sexual programming that the rest of *us* believe is there to appear normal to the outside world, but in terms of *tmk* use, it is clearly other sex alters more deeply imbedded who perform.

Our front alters have always believed that *we* did not sleep with him: someone else inside *us* did, as per the program accessed by the “race horse” trigger, and possibly other triggers as well. Some of these men knew each other; one had the entire fourth floor of a condo penthouse just a couple of doors up the beach from the 60's man. Again, it was the same: *our* front alters did not have sex with him, but at least one of *us* did. *We* were in his bedroom and shower regularly. *We* remember his first name but not his last, and that he was in his late 30's, red-blond hair and blue-green eyes, fair skin that sunburned easily, wealthy and did not work, fastidious. His inheritance came from Chicago through his father's alcohol business. Later, *we* would discover the business was mob all the way, Tampa Bay being notorious for mob connections. *We* also have a flashback of being with him out in a nice Italian restaurant near the beach and know exactly where this restaurant is, though *we* have never returned to it. *Our* use in *our* late teens and 20's in Florida involved “the Octopus,” as it is often called in researching circles.

"Delta Blues"

The song "Walking in Memphis" by Marc Cohn was released in 1991. *We* are uncertain what year *we* were programmed to this song for a particular kill of a person and his family, but believe it may have been in the late 1990's. When this programming was presented to *us* in a download, it played nonstop in *our* head for four days, making *us* unable to function. *We* have since realized that *our* kill alter wants to play it over and over.

This has occurred with other songs used for programming. Until this download, *we* had never heard of Marc Cohn, nor did *we* know the title of the song but had to go to a local music store and relay the lyrics to the owner, who recognized it immediately. *We* bought the cd and have since discovered extensive program reinforcement lyrics. *We* assume that the artist is innocent of any knowledge of

this, as are so many used by these kontrollers.

Andrew Jackson Plantation

In the mid 1990's, *we* disappeared while on a trip to Tennessee with *our* mother while walking on the Andrew Jackson Plantation that *our* family lived near during our childhood. By "disappearance," *we* mean an actual disappearance from the physical view of those around *us*, though *we* were still there and observing from a surreal, altered state. During roughly twenty minutes to half an hour, *we could not be seen in physical reality*. *We* do not claim to be able to explain this.

Missing time

Our missing time with an aforementioned boyfriend in *our* late 20's occurred at his apartment where *we* also lived. *Our* memory was of a black man with black eyes coming through the bedroom door at the onset of missing time. *We* were terrified because *we* clearly understood he was there to rape *us*. More than an hour was instantly gone for *us*, as was true for *our* boyfriend, though both he and *we* were conscious of this at that time.

In recent years, *we* have encountered beings with this same cocoa-brown skin and black eyes, a being that did not look human to *us*; *we* just could not speak to what "he" really was, due to *our* no-talk programming and fear of not knowing how to talk of these things.

Starve and purge

Our anorexic and bulimic programming was running full tilt during these years, a program that *we* have been shown time and again by *our* alters to be associated with *our* kill programming, as well as some of the most heinous aspects of *our* use by these *demon*-possessed men and women. Both anorexic and bulimic programming have provided a tremendous release valve for the immense rage that builds inside of *us*, allowing *us* to immediately dissociate at the first few

purges and *feel* nothing.

This program served many purposes, including release of rage from sexual abuse, trauma and torture, killing people, horrors such as cannibalism, and maintaining dissociation while *the bulimic one* accessed a cult loyal alter who could participate in terrible things. Through purging, *our* alters could maintain an ongoing, constant state of out-of-body dissociation, the optimal state for a *tmk* slave.

The Scientologists

At some point, *we* worked for a friend who received a contract to service a particular type of equipment at Scientology headquarters in the southeastern United States, an international destination for Scientologists from around the world. The job ran for approximately a month or more, but *we* only recall flashbacks of rooms we did not have clearance to be in, despite our crew being closely watched during our "graveyard" shift. *We* also recall being taken to the E- Meter room. My friend's contact person regarding the contract was 12-14 years old and dressed in Navy whites. *We* are now aware that the powerful *feel* of this boy and void of emotion emanating from him were from the *entity* inside him.

Batman

Batman was another programming theme used on *us*, both the series on television and films later, even down to *our* auto and boat detailing truck that *we* used being the exact purple and green of the villain vehicles in one of the *Batman* movies. *We* would not realize this connection until 20 years later, when *our* deep deprogramming began in 2008. *We* now clearly understand that the truck was a neon sign to the *initiated* that would be given *our* access codes. For years, *we* drove around the tri-county area in Florida and performed "services" for clients. *Our* front alters were always aware of the tremendous sexual energy flowing between *us* and some of *our* clients, but *we* couldn't understand why, as the sexual energy did not belong to the front alters. (See Chapter 12, "Internal Programming/Programming to actor Christian Bale.")

10

The 30's: It All Starts to Unravel

In *our* early 30's, *our* programming began breaking down. During these years, *we* went to the UFO community to seek help with debilitating memories of alien abduction. It was as if the "veil" was forever torn open to reveal a nightmarish journey through *our* lives that until then seemed to not be *our* own. *We* experienced terrible abreactions that *we* are certain re-fragmented *us*, thanks to *our* front alter's unawareness of who and what *we* were and to a personal support system headed by a *tmk* woman sent in to lock *us* down. As it all began to unravel, *we* were consciously struggling to stay alive.

Aliens, *the "female," and reprogramming*

In *our* early 30's, *we* picked up a book about alien encounters by a well-known author in the UFology community, the founder of the Intruder Foundation. This led to programming memory breakthroughs, after which *we* decided to write the Intruder Foundation to ask for assistance with *our* experience memories. A response came far more quickly than *we* had imagined, referring *us* to a UFO researcher and hypnotherapist who worked with people like *us*. This man introduced *our* front alters to the woman from *our* past whom *we* had encountered as the "female," though she was of course younger back then and the alter who had known her earlier was not one of *our* front alters. (See Chapter 2, "The Teen Years.")

When *we* first began to deprogram, *we* were still under almost full programming and were unable to see how unrealistic it was to believe that the *aliens* had presented a younger version of the "female" to help *us* with *our* alien abduction memories. This woman befriended *us* and became in *our* mind an angel come to help *us* with *our* devastating alien abduction memories. She became *our* only

friend, though for some reason *we* did not fully trust her.

It would not be until deep deprogramming in *our* late forties that *we* would realize she had evidently been sent in to evaluate *our* programming breakdown and reprogram *us*. Devastated for months by this realization, *we* could clearly see the programming language she had used on *us* in the Ufology setting—specific words and phrases, even concepts of methodology used by *our* programmers. It was blatant programming, but *our* front alters had no conscious understanding of it at that time.

We also believe that she herself was having a program breakdown during the years she was reprogramming *us*. She may have been so far under programming herself that she was being unwittingly used, just as *we* have been by so many alters. But the bottom line was that after several years around her and the Ufology community, *we* were so close to a complete breakdown and suicide that *we* left Florida and headed west. Those around *us* had been very frightened and unwilling to listen to *our* experiences involving men in military uniforms torturing, drugging, and raping *us*, including invading the inside of *our* head. (Apparently a subject now being openly discussed in Ufology circles.)

During the subsequent years, *we* achieved a degree of anonymity that *we* had never known—or so *we* thought. *We* remained isolated, barely in touch with family or friends, and fell off the grid, so to speak. No car, no credit cards, no home, only temporary jobs, moving every few months—all in *our* front alter consciousness. *Our* programming was deteriorating, but freedom was not on the menu. Occasionally *we* could not hold it together and returned to family in Florida, then went off again, back out west. As *our* programming broke down, *we* sought out the familiarity of all that *we* had known, due to the extreme fear *we* were triggering by remembering. Constant moving around and returning "home" are significant parts of *our* programming. It is unfortunately very evident that *our* programming was still very much in use, as were *we*, by *our* kontrollers and handlers.

Preparing for sex

We began to have a very unusual behavior at night, a behavior not attributed to *our* front alters, given that *our* main front alter, whom *we* also refer to as the "host," not only does not have sexual feelings but actually has a repulsion to the

human body and its imperfections as regards sexual acts, body fluids, etc. Upon close scrutiny, she finds men and women to be very ugly and cannot understand anyone wanting to engage in sex with what she sees. She does not vocalize this to those around her, knowing that others do not *feel* the same way. Besides, speaking of it would make her appear abnormal. So sexual arousal or thoughts must come from other alters, some of who belong to the frontline system who take over without anyone being the wiser, even openly discussing sex and all its periphery subjects with quite the open mind.

During *our* heavy programming breakdown in *our* early 30's, *we* were consciously unaware of being a multiple personality, so it bewildered *us* when at night *we* began going through a series of activities before crawling into bed by *ourselves* that were obviously preparations for sex involving very particular acts of grooming, wearing certain lingerie of specific colors, etc. Everything had to be just so, and *our* main front alter was aware of *feeling* like someone else at these times, and that this someone else seemed in kontrol of *our* activities and sexual energy. *Our* front alter desperately tried to stop this behavior but could not, all the while unable to figure out who *we* were preparing to have sex with.

We are certain that *we* were being accessed for reprogramming at this time and were consciously aware of "someone" in *us* engaging sexually with men dressed in black fatigues who managed to somehow coerce *us* into performing fellatio on them while a black handgun was held at the side of *our* face for stimulation. (For this particular sex alter, the gun was part of the trigger to illicit incredible sexual appetite.)

The most disturbing aspect of all of this was *our* seeming enthusiastic participation and pleasure involving complete submission and degradation. *We* now know that this behavior by this alter was a combination of being triggered in the here and now during reprogramming at night, and her memories from *our* past years of use. (See Chapter 3, "18.") By *our* early 30's, *our* main front alter was *consciously* beginning to be aware of the actual presence of "someone else" co-existing with her in *our* body whose actions took kontrol over *our* body without her being able to understand or stop it. This behavior went on for several weeks straight with the presence of dark unmarked helicopters accompanying the encounters.

indelible images

Light emanating from us

We will discuss two occurrences here, one while *we* had no physical witness, the other with a boyfriend who *we* write about in the next entry. *We* were 35 or 36 when both events occurred.

The first occurred while *we* were living in Florida, after the beginning of severe program breakdown and extensive *entity* encounters, as well as human male encounters within the three-dimensional realm. *We* awakened one night in *our* bed to a loud *Crack! We* opened *our* eyes and were raising *our* head from the pillow when *we* saw the last bit of a concentric circle of light exiting the room through the cinderblock exterior wall of *our* bedroom. It was golden white and

had clearly come from *us*. At that moment, *we* realized that the *Crack!* had come from within *our* head, not outside it. A fog was over *us*, time and movement were slower. *We* pondered this for a while in a calm, soft, peacefully surreal frame of mind while weeping—a common dissociated state for *us* after trauma or during abreactions.

The second emanation of light occurred with *our* boyfriend in his apartment in a town one town away from *ours*. *We* frequently stayed overnight with him. He was on top of *us* during sexual intercourse, so we were close, looking into one another's eyes, our movements being gentle in nature. The curtains were drawn so the room was almost completely dark with a little light from the parking area seeping in, allowing us to see one another slightly. *We* began to weep due to an overwhelming feeling of fullness in *our* heart, and that is when it occurred for the second time, though this time *we* saw it from start to finish and so did he. After it exited the room, he and *we* had stopped moving and were looking at one another. *We* asked, "Did you see that?" to which he replied, "Yes, what was that? It came from you . . ." *We* said *we* knew, as it had happened before. *We* are still uncertain of the source.

Torture in northern Georgia

The setting of this experience was sparsely populated at the time of *our* stay because the small community was mostly summer homes.
We were brought there by the same boyfriend who witnessed the light emanation. However, he did not stay with *us* in Georgia because he was going on the road for two weeks to train as a truck driver.

The summer home belonged to a relative who used it seasonally. *We* did not see anyone else the whole two weeks. *We* were also almost completely broke. The whole time, *we* experienced *tremendous* fear, coming terribly close to losing the tiny grip on reality that *we* had—a complete oxymoron, given *our* sense of reality being almost the antithesis of the average person’s.

The little chronology *we* have regarding events at this location is a blur with moments of precise clarity in the form of flashbacks and memory fragments that never left *our* conscious mind. Nights were terrifying. *We* clearly remember the first few days awakening with *our* mouth ripped about an eighth of an inch on both sides, so that when *we* tried to open *our* mouth, it cracked and bled. *Our*

eyelids were covered in a scaly, red, itchy rash so sore that *we* tried to not scratch it. *Our* terror accompanying this the first few days was off the charts, though *we* couldn't *consciously* tell why at the time. *We* cried *ourselves* to sleep each night, afraid of the coming night, so scared that *we* physically trembled until drifting off in exhaustion.

We experienced the second most intense period of bulimia in *our* life during this time. *The bulimic one* predominated to deal with what was occurring. Later, by the time *our* boyfriend got back, he was stunned at *our* physical appearance and mental state of mind. *We* had had very limited phone contact with him and he apologized for not responding to *our* pleas for his return because of his job.

We remember awakening to a loud voice inside our head that said a biblical name starting with "E," but it left *our* conscious memory within minutes after awakening. The voice in *our* head is always loud in volume, but is clearly not a person shouting. It has occurred many times. Later, *we* asked *our* boyfriend who used to be in seminary school prior to *our* meeting him at a Mufon meeting to list biblical names starting with "E" to see if *we* could remember it. *We* never remembered the name.

This boyfriend had a curious past and heritage regarding paranormal experience, including a conscious sighting of Bigfoot that ended his faith in his Pentecostal religion. Also, it was his father who took him and *us* to the gun range he regularly visited in Florida where *our* main front alter became conscious of *our* excellent marksmanship without being able to explain why to the heads turning at the range that day. Many of the men there offered to let *us* shoot their weapons, and *we* left there fully triggered into what *we* have come to call "gun fever." This activity triggered a violent, highly sexually charged alter that lived inside of *us*.

The two weeks in northern Georgia left *us* in a deep suicidal depression. *We* were used, traumatized, and raped, yet could not remember where or by whom. Ten years later in deep deprogramming, *we* recounted this experience to two men familiar with other *tmk* slave histories and learned that *we* may have been ritually abused by a shape-shifting reptile with a penis so large it ripped the sides of *our* mouth. (See Martin Cannon, "The Controllers: a New Hypothesis of Alien Abduction," *circa* 1990.) Mr. Cannon hit the nail on the head regarding certain aspects of mind kontrol. *Aliens* most certainly exist and people are being abducted. *We* know *we* were abducted and have a lifetime of personal experiences that allows *us* to see these *aliens* as none other than cross-

dimensional *entities* of a purely malevolent nature.

We are often still amazed how *we* survived not only the torture over the years but also the terror that *we* lived in. Of course, that is how *we* became a *we*. *Our* heart still races while *we* write of this experience. *We* are uncertain if *we* survived because of the programming that resulted in multiplicity, a survival mechanism, or because of Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love. Or a strange combination of both?

Death at 39

At 34, *we* were shown by one of *our* alters that *we* were to be dead at 39. It is a clear memory *we* never forgot, one that did not slip from *our* conscious mind. *We* never understood why *we* were to die at 39, just that *we* would. *We* believe that the death programming was activated due to *our* programming beginning to severely break down, that it had been placed as a fail-safe program long ago, should it be needed.

We were in *our* bedroom in an apartment that *we* shared with an older woman in the first few years *our* programming really began to break into *our* conscious mind. *We* were walking across the bedroom floor during the daytime hours when, with no emotion and complete clarity, *we saw* and *felt* that *we* would die at 39. *We* even saw the number "39" in *our* head. *Our* response was calm, matter of fact, detached. *Our* programming was telling *us* this, *our* own alters.

While *our* programming was breaking down and *we* were still unaware of who and what *we* actually were, *we* were involved with the Ufology community, having gravitated to it to seek help as memories began surfacing. As *we* indicated earlier, this gravitation is part of a program in *us* that alerts *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers that *we* are in need of reprogramming. (*We* are speaking of *our* own experience and not necessarily of the whole Ufology community. *We* are also certain that the Ufology community is *heavily infiltrated* by *tmk* operatives, though there are also individuals attempting to find truth there, some aware of the disinformants, most not.)

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The 40's

We survived *our* death age due to a Benevolent experience, though to be fair and unbiased, *we* must admit that it was not the first time *we* were led to believe that Benevolence was acting in *our* life when in fact *demons* of tremendous deception were filling *us* with ecstasy. This is certainly possible, given how filled with deception, lies, confusion, and reversals of truth *our* lives have been. The love *we* have known from *our* tormentors is not the Love of Creation but a perversion of that Love—a pain-filled, binding prison designed in darkness, not in Divine Light, demanding submission and loyalty without question, a blind devotion through Luciferian programming.

We feel strongly that *our* survival may have been a deception due to *our* continued programming and use *after* 39. *We* continued to survive, but were in no way delivered. Only now do *we* have a small understanding of "deliverance from evil," meaning the purest of evils. It is only Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love that maintains *our* direction toward healing.

Simon

This experience took place in the Southwest desert in 2004. Much occurred in the first summer *we* were in the little town, more than *we* often care to remember.

Simon picked *us* up hitchhiking one day and *we* found *ourselves* thinking there was something dark and sexy about him, as well as closed off. He and *we* had previously briefly encountered one another through a mutual acquaintance, yet *we* spoke very little during the ride. Out of the corner of *our* eye from behind *our* sunglasses, *we* found *ourselves* glancing at his muscular legs and *feeling* a desire to put *our* mouth there. Clearly, this was not the desire of *our* main front alter, so the ride ended without incident and *we* soon forgot about him.

In relating encounters, *we* are relating—not one of *us* alone—so crossovers will occur: several alters' views of what *we* did, what he did, what was happening, as well as what the various parts of *us* were *feeling*.

The next time *we* encountered Simon, *we* were with two male friends, one being the mutual acquaintance Simon and *we* shared. This friend was engaging Simon outside the parked vehicle *we* were sitting in, standing at Simon's parked car to *our* right. *We* felt a surge of sexual energy in *us* and looked directly into Simon's eyes, who at that time was looking at *our* friend. *We* kept *our* gaze on him and within seconds he glanced at *us*, then quickly looked back at *us* due to what he saw in *our* eyes—what *we* now know to be *our* classic *entity*-driven, sex alter look. *Our* sex alters were up, as evidently were his. His quick return of *our* gaze told *us*, or rather *our entities* and alter, that the message was received. His look was filled with an intense lust, one that is quite common between *our entities* and the *entities* of another.

Most people have been made to believe that this is all perfectly natural. For *us*—meaning *our* alters and their lives—*we* assure the reader it is anything but natural. It is malevolent programming.

Our main front alter did not do this; she has no sexual feelings and is repulsed by the idea of human sex and all the fluids and imperfections coming in contact with another. It completely escapes her as to why people want to do this. It is instead another alter, and *our* main front alter had no idea what this other alter had set in motion, nor did she need to, as she would not be the one presenting if the opportunity arose.

We do not recall how much time passed before *we* saw him again—perhaps within a month or two in the same summer. *We* used to hitch rides, then walk to a hot mineral spring location on the Rio Grande, hike upriver to swim in the cold river, then sun on huge, smooth, lava rocks along the river's edge, doing this in the nude without anyone else being around.

As *we* approached the bottom of the gorge, *we* came upon the hot springs and Simon. He was wearing shorts, a straw hat, and sunglasses, and *we* immediately noticed that he was facing the direction from which *we* came, almost as if waiting for *us*, staring at *us*. *We* said hello without stopping and began *our* 15-minute hike upriver to a spot *we* had picked from above on the hike down. *We* loved swimming in the icy water and lounging on the big, hot, black, lava rocks. *We* were sunning with *our* eyes closed on a rock *we* had swum to on the opposite side of the river when *we* could *feel* that *we* were being watched. *We* turned *our*

head toward the side of the gorge people hiked up and down, shaded *our* eyes with *our* hand, and immediately picked out Simon about five hundred feet up, facing *our* direction.

The probability that *we* zeroed in on him just by *our* sense of sight is almost nil. See the terrain and all the camouflage and you would understand that it was again *our entities* that zeroed in, not *me*.

We could not see his eyes, due to the distance and the fact that he had on sunglasses, yet *we emphatically* state that we *could* see his eyes *and still can*! But *feeling* him was the real pleasure, as all of *our* sexual senses rose up in that moment. After the sexual rush of *our* alters, *we* resumed sunbathing. A few moments later, *we* looked back at that spot and he was gone. Relieved, *our* main front alter believed *we* had been abstaining from sexual encounters for two years now and this was not something *we* intended to break. Aware and not aware of several of *us* for many years, at least some of *us* felt no sex was taking place with *our* body, but unfortunately, unbeknownst to *us*, other alters were indeed being used sexually. The programmed masturbation locked in since infancy kept *our* alters and their *entities* gaining entry.

After more swimming and sunbathing, *we* packed up and headed back downriver, hoping to find someone at the springs who could give *us* a ride and *we* would not have to walk two miles out to the highway. By the time *we* reached the top, an hour or two had passed since seeing Simon watching *us* from the trail. Up top, two vehicles were parked there—two chances for a ride out. About ten minutes into walking on, *we* heard a vehicle coming and turned to put out *our* thumb. To *our* surprise, it was Simon. *Our* first thought was one of curiosity: where had he come from? This was followed by a rush of anxiety as *we* knew *we* would be riding with him.

Our alters immediately began pushing up and out, vying for the front seat. In fact, more than one of *us* presented together as he pulled up and *we* got in. We were 42 years old and many alters had been consistently co-existing with the main front alter for years by now, yet *we* still had no idea that *we* were a multiple personality. *We* just could not come to terms with these other parts of *ourselves*.

Simon and *we* engaged in a brief conversation about recognizing each other, then he said he was going to the theatre to see a movie and asked if *we* would like to go with him. *We* declined. He then said he really did not care about that particular movie and perhaps he would go home and would *we* join him for a movie on his big screen? *Our* sex alters were going nuts inside *our* head and *our*

body, and *we* were already getting wet between *our* legs due to their intentions. *We* could hear their responses in *our* head while the main front alter was saying aloud, "Thanks, *i* don't think so."

This was a raw *entity* lust for *us* and *we* knew that an encounter with him would be hard, raw, and aggressive, no gentleness, no caring, and that frightened many of *us*. What *we* now know is that his *entity* knew *we* would eventually come with him, due to *our entities*. Once *we* became conscious of *our* multiplicity, *we* came to understand how this happens and how it *feels*. Back then, *we* were still under full programming with no conscious knowledge of this and therefore no chance to stop it. The chatter of *our* alters was, and at times still is, very powerful. *Our* main front alter cannot remember how *we* accepted, but he dropped *us* where *we* were staying about a mile from his house and after some primping by *our* sex alters, *we* walked down. *We* did not bathe, which was intentional by one of *us*.

Once at his house, *we* casually talked on his couch while some of *us* knew what was coming. *We* can still see him sitting there, relaxed like a cat with a smirk on his face, his tail twitching in anticipation. He knew he had *us*. *We* were the canary and were his as *we* had been with *every* handler before him—only some of *us* did not know this. He offered *us* marijuana and *we* declined; he would smoke almost constantly for the next four days.

We felt the alter taking over when she said, "Can *i* take a bath?" To which he replied, "Sure," and got up to run the bath, light candles, add essential oils, pour *us* a glass of wine, supply a robe, and set a bottle of body oil out, this last requested by *our* alter. *Our* main front alter did not drink alcohol, yet thanks to *our* programming, others inside of *us* did.

He left *us* alone in the tub, coming in only once to see if *we* needed anything. By the time *we* exited the bathroom, music was on and he too was wearing only a robe with nothing on underneath. *We* remember being aroused by seeing the outline of his penis under the silky fabric. *We* also remember a rush of fear. By this time, several of *us* were presenting. This encounter would last for four terrible days.

Initially, the two of us sat on the couch and within minutes his tongue was down *our* throat when *we* heard her moan. *We felt* her take over and *our* aggression and lust burst out with her. It was the *feeling* of the switch in alters, then all goes blank. Then it becomes a fog of lust-filled, painful sex for four days, as if the distinction of days did not even exist, though they did due to *our* having to go to work on a couple of those days. *We* began to menstruate that first day and

Simon's response was to perform oral sex on *us* with fervor, enjoying it immensely.

Our main front alter showed up now and again with disgust and repulsion and an overwhelming need to take a shower and wash it all off, leave and never return as *we* engaged sexually with him, *completely* entranced, *completely* lost. He made a batch of vegetable soup and salad each day since *we* were vegetarian, then it was raw intercourse again—a blur of painful, degrading sex with Simon in total kontrol, penetrating *us* brutally with her asking him to do it harder. He would bury his face between *our* legs and come up with *our* blood on his lips.

The entire encounter still makes *us* feel sick and sad. The dichotomy of all *our* programming rising up at the same time is still so energetically destructive within *us*, it is exhausting.

Simon was all of 28, *demon*-possessed, with the energy of both. *We* attempted not going back once *we* had to go to work. *We* were bruised, sore, exhausted, and *our* main front alter as well as others—mostly young child alters—begged *us* not to go back. But near the end of *our* workday, he would walk in the door. *We* can still see him. He was not beautiful, rather small in stature, yet when he came over to the chair in which *we* sat, squatted down before *us*, placed his hands on *our* thighs and gently spread *our* legs while his thick Romanian-accented voice lulled *us* back into *our* perverse programmed loyalty to him and the *entity* in him, *we* were completely entranced.

The hand on *our* inner thigh is a very specific part of triggering at least one or more of *our* sex alters, as has occurred in more than one memory download. (See Chapter 4, "Killing.") In the case of Simon, some of *us* wanted him badly while others of *us* pleaded "No!" Some wanted him to hurt *us*, and he did. *We* remember saying, "No, *i* am too tired, *i* am too sore, *i* cannot come back with you tonight," to which he responded that he understood, that *we* should come back and there would be no sex, that he would take care of *me*. Then *we* were under him and he was pounding his penis into *us*.

The pain by the fourth day was excruciating, yet she would always say "harder" because she was programmed to seek out pain and could sexually take so much of it. This was who he accessed in *us*. On the last morning, *we* were catching a bus to Denver, feeling disgusting. Simon was evidently done with *us* as the coldness emanating from him that morning was palpable. *Our* front alters felt like a whore and a shower would not wash it off. *We* could not figure out what had happened. Why had this awful person had so much of *us*? Even then, *we*

could not remember all that occurred, yet *our* main front alter was repulsed and disgusted by *our* being a whore.

It did not end there, yet before *we* continue, here are some things *we* remember from *our* time with Simon during those four days.

After sex the first time, *we* asked him where his car had been when *we* came up from the hot springs. Why had *we* not seen it? He smiled slyly and said, "Right there." Then he looked at *us* and began telling *us* about the long line of witches he came from— that his family was from Romania and his grandmother, a gypsy, taught him many things. He revealed no details of how he had done it, yet *we* knew he had somehow cloaked himself and the vehicle from *our* view.

He said he had had a very tough life. Simon was very self-serving and owned that with pride, definitely without any apologies. In his view, everybody was on their own. It would not be until 2009 during deep deprogramming that *we* would understand his traumatic youth and near-death events, and how he too was a multiple personality. *We* saw him switch alters but had no ability to understand what was happening and why because *we* were unaware of *our* own multiplicity.

The house he took *us* to was in a very pricey area. Donald Rumsfeld, a senior white house official, had a home there and was apparently involved with *our* CIA programming and use in *our* teens and 20's in the late Seventies and early Eighties. This area was also home to a very famous movie star. Eventually, Simon would tell *us* that he lived there with his uncle who made Hollywood movies and was deeply involved in Hollywood, as was a significant part of *our* programming. Simon bragged about staying in a famous movie actress's home nearby, as well as in her New York City penthouse.

What occurred immediately after *we* went to Denver remained confusing and painful until the spring of 2008 when *we* talked openly about it with the two men *we* met and began *our* deep deprogramming with in Salt Lake City. In Denver, *we* immediately became very ill: a high fever, aching all over, severe bloating and pain in *our* abdomen. It was the weekend and *we* were frightened by *our* severe symptoms. After five days, *we* spoke to the friend *we* were visiting about the possibility of going to a hospital the next day if things did not change. That night, *we* were unable to sleep, due to the pain and severe bloating. *We* prayed for some rest and by morning the pain was inexplicably gone. Still feeling weak, *we* took it easy that day and the next day went for a walk in the woods where *we* sat quietly on a large boulder, trying to understand what had been happening to *us*. Who was Simon and why had *we* been crying since *we* left him? *We* were

still incapable of discerning, still under full programming.

We will never forget what occurred next, fully conscious, programmed conscious. We *saw* and *felt our* solar plexus region rip open, as if the flesh burst from internal pressure, and a shaft of light continuously shot out into the air, covering an area the size of the Flower of Life tattoo that *we* have on *our* solar plexus, about three and a half inches in diameter. The force was so great that *we* cried out and began to weep. *We* could hear this light making a rushing sound due to its force. *We* felt incredible love and longing in *our* heart, an aching pain, and *we* were crying with deep sadness.

Within an hour or so, *we* began to write poem after poem about love and lust. Words are inadequate as to what *we* felt, what was happening, as if far too many of *us* were attempting all at once to express *ourselves*. *We* were confused about what had happened with Simon for whom *we* felt no love. All *we* felt from *our* time with Simon made *us* want to die, and yet that loathing mingled with a deep love longing.

We wept for weeks, now understanding that it was different alters up at the same time—those devoted to the *demons* that had sexually hurt *us* beside *our* main front alter who was disturbed and grieving—young alters abused long ago and again during *our* time with Simon. It was indeed as if part of *us* had died within that darkness and pain. What *we* felt now was ecstatic as well as agonizing. *We* could not reconcile the darkness of Simon with *our* own, all culminating in ecstasy and pain.

The hole that ripped open in *our* solar plexus continued for weeks. *We* can still see it five years later, though now it is a memory shown to *us* by *our* alters. What *we* clearly know is that it was *entities* being born into this dimension. Simon's *demon* had filled *us* for four days through sex with fourth-dimensional *entities* and *demons* that were to be brought into this dimension through *us*, the vehicle. The front alters do not recall when the shaft of light stopped, though *we* recall weeping for weeks and continuing to try to write about what *we* felt, though never being able to get it right.

Some within *us* know what occurred here, others do not. *We* are sickened by this event each time it comes up, and it took *us* months to be willing to write it here. What *we* know is that *we* birthed an untold number of *entities* into the third dimension that day and the following weeks. *We* have come to loathe the tattoo and what they used it for.

We believe that Simon was not just your run-of-the-mill encounter, but that there was a purpose and plan to what the kontrollers wanted from our "union." Simon was sent to *us* and *we* were handled by him and his *entity*, entranced by an awful dark beauty that *our* programming told *us we* could not deny, and *we* obeyed as *we* always had. *Demonic entities* can do that and have done that for a very long time. *We* can also see from the fragments that *we* remember that Simon was very conscious at times of who and what he was, and enjoyed it. He was conscious of the malevolent darkness that he gave to, and felt entitled to the fruits it availed him of. He told *us* he would continue to take them.

We have been told since 2008 by *our* alters that this Flower of Life tattoo is part of *our* binding to to the one *we* call Cain, who *we* believe was the *entity* driving Simon. This tattoo was a beacon that told other *entities* and *demons* that *we* were owned by Cain. The light was associated with the light known in the occult as Lucifer the Light Bringer, its Latin meaning. Through *our* programmed alters, *we* gave Simon permission to rape *us* for those four days, to fill *us* with the seed of his Cain while he enjoyed *our* menstrual blood, a very desirable source of energy for these *entities*. The acts of sex that Simon and *we* engaged in left *us* physically ill and deeply emotionally depressed.

Another disappearance

In 2006 or 2007, a well-respected acquaintance in a small village in which *we* worked reported (completely unsolicited) that she had witnessed *us* vibrating on several occasions, as well as on one occasion *our* complete disappearance from physical view. This acquaintance had no knowledge of who and what *we* are, nor *our* previous experience on the Andrew Jackson Plantation. *Our* front alters were at a loss to explain it, yet *our* memory of it occurring in the mid-1990s was still in *our* conscious mind. This time there was a witness who with no prompting corroborated *our* knowledge of *our* alter's ability to do this. (See Chapter 9, "Breakdowns, Reprogramming, and Fragments.")

Trips

Some of *us* have crystal-clear memories of locations of programming and on-

task use but until *our* deep deprogramming began did not understand how these things were possible. *We* have many fragmented memories of trips to places without the conscious understanding of why *we* went and what *we* did while there. Many of these trip fragments have now been explained to *us* by *our* alters, at least in part. Some trips involve disturbing fragments of *us* in alter in places *we* cannot name or find. Many are programming locations, literally named as such by other researchers of *tmk* programming.

We have returned to some of these cities and locations and found several of the places within the fragmented downloads. Here are some of the cities and locations *we* are aware of in *our* front alter consciousness at this time for both programming and/or use.

Atlantic City, NJ
Nashville, TN
Knoxville, TN
Memphis, TN
Knox Berry Farms, TN
Orlando, FL
Walt Disney World, FL
Cape Canaveral, FL
Miami, FL
Florida Keys
Tampa, F
MacDill AFB, FL
Bahamas
Atlanta, GA
Northern Georgia
Las Vegas, NV
Laughlin, NV
Tucson, AZ
Albuquerque, NM
Santa Fe, NM
Taos, NM
Salt Lake City, UT
Moab, UT
Durango, CO

Denver, CO
Boulder, CO
Death Valley, CA
Joshua Tree National Monument CA
Baja, Mexico
Hood River / Astoria, OR
Washington State
Wall Street, New York
Europe
Middle East (Egypt, Jordan)
Peru

Cain's bitch, lily

There are two particular encounters with the *being we* call Cain that give a good overview of *our* life with him. Both encounters occurred with him in his malevolent form while *we* were staying at a friend's home, and both occurred within a three-day period.

The first rape occurred one night while *we* were staying in the guest house near the main house where *our* friends live. The husband and daughter of *our* friend and a little boy they were watching for friend for a few days and *we* had just returned from an evening movie. (*We* were giving *our* friend, the wife and mother, an evening off.) *We* had driven all of us in *our* current employer's van and pulled into the driveway about 9 p.m. and said goodnight. *We* went to the guesthouse while the others went into the main house. This family did not know who and what *we* are; only recently had *we* begun to even try to go there with *our* friend.

We had not left a light on, and because it was a rural area both the exterior and interior were dark. As soon as *we* entered the guest house, the hair on the back of *our* neck went up and *our* skin went to gooseflesh. It was pure fear, and *we* knew this *feeling*. Out of *our* left eye, *we* immediately saw the reptile very close to *our* face.

At this point in *our* life, *we* had not yet realized that *we* are a multiple personality who is not consciously able to understand that nor *our* programming as a *total mind kontrol* slave. However, *we* were frighteningly aware that *we* had

been tortured and raped at the hands of men in military uniforms, and that *we* had had a lifetime of *alien* encounters, including this “dinosaur.”

In this *conscious* encounter, *we* believed that *we* must be remembering this reptile from other encounters. (See Chapter 3, "18.") *We* were not yet aware that he was currently present and going to rape *us*. *We* fought the desire to turn on all the lights and instead lit candles—without a doubt, *perfect programmed behavior!* These *beings* do not like light, therefore *we* were only following *our* programming regarding his presence there, as well as the presence of *entities* and *demons* within *us* that do not like light. (Leaving the lights on all night was a real difficulty in the early days of deep deprogramming, given *our* alter’s discomfort because of resident *entities* inside *us*.)

At the onset, *we* decided to journal about this, thinking it was a memory from *our* past. All the while, he is inches from *our* left eye, staring deeply and intently. *We* made some strong spearmint tea, hoping to countermand the restless night rapidly approaching because of *our* slowly growing fear. *We* had tried to fight *our* fears for months with absolutely no success, due to the fact that they were not only fears from the past but fears of the programming *still* occurring in the present.

We stayed up in the dimly lit room with him at *our* side for almost two hours, until *we* finally decided to lie down and attempt to rest. It was only a matter of minutes after lying down that the one *we* call Cain, the *being* in the form of a reptile, began to crawl up and onto *us* in the total darkness, starting at *our* right foot and coming up *our* right leg, *our* legs already spread for him, completely unconscious to most of *us*. All *we* consciously knew at this point was that this *reptile* from *our* past was now here and going toward *our* vagina! Many of *our* previous encounters with him had been within other alters, so in *our* front alter consciousness, it was terrifying to realize he was here, now!

It felt as if a three-dimensional man were crawling on top of *us* with his very three-dimensional weight! Adrenaline rushed through *our* body and *tremendous fear* pushed a scream out of *us*, forming the word "No!" as *we* sat up with *our* arms striking at the air! *We* were swinging wildly just as he reached *our* vagina. Then his weight was gone, just like that!

Our heart pounded as blood flooded into *our* ears with a loud rushing noise. *We* began sobbing uncontrollably, saying over and over how *we* wanted it to stop. Others of *us* were present now, many who knew and feared him. It was the terror that *we* wanted to stop—the day and night unpredictable terror for which *we* had

no explanation, the terror that kept *us* in an ongoing state of wishing *we* were dead. *We* were exhausted and scared, *our* heart beating in *our* ears as *we* finally told *ourselves* after several minutes that it was over and *we* should lie down and try again to rest.

And that is precisely when it started all over again with something or someone crawling up on top of *us*. Again, *we* screamed "No!" and sat up, desperately swinging, trying to make contact with something, someone, *anything* so *we* could keep some grasp on *our* sanity, something that would allow *us* to believe that *we* had even a slight grasp on sanity. And once again, he was on top of *us* no more.

Being a perfect, lifelong, programmed slave, *we* did not get up and turn on the lights. Instead, *we* cried *ourselves* into a rest state, but awakened in the early morning darkness with almost unbearable itching under *our* skin. Not until late morning did *we* awaken with the *our* skin crawling and welts on the surface. The crawling and welts continued for two months, with new welts appearing every morning. The welts were large, often in clusters and itching unbearably, leaving scars if *we* were not careful. Each welt took about ten days to two weeks to run its course. *We* began to believe that something was being put into *us* by them, even that the men in military uniforms from other encounters might be putting nano-bots into *us*.

Some of *us* would realize that Cain entered *us* that night through *our* vagina—returning to his *tmk* slave as he had many times before. *We* would not fully understand this until ten months later when *we* would tell *our* life experiences to the two men helping with *our* deep deprogramming in Salt Lake City. Being allowed to tell is crucial, particularly to those who know *we* are sane. *We* realized how insane all of this would sound to an uninitiated person, and that only someone living *our* life, or someone aware of the reality of all of this, would ever be able to hear, and up to the two men in Salt Lake City, *we* knew no one to “tell.”

On that first morning following the encounter with Cain, *we* had a disturbing cluster of welts on *our* back and *we* understood they were a result of Cain sodomizing *us*: three claw marks in a row. *We* also understood that *we* liked it, a message more than one of *our* sex alters imparted. *We* were not aware enough, nor strong enough, to take a picture of the claw marks; *we* wish *we* had. *We* fully realized and accepted that these *reptile* encounters were not only something from *our* past but were a three-dimensional and fourth-dimensional part of *our* life

now. To explain it any further would have allowed the fragmented pieces of *our* lives to start to come together, and that *we* still did not know how to accomplish.

The second rape that *we* choose to recount here occurred at the same location three days after the first encounter while *we* were staying in the main house and *our* friends were out of town. *We* had known these people for several years and had a very close relationship with their dog, so communication between our minds was very common. It was much easier for *us* to communicate with her than with most people through verbal communication. The dog and *we* had no secrets; *our* secrets between *ourselves* were *our* amnesic walls due to multiplicity. *We* had many people within us with whom this dog could communicate.

We did not like sleeping in the bedrooms in the main house because of the *entities* in them; *we* preferred the living room with its spacious high ceilings and open feel. *We* decided to allow the dog to sleep under the pull-out sofa *we* would rest on; she suffered from many anxieties of her own—perhaps due to *seeing* and *feeling* when *entities* were present—and was much more comfortable being near *us*, feeling an affinity to *our* understanding of *entities*, despite having *our* own.

So *we* put out the light and were lying awake in the dark when the *reptile* form of Cain appeared in *our* visual field. Immediately, the dog growled low from deep in her belly, continuing until he was no longer in *our* visual field. *We* gently reassured the dog that *we* were okay and began what *we* refer to as "pibs" or "pulling in Benevolence," a powerful practice to get rid of a low-level e*ntity* presence and put up a shield of protection. Though *we* had not been able to rid *ourselves* of Cain completely, *we* continued to use it when *demons* were present.

We were unnerved by his appearance but not debilitated by fear, perhaps due to his return to *us* just three nights before. *We* drifted into *our* rest state, which was when he accessed *lily*, Cain's bitch, then appeared as a man, though *we* could still *feel* his undeniable *demonic* presence—no doubt the purpose of announcing himself before *we* moved into *our* rest. He said he was here to rape *us*. *We* would be sodomized, his favorite form of sexual assault. For *lily*, in all her programmed devotion to him, the pleasure is tremendous. The emotional and physical difficulty is for *us*, the others for whom this is a violent and degrading rape.

It was as though time was slowed down, the sodomy and all its sensations highly acute, the feelings of pure, raw, sexual pleasure for *lily* existing simultaneously with terror and disgust for the others in *us*. *We* could *see* and *feel* all the lucid

details from his view and *ours*, a common occurrence during sexual encounters with these *entities* and *demons*. *We* experienced a tremendous array of physical, emotional, and mental dichotomies all at once. *We* had not only all of the physical sensations but the conflicting thoughts that are both pleasure- and pain-oriented, creating much confusion and shame which in turn keeps *us* dissociated —a torture that is a direct result of programmed multiple personalities. Cain is a master at this, and when he wants to cause *us* much pain he appears in a hideous malevolent dinosaur form. *We* could *feel, hear,* and *see* his lifelong message to *us*: "You are mine . . ."

When *we* came out of this encounter with *lily*'s pleasure still being so strong, *we* cried. This was a psychological and physical assault to reinforce Cain's hold on *us*, a bind that has dominated *our* life as a *tmk* slave. It is difficult to break free or even understand that *we* can when so many different selves participate so willingly. It was not until *we* truly began to understand who those other parts were and why they seemed willing that *we* could even begin to attempt to fight back. Despite the intense programming, saying “No!” would become a reality, if only at times.

The welts continued to appear intermittently. *We* knew before they surfaced where they would surface. A few months later, *we* had a nighttime occurrence that had *us* believing that nano-bots had indeed been put inside of *us*.

Red light district

The following experience is very common: something unusual occurs; *we* wake up, then feel perfectly comfortable falling back into rest immediately, though *we* feel anxiety or intense fear.

We were housesitting in the desert for a friend in which the large living room south wall was all windows. *We* always preferred sleeping on the sofa that ran the length of the windowed wall because *we* had a view of the outdoors and night sky removed from any man-made light pollution, which gave *us* a wide open feeling. It was as peaceful a place as any could be for *us*, despite the fact that *we* often underwent malevolent "*alien*" accessing when *we* stayed there. The home belonged to a former employer who also served as one of *our entity*-to-*entity* handlers.

We were lying on the sofa on *our* left side facing the living room when *we*

awakened and saw a swath of red light about a foot in diameter coming from above and behind *us* and shining into the living room. *We* turned to look out the window. The light was gone and the moon was out in a clear sky—at least that is how it looked to *us*. Something was missing, though. Moments? *We* felt very tired and fell back into rest.

"An alien *walks into a gallery . . ."*

This encounter occurred in the early spring of 2008 in the Southwest desert prior to meeting the two men in the Salt Lake City who would assist *our* deep deprogramming beginning in April 2008. As a matter of fact, it occurred within a couple of weeks of that trip and *we* are certain that it was by design. *We* were still consciously unaware of *our* multiplicity, yet very aware of a lifetime of *alien* encounters as well as *alien* and military abductions, including military mind access. This awareness ran parallel to *our* awareness of *our* many selves, though *we* could not explain them.

We had just returned from a UFO conference in Laughlin, Nevada where *we* had volunteered to work to cover the expense. *We* had gone in the hopes of finding someone who could help explain to *us* what had occurred and still was occurring, though *our* alters repeatedly warned *us* about the great risk of outing *ourselves*. *We* approached cautiously, never revealing what *we* remembered nor talking about the ongoing access that occurred at conferences. *We* observed and listened, reading people the way *we* had been trained.

At this particular conference, *we* met a man who would later be the connection to the two men who would initiate *our* deep deprogramming. *We* were suspicious of him, thinking he had been sent to *us* as a government operative because of what *we* were remembering. Actually, *we* are absolutely certain he was sent as a potential handler, benefactor, and lover. In subsequent phone conversations, we openly discussed our mutual obsession with needing to get together "face to face" and how suspicious we both were of it. In *our* memory downloads, it turned out to not be the first time we had met, though neither of us were conscious of it at the time. *We* are not certain that he has conscious memories of this at all.

We also met a vendor who made sculptures of *alien beings*. According to her, she does not know much at all about the *beings* she sculpts, she just *sees* them

and sculpts them. During one of *our* breaks while working at the conference, *we* walked through the vending room and were stopped dead in *our* tracks by a sculpted plaque displayed on her table. It was an uncanny depiction, at least in part, of an *alien being, humanoid,* and she had engraved "reptile hybrid" on it as well. This frightened *us* deeply, though *we* did not know why. She was sitting behind the table when *we* looked astonished and asked breathlessly, "Who is that?"

She invited *us* to sit with her behind the table and tell her about *our* encounter with that being at 18 years old. (See Chapter 3, "18.") *We* spoke to her of *our* deep obsessive love for him, sobbing to this stranger willing to listen and knew of what *we* spoke. She said it was people like *us* who tell her who these beings are, though she has her own experiences with beings. She went on to tell *us* that she understood *our* feeling that *we* were kin to him, and that her military father told her at 30 years old that she is an *alien-human hybrid*. *We* sobbed uncontrollably in that room that day with her, knowing for so long that *we* too were not human—not in the way most people are.

We bought the plaque and took it with *us*. In 28 years, it was the first time *we* had ever seen or heard of a partial likeness of the *alien we* had encountered at 18. But the part about *reptile hybrid* still frightened *us* and *we* needed to understand why. How was this *hybrid* connected to the *reptile* that had tortured *us* for so long? The evil one who owned *us*?

Just a week after *we* returned to New Mexico from the Nevada UFO conference and were working at an art gallery, *our* sole confidant regarding the extent of *our* memories regarding *aliens*, military mind access and programming would be visiting *us* at work when an *alien-human hybrid* walked in. Most of *our* life, due to *our* programmed isolation, *we* had experienced many things without witnesses, which made it easy to justify that *we* were crazy. This friend admitted that at times she had doubts about certain things but knew it was as real, if not more so, as the world going on around us.

This very day, *we* were telling her about the conference, about meeting the man who would introduce *us* to the two men in the Salt Lake City area within the next two weeks. (He will remain anonymous due to *our* desire to protect him and *our* Love for him, feeling that he is not conscious of his own programming.)

We also told *our* friend at the gallery about meeting the woman who does the sculptures and what occurred with her. She asked if she could see the sculpted plaque, so *we* pulled it out of its hiding place as *we* were living at the gallery at

that time so all of *our* things were with *us*. *We* were crying while showing and telling her about it, and shortly after pulling it out a customer came in, so *we* put it away in a basket in the corner with a cloth over it so *our* friend could look down into the basket while *we* assisted the customer.

Once the customer left, *we* returned to sit behind the counter with *our* friend leaning on the chest-high counter across from *us* as *we* continued to discuss the conference. Within minutes the front door opened and in walked a most unusual looking man. Both *our* friend and *we* turned to greet him. The door closed behind him and he scanned the gallery and made a comment *we* cannot recall. Neither of us took our eyes off of him. He then looked directly at *us*, not *our* friend, approached the counter and stood a foot from *our* friend while looking directly into *our* eyes until he left. He was no taller than *our* friend, five foot eight or ten, slight, fair skin with almost no pigment at all, big blue eyes, a head too big for his body.

The encounter was filled with small talk *we* cannot recall, except for him telling *us* when *we* asked that he was from Philadelphia, very proximate to New Jersey *our* birthplace and residence for the first few years of *our* life, also the birthplace of one of *our* alters, *rabbit*. (See Chapter 1, "Shattering A Young Mind: The Early Years.")

We briefly glanced at *our* friend twice to see if she was seeing this. She was staring silently at him with her mouth hanging open. Witnesses to *our* life occurrences are rare. *Our* friend later verified that he and *we* were completely absorbed in one another as if no one else was there, "eyes locked." *We* did not care what was being said between us because what *we felt* from him was exhilarating. Whoever he was, he was energizing *us* and it *felt* very good. *We* had no fear at all, just exhilaration and gratitude that a friend was there to witness it. *We* do not recall how long he remained, yet he and *we* did not stop speaking to one another for a moment: "eyes locked." Just as suddenly as it began, it was over and he exited with a goodbye. Due to the high strangeness, *we* decided to wait and see how *our* friend perceived the encounter. Immediately, she turned to *us*, her mouth still hanging open, and said, "He looked exactly like the being on the plaque you just showed to me!" To which *we* replied with a smile, "Welcome to *my* world."

Of course, we talked more about it and *we* watched as she began to doubt that she had seen what she thought she had seen. *We* were not sure she was even aware of what was occurring, nor were *we* upset by it. It is quite common and

part of why *we* think *we* do not exist in the way others seem to. She was still by far the most open-minded person *we* had come to know and *we* deeply appreciated all she allowed *us* to share, crazy or not.

We believe he was indeed a *human-alien hybrid,* and that the *aliens we* have encountered throughout *our* life are malevolent and of purely evil intent, despite the ecstatic feelings they can and do induce to lock-in and kontrol. He was indeed energizing *us*—simply another term for reprogramming and program reinforcement—while utilizing that energy.

What plagued *us* immediately after this encounter and for months after *we* began to talk of it was the desire to laugh uncontrollably while relaying the event—not because it was funny, but because it felt all too familiar as programming, as if *we* could not stop *ourselves* from laughing, meaning that an alter driven by an *entity* was doing the laughing. The energy within *us* is the very reason that these malevolent *demonic entities* chose *us* for the very things they have used *us* for. *We* are a bloodline, trauma-based, *total mind kontrol* slave programmed by and to these very same *demonic entities*.

Hard to believe? Yes. Does that make it untrue? No.

Salt Lake City: Our *deep deprogramming begins*

In April of 2008, *we* met the two men who would assist *us* with *our* deep deprogramming, one of them becoming *our* lifeline through the first year and a half. Without him, *we* might not be here to tell what *we* know. In Book 2 of *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA*, *we* will discuss in more detail the discovery of *our* many alters, including a more in-depth description of the process of breaking free of *our* programming and programmers, kontrollers, and handlers.

Our meeting with one of these men in particular was not by chance, nor solely of Benevolent design. *We* and he have spoken of this and verified independently that *we* were programmed to go to him by *our* kontrollers to kill his family, and him if necessary. This kill alter was to "bring him to his knees" in order to destroy his support. It is obvious to both *us* and him that they underestimated the power of Benevolence in his life and *ours*.

One of the first things that began to show up during deep deprogramming were the presentations of many different child sex alters who were able to take kontrol of *our* body because *we* had not yet reached a conscious enough understanding

of who all were inside *us*, nor how extensive their programming was. *We* were deluged by alters needing to show and tell all they had had to endure and what it was they were programmed to do. Almost instantly it became a physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual 24-hour-a-day interaction with these young victims who are *us*. They had had to wait years to present what they knew to *our* front alter, given that *our* front alter consciousness had been too programmed to allow these young ones to come forward.

In truth, due to *our* front alter programming, others inside were not able to break free of their programming. First, others of *us* up front had to be able to *see* and *feel* to be able to assist in getting the help *we* would need to succeed. This is another intentional design of *tmk* programming.

During the numerous downloads presented by these terribly wounded young child alters, involving all kinds of deviant sexual acts preformed on adult men and even other children, there was also a very visual occurrence that repeated for the first several months. When *we* closed *our* eyes, *we* would see flashes of brilliant white light on the *inside* of *our* head. This light accompanied very physically painful downloads being presented by these young alters who had been repeatedly raped so systematically that they became sex alters who willingly performed deviant sexual acts in their fragmented state for anyone who had access to them. *We* use the term “willingly” completely in the context of severe and extreme programming. These young alters are not to blame. *We* have forgiven them and continue to ask for their forgiveness, due to them having nowhere to go and no one to help them.

Some of the most painful body memories during this time—as well as still occurring—were in the anal canal, due to being repeatedly sodomized at a very young age. Sodomy was perpetrated throughout *our* life on the physical and astral planes. The intentional use of sodomy in *total mind kontrol* programming prior to the age of three not only inflicts terrible trauma on a small person but more importantly accesses psychic abilities latent in bloodline slaves—apparently certain bloodlines being desirable for children chosen for illuminati, high-level, satanically, ritually abused, trauma-based, *total mind kontrolled* slaves designed for use from infancy on. *We* would also discover that *we* were not the only ones experiencing these flashes of brilliant white light associated with sodomy.

(See "The Master Plan of the Illuminated Rothschilds" by Ron Patton, an interview with Marion Knox, a farmer, gospel singer, and counselor from

Lebanon, Oregon—critical to understanding what is actually occurring within *tmk* programming and why.)

My Own Worst Enemy

During the first six months of *our* deep deprogramming, *we* were getting hit very hard, particularly during a two-week period when *we* were housesitting for an acquaintance. *We* were very suicidal and not yet strong enough to functionally handle all that was coming at *us*. Meltdowns were lasting for days at a time and *we* often felt *we* would not get through them and the lost time still occurring for *our* front alters.

To *our* complete amazement, on the television in this home we discovered that a new television show was going to be aired on NBC in October of 2008 about a "government agency-created, multiple personality assassin." In *My Own Worst Enemy*, the multiple personality assassin from the United States Army "volunteered" to have his mind intentionally split. Needless to say, the premise of the show did not include all the *tmk* content or intention that *we* were becoming aware of.

A couple of minutes before eight p.m. on the evening it debuted, *we* were sitting before the television in anticipation and fear. *We* already knew from *our* experiences in *tmk* that this show could not be an accident. *We* knew in *our* conscious mind who and what *we* were and did not believe that *we* were the only one. In fact, at this point in *our* deep deprogramming *we* had heard of other programmed killers, though *we* had not been in personal contact with any of them—at least not any who were deprogramming. *We* had already deprogrammed enough to know, without any doubt, that there was indeed End-Time programming in *us*, as *our* alter experience downloads had revealed, and it was not isolated only in *us*: there were others with End-Time programming. *Ours* involved killing.

The show started at 8 p.m. and *we* were already in trouble by the first commercial break. Initially, *we* believed that *My Own Worst Enemy* would be used as a disinformation tool. *We* still believe that, but wholeheartedly state that it was *much more* than that. The show was cancelled by December, not even finishing the season. *Our* contention is that its effect on kill-programmed slaves was far too powerful at this point in the End-Time program scenario. *We* believe

it was designed as part of “call back” triggering and that its effect was greater on the slaves than the kontrollers were ready for.

Before the first commercial break, we were triggered by something in the show content or in the broadcasting, *we* are uncertain which. *We* tranced out while looking at the screen with an alter or alters triggered. *Our* front alters were aware of this occurring, yet were being pushed out by others in *us*. A time lapse occurred. *We* still do not know if what *we* saw was on the screen or in *our* mind.

We can see the television screen when *we* feel ourselves going off and switching alters, as though *we* were still looking at it but no longer *seeing* it. Something else came into focus with the aforementioned going out of focus behind it, yet *we* were still seeing the screen or a screen, though it now looked graph-like in gray, black and red.

At the first commercial break, *we* got up, went in the bathroom, and induced vomiting because *the bulimic one* had been triggered to the surface. *We* remember this, and *we* do not; it is as though *we* witnessed it from afar. A pressure had built up inside *us* from deep within and the need to purge was overwhelming. *We* did not reason this out, *the bulimic one* just did it. *We* purged many times, though often a few purges will release *us*. This was not one of those times; there was obviously a need for a deep degree of dissociation.

As soon as *we* stood up from bending over the toilet, the phone rang. Immediately the front alters were more aware of what was happening, though not why. *We* exited the bathroom and answered the phone. It was the man helping *us* with *our* deep deprogramming. He had been watching the show at *our* suggestion and called *us* on the first commercial break. He kept *us* on the phone until almost 9 p.m. to distract *us* from watching the show because he thought it was too much of a trigger. *We* would later thank him for this, though *we* had alters who desperately wanted to see the show.

We *felt* so out of it when *we* began conversing with him, given that he called immediately after *our* bulimic programming. Fortunately, he had grown accustomed to dealing with *our* alters. Later, *we* realized that *we* were attempting to pull up alters to converse with him and switch out of *the bulimic one* and the highly dissociated alter that often follows *the bulimic one*. *We* could neither focus on what he was saying nor on what *we* wanted to say. *We* recall asking him to give *us* a minute or two to try to gather *ourselves*, explaining that *we* had just engaged in purging.

We were dissociated and at the same time aware of it—very bizarre for *us* to be cognizant of it as it occurred. *We* do not recall what *we* talked about, but do recall that the high-energy, fast-talking anorexic alter that *we* call *jacked* had surfaced, an alter who fronts for several others who wish to present. *We* tried to explain to him what *we* had *seen* and how highly agitated and filled with anxiety *we* were, with an overwhelming need to vomit.

Four days later, *we* were still housesitting and saw that an encore presentation of the pilot episode would be shown on a different channel at a different time. *We* watched the entire episode and lost time during it.

It must be difficult for a person who is not a trauma-based *total mind kontrol* slave to understand why *we* would watch the show after *our* experience with it the first time. *We* can only offer this: It is difficult not giving into programmed self-destructive behaviors that *our* other personalities live by. *We* are changing, but it is a slow, arduous process at best. Some of *our* other personalities are frighteningly strong in *us*. Our front alters and many of the child alters are often afraid of them.

We were also at a point in *our* deep deprogramming that revelations often followed by allowing outside mediums to trigger *our* alters (like watching *My Own Worst Enemy*), though *we* do not recommend this to deprogramming *tmk* slaves. It is foolish and dangerous. The episode was deeply disturbing to *us* for the following reasons:

- The premise of the show is a government agency intentionally creating a multiple personality in a United States Army soldier—an alter personality existing alongside the original assassin alter over whom they have total kontrol. Even the so- called original personality (the assassin) acts as reinforcement for kill personalities.

- The main character's daytime self or alter has complete amnesia about the existence of the assassin alter.

- The assassin alter knows all about the daytime self or alter and even reports on the daytime alter to a handler, including what is wrong within his "system." Within illuminati *total mind kontrol* programming, this is known as a reporting alter and is designed to safeguard against any programming breakdown. *We* report on *ourselves*, thus turning *ourselves* back into the cult programmers.

- Programming is breaking down and the two alters are switching back and forth without the handler's kontrol.

- The assassin alter is an unemotional, detached, deceptive, systematic killer who consensually fucks a female assassin for several hours, then kills her before she can kill him, knowing all along that this was her kontroller's plan for her to gain access to him. His daytime self alter is married and docile, as well as committed to his marriage.

- The assassin alter sleeps with the wife of the daytime self, then calls in to report that he is up and is not supposed to be. He is brought in for reprogramming and as they strap him into a chair and his mind is accessed, he fights against it because he is his daytime self alter and can't understand what is happening to him. At this point, *we* are triggered. What in particular did the actual triggering? *We* only remember that *we* could *feel* how similar the scene was to *our* "loop" programming going round and round inside *our* head.

- Quite possibly the most disturbing part of all was that during a commercial break later in the show, television viewers were invited to go to the show's online website to find out more about the show and its characters. The ad said something along the lines of, "If you are like edward [the main character], go to . . ." *We* cannot tell you exactly what was said verbatim, but *we* are certain that viewers resonating with the show were being invited to go to an online website. To *us*, this was without any doubt another way for real handlers and kontrollers to track the program status of real *total mind kontrol* slaves with kill programming who were watching the show. For weeks, *we* had an *unbelievable* desire to go to that website! *We* were truly *compelled*. Fortunately, *we* did not have internet access or *we* would absolutely have done so. Instead, *we* had time to think about the dangers of doing so.

This show and its website were ill-intentioned and related to End-Time programming call-backs. *We* still fight the desire to see this show and its subsequent episodes, but *our* current home is happily television-free.

(See Fritz Springmeier's material on illuminati *total mind kontrol* slaves for specifics on End-Time programming. His comprehensive work is now dated, and his affiliations in question, but it is still a valuable tool for corroborating internal aspects. *We* do not agree with his views, yet it assisted *us* when the time was right.)

Ownership: Cain, Lilith, and Lucifer

From September 27 into the early morning hours of September 28, 2008, beginning at 3:50 a.m. *we* encountered Cain, Lilith, and Lucifer. Reading this experience as written still makes *us* cry from the very depths of *our* soul. This all-night encounter and program crossed the physical and astral worlds, with *our* physical world being manipulated. *We* marked the time *we* were being accessed by them because more often than not the time helped to decipher *our* programming.

Cain has been *our* owner throughout *our* life in the most abhorrent way. He presents whatever three- or four-dimensional form is necessary to deceive and illicit terror from *us*. Due to extensive sexual programming, *our* alters participate, despite the fact that rape seems to be his favorite form of abuse. He knows that *we* were so thoroughly programmed that he would be assured *our* alters would consistently succumb to his perfect seductions. His cruelty and arrogance are most sinister. Through *our* deep deprogramming, *we* began to realize that these sexual encounters served a much greater purpose than just kontrol over *us*. They also allowed Cain and Lilith to achieve a union within *us*. *We* were used as a vessel for their unions.

We have alters who loathe and fear him and alters who love him—like alter *lily* who freely gives herself over to him in her programmed state for a perversion of Love. For many of *us*, it is the only form of love that *we* know. Even now, the love bind still mingles with repulsion and desire.

We came to recognize day after day, night after night, that programs were running almost continually. Keep in mind that what *we* were dealing with here were malevolent *beings* with extraordinary powers of deception, utilizing and manipulating the third and fourth dimensions to create whatever they deemed necessary to elude *us*.

We are in a car on a street in a neighborhood with a man and a woman, both fair-haired. The man is driving, the woman in the front passenger seat, and *we* are in the back on the passenger side. It is a dark older model four-door large sedan, late 1970's-early 1980's. In the middle of the road ahead, a round sewer lid is ajar and a large Caucasian flesh-toned snake is halfway in. As we approach, *we* say forcefully, "You have to run over the snake, you have to kill it, don't let it hide, it will come back, kill it before it gets inside, roll your windows up, it will get in if we don't kill it, it will find a way in and kill us!"

We run over it with all of the windows up, yet it is not dead. Like magic, it is in the car, it can do that, just as *we* said. It is upright in the backseat with *us*. *We*

struggle with it, knowing it is going to bite *us* in the face and kill *us*.

Snakes repeat in downloads of *the wild one*—part of the program to justify and elicit her kill programming. Like men's penises, the snake is flesh-toned. A *significant part* of triggering her kill programming was when an erect penis would appear during a sexual encounter. This pretty sexual teenager known as *the wild one* was programmed to kill during sexual encounters to save her own life. For her, sex was a life and death situation during which the snake (penis) being held at bay within her hands is going to bite her in the face (during the onset of oral sex) and kill her—a kill or be killed program, so she must kill first.

In these downloads, *we feel* the strength of the snake moving toward *our* face despite holding it at bay with both hands. *We* also *feel the wild one*'s tremendous fear. What has not been presented consciously is if there are other codes to elicit the final kill *and* if she does it alone or another alter assists. The snake is still just a fragment of her programming.

Next, *we* are in an open space with low grass. All seems gray, overcast, and dull in lifeless beiges and browns, without vibrancy, no sun, no color. Even the plants are beige and gray. This is a *feeling* as well as a visual appearance. A beautiful man is with *us*, young and lovely to look upon, his face, his body, his jet black hair. *We* want him, yet something is telling *us* to resist. He is strong in physique and seems to know how much *we* desire him. Like an animal, he displays himself with an air of innocence, but there is clearly cunning behind it. He is toying with *us*. *Our* alter is unable to get clear on this and hold onto it consciously.

We are trying to prepare food, soaking beans and seeds to make living food, trying to bring life out of this dullness and lifelessness. *We* are trying to make nourishing vegetarian food, but he is all around *us*, taunting *us* with his beauty and sexuality, with his twenty-something innocence, brushing against *us*, knowing and enjoying that *we* are having difficulty focusing on what *we* are doing. *We* desire him, but want to focus on what *we* are working with—the beige, gray sticks for plants, the dried beans and seeds *we* are trying to sprout to life.

All the while he is seducing *us*, a part of *us* knows there is danger here, but what is it? He changes from clothed and perfectly innocent to naked and fully seductive in an instant. *Our* mind is spinning with confusion as he brushes against *us* and *we feel* him reaching inside of *us*. He takes *our* breath away, he is *the one we* desire, the one *we* have *always* deeply, totally desired, and yet there

is something, someone telling *us* to resist. It is as if *we* had never known until now how he desired *us*. He tells *us* within *our* mind that it is to be a lifelong commitment and far beyond that, that he wants us to always be together, to marry, to wed. *We* understand that it is not to be an actual marriage but something different: a union?

We continue toiling with *our* gray, colorless food as his innocence masks his deception *we* feel *ourselves* succumbing to. He is pulling at *us*, drawing *us into* him. *We feel* overwhelmed by the lack in the garden of pittance before *us*. For the briefest moment, *we* see beyond him to a vibrant color of green chard with red veins and call out, "There is young, tender green chard over there," its red veins directly linked to human veins, human flesh and blood, despite *our* attempt to see fleshless food. We *see* and *feel* this deeply; it is ultimately what this encounter is all about.

Our heart fills with hope; *we feel* it as a physical rush. Then just as quickly, he fills *our* view with his form, blocking out the hope, and *we* are lost in him once again, in *our* desire for him. *We* attempt to return *our* focus to creating alive, good nourishment by filling glass jars that contain the dried beans and seed with water to enliven the seemingly dead food. He is close behind *us* now, holding *our* hips in his hands, pulling *us* to his erect penis, *breathing* into *us*, pressing his whole body to *ours*, though both of us are clothed. His seduction is nothing short of bewitching perfection, and *our* programming and alters assure this, as well as who he really is.

We fumble with the jars, feeling *ourselves* slipping *into* him. When this occurs, *we* cease to exist. There is no longer any delineation between him and *us*. That is when *our* alter *lily*—Cain's bitch—comes out and fully takes over. *We* fight to stay with all that is good in *us*, to stay focused, but *we* fail. The jars spill and fall to the ground.

As they drop, *we feel* the darkness rise in *us*. It is *lily* filling *us* with her programmed, pure, raw desire for him as she reaches back with both of *our* hands and aggressively pulls him into *us*. Everything is lost, save him.

Our mind is filling with him as *we* feel his hard penis digging at *our* buttocks. He sighs, "Oh..." in the most coy, cunning way that says to *us*, "There you are, *lily*." *We* begin to grope through his clothing feeling his erection and more in lucid, explicit detail *we* will not share here. Instantly, he is without clothes; he never takes them off or puts them on, they manage to be on one moment and off the next. His strong young body is mesmerizing, his skin so fair, his hair black,

his penis erect and beautiful as he swirls around *us*, brushing his side, his thigh, his buttocks, his stomach, his penis against *us*. *We* are so filled with desire and *entranced* by his beauty and movements as he begins to “seal our union forever.” He is what we (*lily*) have always wanted.

Our descriptive narrative is an attempt to relay the *unbelievable power* of *our* programming and *the energy* that goes with it. In this encounter, *we* are fighting that energy to the best of *our* ability, but Cain wins out as he has so many times before. He tears at *our* soul and has the ability to affect *us* like no other due to *our* programming from infancy.

Deep inside is the awareness of another, yet who? A good man, one *we* are trying to remember. *We* feel pangs of guilt because *we* cannot remember him. *We* are losing *our* ability to fight this dark one that Lilith craves so, this one that moves about in ways that no man can move. *We* are giving in, here and now, as he consummates our "union." All goes to the black void, right then and there.

Next, he is lying naked on a bed, resting in his perfect form, sprawled in all his naked glory for *us* to gaze upon from below, as *we* are below him in every way, kneeling at the side of the bed, his hand hanging relaxed over the edge of the bed near *our* head. *We* are trying to wash blood off the edge of the bed near where his hand hangs. Running water pours into the pan. Fear and shame fill *us*, yet *we* cannot remember why. The light-colored sheets are tousled on the bed. Did *we* engage with him in that bed? Is that where the "union" that *we* cannot recall took place?

His soft, large penis is flaccid on his thigh, his eyes closed. He has no hair on his chest, nor in his pubic area, only black and lustrous on his head. In his presentations to *us* in humanoid form, he has no nipples. Why can *we* not remember? Where is the blood from? What is the source of the running water? In *our* head, *we* keep hearing a voice saying, "We must get this edge clean, we cannot allow his hand to brush against it." Why? What is it? *We* feel great anxiety over what has occurred, but are at a loss to speak of it or even remember it. Why?

We know there is something very ugly about this that *our* alter will not allow us to know due to its painfulness. Yet deep inside, *we* do know—*we* remember, and not. *We* are not strong enough yet in *our* conscious mind. During this download, *we see* and *feel* that something is very wrong, yet still feel the bond to him. The tearing at *our* parts is a familiar feeling, experienced time and time again—two or more parts struggling in *our* mind and soul. *We* are experiencing more than

one alter—*lily, our* higher self, and someone else?

Next, *we* are outside again in a field with large, old trees. It is twilight. Off to *our* left a hundred feet are his family, the women and children numbering about twenty. *We* do not see any men, yet *we feel* they are there. The women and children are walking a path illuminated by candles, some of them carrying candles in their hands, too. The woman at the front wearing a long white gown is his mother-lover Lilith. In appearance, she is older than he, her black hair heavily peppered in gray. *We* watch them walk. Seemingly, they ignore *our* presence, but *we* are keenly aware that they know *we* are here.

Next, *we* are indoors. He is close in front of *us* slightly to *our* right, looking intently and unwaveringly into *our* eyes: “eyes locked.” *We* watch as he changes into *our* ex-husband, which makes *us* very uneasy. *We* are not frightened, but know that *we* are being deceived.

To *our* left is Lilith, with the family beyond her. She too has that disarming intent stare, steady and domineering, an emotionless look containing no Love. It is clear to *us* that Lilith and the family believe *we* are not good enough for the one *we* call Cain. *Our* being deserving of this "union forever" with him is something *we* must prove. This is *our lily*’s greatest desire: to be with him *always*, she *needs* to *prove* to them that she is worthy of eternal torture, deception, programming, and use without any Love whatsoever!

Whether approving or disapproving, Lilith must go along with whatever Cain decides. After Cain changes into *our* ex-husband, with *our* right hand, *we* press his solar plexus while we are “eyes locked” and begin to confront Lilith vocally about her and the family's judgment of *me*, *lily*. *We* speak aloud while they speak directly into *our* mind, not audibly.

We tell her that *we* should not be judged for not eating the flesh of humans—why can't she allow *us* to not do so? They ingest the blood and flesh of humans and have trained and programmed *us* to believe *we* must do the same. *Our* lack of that desire—a desire they relish—is of much concern to Lilith as regards *our* future "eternal union" with Cain. They are human-eating *demons*.

We are in an altered state as *lily* during this encounter and unable to grasp the great danger here to *our* human soul. They are attempting to get *us* to relinquish *our* soul once and for all. It is difficult to explain how normal all of this *feels* in *our* splintered mind, and yet all of *our* futures depend upon it. *Lily* really does not fully understand what she is being asked here, nor the impact it will have on

us. She is no illusion, nor are they; *this is real in every sense of the word.*

Our other alters try to push through to her and warn her of the danger, but devoutly cult loyal ritual alters are also present. *Lily* was created and raised in an atmosphere of incest and human sacrifice. This is no small matter. They derive much power from one who freely relinquishes the soul, especially a *total mind kontrol* slave's soul from a multi-generational bloodline. *We* cannot describe the depth of sadness *we* feel regarding encounters and downloads by alters who are completely deceived and devoted through program victimization to these sinister, treacherous *entities*.

Cain and Lilith are still looking at *us* without any compassion. Her eyes dark with color *and* intention, Lilith walks past *us* to make *us* turn slightly to follow her slow and precise movement and thus see the room just beyond her. She is now on *our* right front and Cain on *our* left front, the open doorway between them.

The room seems old—a living room with things that *feel* like they have been gathered over much time. An old man is sitting in a wing-back chair. He is looking at a fixed point in the room beyond *our* view.

When *our* eyes return to Lilith, she is still looking intently at *us* but with a small, narrow silver horn in her right hand, about a foot or foot and a half long, flared about two inches across at one end with a narrow tube curling and coming out into a narrow mouthpiece. Along its sides, the silver is etched in vine and flowers. She is holding it at the curl, raising it steadily and slowly toward *our* face, then gently blowing air through the horn at *our* open right eye—a soft, steady flow without any sound. She then drops it to her side and walks off while Cain in the form of *our* ex-husband stands motionless, staring intently at *us*, his form allowing *our* clear understanding that he has always been with *us*, always owned *our* devotion.

We look back at the old man in the room but see instead that about three feet thick from the ceiling down is filled with *thousands* of black flies. Sickened and stunned, *we see* and *feel* that *this is us*, the splintered, fractured mind of *us*. Collectively, the flies change into tan and brown moths but number less. *We* are speechless, understanding that the moths are *our* programmed splits—the black flies are all of the splits and fragments created by extensive trauma and torture while the moths are the ones they used, the programmed, collective us. *Our* heart aches as *we* turn *our* head towards Lilith who is still holding that unnerving, compassionless stare. The moths of "moth-er," Lilith. Our thoughts speak to her

with deep sadness, "You did this, how could you? Why?" Then all is gone.

Our higher self was present as well, attempting to resist the temptation, but *our lily* alter gave in to him. *We* do not judge *lily* for this; it is her very existence to be with him, and she gladly gives everything she is to him. She is programmed to respond to him willingly and in total submission. It is difficult at this time to discuss the ritual alters present as they are involved in things *we* are not ready to write here. *We* hope for *us* and others like *us* out there that *we* will be able to present these things as well as *our* successful deprogramming, though *we* often feel uncertain that *we* will survive the full conscious revealing.

The woman in the white gown with the dark eyes and gray-peppered black hair is clearly a presentation of Lilith. *We* believe she was presenting as a mother figure to sway *our* decision. She presented as mother-lover to Cain because most of those present, including many of *our* alters, are very familiar with incest. Of course, they were hoping *our* higher self would not show up. And of course Cain shows up in the perfect, beautiful, human male form when deception and seduction are paramount. When he wishes to punish *us* and strike terror into *our* heart, he presents as a *demonic, dinosaur-looking reptile*. When he rapes *us*, he wants to display his ownership with degradation and make *us* feel the painful pleasure that *our* alter *lily*, or rather Lilith herself, feels while he hurts *us*. During these encounters, *we* hear in *our* head, "You are mine, and you like it," as well as, "You are my bitch." This is meant to arouse *our* alter and sicken *our* other alters. It is astounding how these *beings* are able to simultaneously activate terror and sexual arousal in *us* for various alters, though this is lessening greatly, thanks to deep deprogramming.

The old man in the room is understood to be Lucifer. It is poignant that at no time did he look upon *us*. There is a reason for this, but that information is held by another alter who is unwilling as of yet to tell *us*. Her words are, “Look upon *us*.” However, *we* feel much fear at the thought of it occurring and are thankful that he did not look upon *us* because something would have occurred if he had. It is still difficult to write about this—terrible feelings come up. It took weeks before *we* would even confide in *our* deep deprogramming person what *we* knew about the black flies and moths. *Our* conscious mind had difficulty with it, and there were those within *us* who would not allow it to be spoken. It is quite common in *our* deprogramming to be consciously aware of something but incapable of speaking about it due to a restriction enforced by *our* alters, or more correctly by the *entities* handling and running these alters.

As *we* gazed into the Lucifer room that contained *our* mind splits and fragments three feet thick on the ceiling, *we* heard in *our* head, "Do you understand?" Lilith was staring at *us* and *we* said with *our* thoughts, "You did this, how could you? Why?"

The degree of sadness in *our* heart was immeasurable at this moment, *even* in alter. The clear message during this encounter, as well as hundreds if not thousands of others, is that *we* are one of them and have *always* been one of them in ways not written of here, and no one will ever Love *us*. It is reinforced in more ways than *we* could ever write, even if *we* continued to write for the rest of *our* days on Earth. It is the message reinforced in everything they do and don't do. *We* have believed for all *our* life that *we* were born of evil and that *our* desires and deeds reflect that day after day, week after week, year after year. This is illuminati programming at its best and worst, yet there is more.

We have always known that *we* are responsible for killing others since *our* late teens and early twenties. *We* have anguished over it and yet been unable to explain how. *We* were aware of hundreds of terrible sexual acts with men whom *we* could not put faces on, let alone names. The pleasure that *our* alters displayed in killing and sex made it all the more hideous to *us*, the shame and guilt eating away at *us*. This is all part of *our* programming and bloodline legacy.

In this encounter, *we* were being told that all of *us* are eternally trapped in that room with Lucifer. If *we* were to believe that through and through, *we* would relinquish *our* soul to them, give up hope, and allow *ourselves* to be completely immersed within the "darkness" and no longer be aware of the pain *we* feel over being so "evil" in the presence of Benevolence. What they offer *us* is a complete letting go of all hope of redemption or forgiveness. They are banking on *our* inability to tap into *our* pure Benevolent Self due to their programming. It was to be the final damnation and they would have *us* believe that *we* would find solace within it. *We* assure you that this is something some of *us* wanted.

Cain's presentation as *our* ex-husband was another way to grind in the fact that he has always been with *us*, the one *we* wanted, the one to whom *we* wittingly or not gave all of *our* devotion. *Our* ex-husband represented all the men whose forms he resided in or kontrolled from afar. The elaborate seduction was to deceive *us* into allowing Cain and Lilith to use *our* body as a vessel for their union. It is a coerced, programmed relinquish, and those who have experienced it through the depths of *tmk* will know of what *we* speak. *We* front alters do not pretend to fully understand this, yet *we* will share what *we* know. As long as *our*

higher self is in charge, they cannot enter *us* to engage in this union; *they must get* us *to relinquish to them.*

We have *always* known that there are spiritual laws in this universe that all must abide by. Cain was accessing *lily*, and once done, *we* were pushed out and he and Lilith were in and uniting in the way they do. What *we* know is that there is *power* within this use of *our* body, but *our* front alters don't know in what way. These seductions by Cain are more numerous than *we* can relate here, yet on many occasions involving Lilith, it all goes blank at the moment of the sexual act, the union of Cain and Lilith. While they engage in *our* body, *we* are pushed out, which is why *we* don't experience the act of sex in many (though not all) of *our* sexual encounters with him. At times, *we* experience the sexual act and energy with him, but are not consciously aware of Lilith's presence. It is all about who of *us* are present—which alters are conscious. Some occasions are about something else—another purpose for Cain not always clear to *us* consciously. In other words, more than one agenda in this encounter: the use of *our* body while once and for all getting *us* to willingly relinquish *our* soul. The bliss of eternal, carnal pleasure is the lure, yet the truth is *eternal torture, programming, and use.*

On the day following this all-night encounter, several things occurred to drive the point home. The first was two long distance phone calls from family members under *tmk*—one in the morning from a brother who offered his home for *us* to return to, expressing his love and how much all of them missed *us*. The second call a few hours later was from *our* mother who, completely unconsciously, had been calling long distance with program triggers for months from the same town. They were both following their programming to get *us* back into the same family that had just worked *us* over all night. But the scariest occurrence of all was Cain's three-dimensional effect upon *our* surroundings to make sure that *we* remained aware of his reach over *our* life.

When *we* began *our* deep deprogramming, *we* purchased a micro-cassette recorder due to the 24/7 memories and so much nocturnal activity with *entities* and programs. Either *we* were unable to write fast enough or in a situation in which *we* could not write. Memories flourished at night and early a.m., so *we* would grab the micro-cassette and record. When alters went back deep down inside, detailed memories often went with them.

That morning *we* recorded the all-night encounter in detail, then got out of bed to make *our* tea, came back to the recorder, rewound it a little, hit play, heard *our*

voice loud and clear, stopped it, gathered *our* writing materials, went back to fix *our* tea, and were back and ready to write in less than five minutes. Again, *we* picked up the recorder, rewound for about a minute, and hit play. But this time the distorted, deep, and inaudible sound that came out of the recorder sent chills down *our* spine. *We* continued to rewind, thinking it was the batteries, then went forward, awaiting something understandable but it never appeared. *We* replaced the batteries to no avail.

We sought the important recording of a full abreaction days before to a program access phone call during which part way through *our* higher self had the wherewithal to use the recorder, but it too was nowhere to be found. *We* had replayed it a couple of days after recording it and it had been fine, just like *our* recording only minutes before. In *our* head *we* heard, "I am still here with you, I can do what I like, anytime, anywhere." Fear arose in *us*. Cain had taken *our* recordings and destroyed them. After fear, *we* became angry, but more importantly, *determined*. With pen in hand, *we* spent the next two hours writing out what had occurred that night before and in the early a.m. hours in more detail than *we* had recorded on the recorder. *We* were tired of being frightened and tormented.

This occurrence with the micro-cassette and distorted tape is an example of the layered *entity* and *demon* energies of the many minds *we* have that are able to affect objects in the three- dimensional world—the *demons* that drive alters in *our* mind, given that a programmed *tmk* slave is made up of many, many minds.

The day's final frightening occurrence presented by these *entities* occurred at work at 1:45 p.m. A customer walked into the art gallery in which *we* worked, lived, and slept on the floor. After a brief conversation, the person walked up to the counter, looked *us* in the eye, and announced that she had an alter ego named Lily. *We* were speechless, barely containing *our* shock. She and her husband innocently explained how this was indeed the case, not knowing the import of what they were doing or why they were entering this gallery and telling *us*, etc. *We* marked the time.

Surreal, but the reality of *our* life as a *tmk* slave. In that regard, *it is not the least bit unusual* but normal, frequent, and systematic.

The "Relinquishing"

Many things preceded this almost fatal event. Aside from a lifetime of trauma, abuse, programming, and use, on the 4th of October *we* had dealt with extensive co-existent sex alters and kill alters with *our* front alters. On the 5th, *we* contended with Lilith, Cain, and Lucifer in the black flies and moths encounter described previously, denoting *our* tremendously splintered mind—something *we* front alters were now painfully aware of. On the night of the 5th was Cain's seduction in his hideous black-eyed *demon* form, followed by his appearance in human form.

In the following encounter, Cain stayed present and visible to *us* from before bedtime until morning, revealing the more hideous *reptile* presentation in the beginning and at the end to remind *us* of his power to seduce *our* alters programmed to him, no matter how disgusting he was to *our* front alters. His ongoing expression of ownership of *us* is part of *our* daily psychological torture.

On the morning of October 6th, *our* handler—*we* were not fully conscious of this at the time but beginning to deeply suspect it, due to *our* deprogramming—would call to say he needed a ride somewhere because his vehicle had broken down. Gladly, *we* agreed to help. It was not until *we* hung up that a rush of fear hit. Very early in the day, *we* knew *we* were in trouble. It would just be one of many, many days during which *we* would have to hang on while all hell broke loose. That is what the first year of deep deprogramming repeatedly meant for *us*. All the way there, *we* did *our* pibs and pulled in Benevolence, but when *we* arrived, several triggers were waiting for *us*, including Led Zeppelin playing rather loudly when *we* walked into his home.

Our handler did not seem to have any conscious knowledge of who he was nor his role with *us*. After several delays, he attempted to touch *us* as he had on other occasions, a palpable desire coming from him and felt by *us*. *We* had no conscious, sexual relationship with this person, though at times the sexual energy between us (due to the *entities*) was apparent to *our* front alters. *We* pulled away and did not allow him to touch *us*. Neither of us said anything, yet both of us were aware of *our* response. This interaction and another in the week previous allowed *us* to begin to recognize his role with *us*, along with the ongoing memory downloads by alters who seemed to know him. Later in the day, *we* sought out his presence but do not recall why, then admonished *ourselves* for doing so. Later, *we* realized that someone in *us* was just following their programming.

By early evening of October 6, *we* were in a state of high distress with *our* entities working *us* over terribly—co-existing with several alters and hearing things in *our* head designed to isolate *us* and provoke extreme programmed rage. While this was occurring, *we* had moments of clarity, but *our* alters' strength was very powerful; it is not as simple as consciously exerting *our* will. Several messages in particular really got to *us*, such as why *we* give so much concern for the welfare of humans. *Is it no wonder the demons see humans as a pathetic food source? We* left several long distance distress calls to one of *our* deprogramming people, but he was not available. Later, he said that *our* alters expressed "detached from pathetic humanity" views on his voicemails.

By 9 p.m., *we* were lying on top of *our* sleeping bag on the floor of the art gallery, curled up in the fetal position on *our* left side, no longer crying as *we* had for hours but filled with programmed rage turned inward, completely disillusioned, lost, and alone. Yet alone is the one thing *we* never really were, what with *entity*-driven alters always internally and externally present. It was in the world around *us*, the "world of man," that *we* felt completely lost and insane.

Our heart physically hurt. *We* could *feel* the other parts of *us* taking over. *We* kept trying to hang onto *our* front alter's consciousness as it slipped in and out of *our* head, growing more and more faint as other voices grew stronger. *We* were "relinquishing," though someone, something inside was barely hanging on, still there. *We* knew parts of *us* were giving in mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. Then a moment was upon *us*; all that remained was whether or not *we* would let go completely. *We* had already relinquished consciously to a degree that *we* felt *we* had not done before, not within *our* deep deprogramming, not while being consciously aware of it. *We* lay there aware that the concerted attack *we* had been under for weeks, months, and years had left *us* too vulnerable. It all felt so monumental, so all encompassing, as if there would only be them and *us* forever —constant program messages running in *us* day and night for the rest of *our* life. Deep deprogramming had made *us* front alters consciously aware of these things a little at a time.

To the *entities*, it was all a game, one they enjoyed and seemed to have all of eternity to play. All that *we* had been programmed to believe lay before *us*, thanks to *our* deep deprogramming. Within *our* programmed walls in *our* altered state, *we* struggle to free *ourselves* from their deeply embedded grip. Programming is reality for *our* alters, as real as any life being lived. *Our* connection was with them, not with the "world of man" going on around *us*, the

world in which *we* felt no real connection to anything or anyone, the world *we* came to perfectly mimic through *our* alters, what *we* were to appear to be per *our* programs.

In that moment on top of the sleeping bag, so small, curled up like a little girl, unable to cry anymore, *we* heard a voice in *our* head say, "Call him and it will all stop." The temptation was a physical, emotional, and spiritual ache for release from pain. *Our* heart and soul felt so unbelievably tired that *our* collective parts were considering giving *ourselves* to them in all of their terror, and seeing this as a respite. *We* knew all too well exactly who "he" was: Cain.

Yet in all of *our* combined misery, someone else spoke, saying calmly and with much intensity, "If you call him to *us*, *we* will be lost to them forever." *We* knew this to be true. It was the voice of *our* higher self *we* clearly know. Despite all they had done to *us* from birth, all that *we* had done to do their bidding as a programmed *total mind kontrol* slave, *we* could still give up *our* soul. Without a full, conscious "relinquishing" of *our* soul, they would never really own *us*. They had used smoke and mirrors, and now they wanted *us* to choose to be theirs for all of eternity. This is the great spiritual law: Lucifer, the master of deception, can *use* someone through deception, but can only own someone by their choice. *We* had unconsciously split under ongoing trauma and torture in order to survive *our* trauma-based *total mind kontrol* programming. Rather than die, we had fragmented in *our* mind, a most primal, unconscious reaction.

But now *we* knew that if *we* called to Cain, it would mean the removal of all thoughts of good and Benevolence and *we* would commit to all that *we* have had to endure, and this time it would be for all of eternity! This is their ultimate deception: that it will feel good and alleviate the pain by removing any memory of Goodness, when the truth is it will be more carnal, raw, and ugly than *we* are able to describe. As a *tmk* slave, *we* struggle constantly during deep deprogramming over being redeemed by the Divine Goodness that was once *our* True Self, *our* human soul.

In their name and under programming, they form a perverse bond that is the antithesis of Love, though they use words like "belong," "family," and "love" to mirror to *us* Love's reversal—what *we* may not have with humans, due to *our* being part of malevolence. They coat it with the sugar of physical pleasure that is brief and never enough to cover the stench of eternal ugliness.

The higher self who warned *us* is the strongest part of *us*, though difficult to reach through all of the programming. It is a part of that Benevolent Light that

they fragmented in *us* so that they could use *us* as they did. They shattered it and programmed and used it as the higher energy source that enabled the *entities* to drive the alters. The very reason they chose *us* is related directly to *our* Benevolent Spirit.

We listened and did not call upon Cain to take *us* away from the ongoing pain. Instead, *we* lay there consciously not protecting *ourselves* in *our* complete exhaustion and despair. *We* did not call upon Cain, nor did *we* call in Benevolent protection. *We* lay there released to it all and will never forget how it felt. *We* lay knowing they were near, *seeing* and *feeling* several of them showing themselves in that darkened room. Within minutes of 9 p.m., all became a blur of *demons* and alters.

Our accessing began with a powerful hit of sexual arousal that had been completely non-existent minutes before during *our* deep despair—an easy way into *us* due to the extremes and depths of *our* sexual programming through systematic sexual abuse and torture. In *our* mind appeared many men in whom *entities* and *demons* lived, along with other *beings* that *we* did not know on a conscious level. It was a free-for-all *we* would pay for later, one after another in degrading and violent sexual acts accompanied by terrible messages.

We marked the time at precisely 12:34 a.m., due to the recurring "flipping snapshots" program associated with *our* End-Time programming which involves a “circle” and direct associations with *Batman* programming. (12:34 works as a trigger to set off the programming, whether a.m. or p.m.) The front alters do not retain what these "flipping snapshots" are pictures of, but an alter associated with the End-Time programming knows. *Our* head hurts during and after this program runs, the "snapshots" flipping at a rate of about one every second and running from ten or fifteen seconds to several minutes. The longer the duration, the more painful the distress in *our* head.

Our vulnerability was utilized in many ways during this “relinquishing.” In the morning, *we* heard in *our* head the most hideous sound of a screaming *demon* that marked the time 5:14 a.m., another recurring sequence of numbers and morning awakenings in running programs. It was hideous. *We* would come to consciously understand from this encounter what it is they seek from *us*, a satanically, ritually abused, trauma-based *total mind kontrol* slave from a high-level, multigenerational bloodline.

Here are excerpts from *our* journal entry on October 7th:

. . . we gave ourselves to them . . . it caved in . . . to them it is nothing . . . curled up on our left side in the fetal position like a little girl . . . [Fritz Springmeier's writings indicate that assuming this position during extreme torture is a sign that the child is giving up their will to live.]

. . . we relinquished our protection in a state of losing faith . . . so disillusioned . . . the foundation of our choices . . . [how] unbelievably tired our heart felt . . . [finally] no crying . . . something released inside . . . a powerful part within us that sees the respite of giving ourselves to them . . . we do not

believe there is peace, we are not that foolish, we see it as carnal pleasure, brief, then an ending of the struggle between light and dark within, there is no love there, only worship and serving of a pure evil . . . we would be entirely evil, all goodness . . . pushed out of us . . . a perverse rest in being evil, without having to fight them . . .

. . . we know they raised us . . . took . . . our conscious choice . . . all of the years we did their bidding under 'mk' . . . the power they would gain if . . . [a] 'tmk bloodline' (slave) . . . consciously chose to join darkness . . . never [realized] until now that this is their desired goal . . . if enough . . . consciously give over . . . that combined 'high level' (Benevolent) power . . . those who are beaten day and night, seduced, day and night, those who are lulled into submission with the 'tongues of serpents' . . . [if] we invite them . . . all goodness is pushed out and they gain full power of us in darkness . . .

The following refers to the encounter under "Ownership: Cain, Lilith, and Lucifer":

. . . 'relinquish' means forever lost in the death realm . . . for us [it means] eternally in that room with 'lucifer,' eternally bound to the pure evil we saw in that room with all of our parts . . . they would like us to believe we are already there . . . they present to us that we are family, already one of them . . . they prey on our . . . isolation, loneliness . . . created and enforced by our programming by them . . . our use as a 'kill model,' especially that, has in itself created an overwhelmingly complete sense of separation from . . . man, woman and child . . . in the deepest parts of . . . we are not human . . . that is what we felt last night . . . a 'killer' . . . more like them . . . what human will have us when they really know who and what we are? that we can take the life of any living thing not only with

impunity, yet with a rage lust that enjoys it? that is their game with us . . .

Our insights the next day were profound, but *we* were also painfully aware of the ground *we* had lost by not summoning protection. However, to date *we* have neither given up nor allowed ourselves that level of "relinquishment" again and hope *we* never will. *We* came to know even more how precarious the ground upon which *we* stand is. Though *our* faith in Benevolence as *our* only salvation from them was stretched to the breaking point, it did not break. *Our* separation from the "world of man" is fueled by judgment and fear of *us*, a reality *we* experience over and over, year after year, and contributing to reinforcing the programmed message, “You have nowhere to go, no one [human] loves you, you belong with us.”

12

Internal Programming

These are downloads of internal programs going off from within *our* systems. Some are alters interacting with other alters within the programming, often showing *our* internal structures while one in particular is *our* mind being split.

Lily *and the others*

We are in an open and spacious room with twenty to thirty alters present, all women with various faces and hair colors. This is part of how at least one of *our* systems is designed—rooms and buildings containing alters seated in front of and facing one of *us* in a tiered fashion as if seated on bleachers—almost as if they are facing a speaker, but it is just one of *us*. A black, old-fashioned telephone between *us* and the alters begins to ring. *We* answer it and it is *lily*. (Telephones have been long used to access alters in *tmk* programming.) *Lily* sounds hysterical, speaking quickly and fearfully. *We* say to her, "*Lily*, calm down, catch your breath, tell *me* what happened."

At this point, a couple of the alters come down and stand near *us* with concern and support. *Lily* says she is being pursued by *demons*; she can *see* and *feel* them, making a direct reference to Satan himself while talking of many other *demons* without naming them. *We* feel deep concern for her, knowing *we* must get to her to help her, but cannot, which severely distresses *us*. *Our* contact with *lily* at this point in deep deprogramming is minimal—she has remained elusive and distant and *we* desperately want to talk with her.

Next, *we* are no longer on the telephone, but have a pair of scissors in *our* hand and are attempting to cut off *our* hair, pulling it to the back of *our* head with one hand and holding the scissors in the other. But the hair *we* are holding does not

feel like *our* own; *we see* and *feel* it as Lilith's hair, black and gray, thick and wiry. *We* cannot cut it so one of *our* alters comes to try and help *us*, but she can't either. What is clear to *us* about Lilith's hair being on *our* head is that *lily* is showing *us* how bound to Lilith *we* are. She is part of *us* and *we* are part of her, as in *DNA linked*.

Our conscious programming download ends after eventually involving many alters coming forward, so many that except for *lily we* are uncertain of their identities. *We* are grateful for the appearance of this deep alter, despite her being directly pursued by "Satan." Per her programming, she is very loyal to Cain in particular, though unaware of this programming, as is the case with so many of *our* alters.

From *our* journal following this download:

> *. . . we feel very sad today, our heart aches, we feel/felt helpless, unable to help her, she is still out of reach. we are deeply disturbed by her connection to 'Satan,' we want to understand in our conscious mind, yet we do not . . . even though we can feel it in our body, we ache all over and feel a low grade fever rising . . .*

Downloads come during deep deprogramming at a mind-bending rate. After relaying this particular download to one of *our* deep deprogramming team, *we* asked him to tell *our* front alters about “Satan,” of whom *we* do not have much, if any, conscious knowledge.

What does "Satan" mean? It has been made infinitely clear to *our* front alters that every detail *our* alters present in a download means something. There are no unimportant details, particularly when *lily* comes up from the deepest part of *us* to tell something and going against all of her programming to do so. This is so rare that *we* instinctively knew that the direct reference to Satan was very important. *We* also asked why there were references to Satan *and* Lucifer from *our* alters. What is the difference between the two? *Our* front alters do not know consciously and have a programmed difficulty understanding. *We* could *see* and *feel lily* trying to tell *us* that she *feared* being taken from Cain to whom she is faithfully devoted. Clearly, she was breaking her programming to tell *us* even this much.

Alters 14 *and* "25" *face to face*

This particular download occurred during a particularly heavy time of downloads. They often occur in overwhelming waves. This day *we* left *our* job early due to physical symptoms of cellular memories—split-brain headaches, fever, body pain in tissues and joints as well as “fear gripping *my* heart” programming.

First, *we* had a download of *alter 14*, a kill alter with heavy sexual programming performing oral sex on her handler in a hotel room at his one-word trigger. This alter being used sexually by this particular person was very confusing to *us*. *We* then had a download from this same *alter 14* being handled by "*25*" shown to *us* during this download for the first time. The handling in this download repeated over and over throughout the night.

There are two of *us* young adults, mirror images of one another yet clearly two different personalities with definitive energy signature differences. Different people. *Alter 14* awaits "*25*" in a motel room. Alter 14 is clearly a kill alter aware that she is waiting for "*25*" to come. "*25*" seems to be a handler in this scenario, coming to talk to *alter 14* to keep her in kill mode. They stand "face to face" in the motel room, "*25*" talking to *alter 14*. *Maintain* alter 14 *in kill mode*. *Alter 14* is to remain in the room waiting in kill mode. *We* cannot hear what "*25*" said to *alter 14* that “maintains” her in kill mode; *we* who were conscious in this download were not told. Whatever it is, it works. "*25*" leaves only to return what seems like hours later to again talk to *alter 14* to "maintain kill mode."

Two clearly distinct personalities, visual mirror images of one another. We saw the numbers 14 and 25 clearly and consistently. *We* also understood that *alter 14* was accessed and “maintained” by "*25*," though *we* do not fully understand it or how it works. Do they work in tandem? *Alter 14* was aware of "*25*" and what she was doing, just as "*25*" knew *alter 14*, yet *alter 14* seemed to have that "ask no questions" consciousness while "*25*" seemed to be the handler.

During the download, *we* looked at the time on *our* watch and were aware that two different times were being "seen." The actual time was 4:2-something a.m., but *we* could not clearly see the time while also *seeing* 4:33. Moments later, *we* realized two parts of *us* were *seeing* two different times, one the present time, the other the time from the original experience. Also within the download, *we* were experiencing the body memory that began earlier in the day—fever, split-brain headache, body pain, and “fear gripping *my* heart" program, the last being a self-destruct program in *us*.

Pursuing a kill alter

This download came in three segments, a common occurrence with experience downloads. The alters show *us* experiences from various points within their lives, at first appearing random but scrutiny reveals they never are. This segment was the first of the internal system download in which the kill alter introduced herself consciously and visually to *us*.

We are walking toward a five-by-five wooden platform 40-50 feet up in the air. As *we* approach, *we* see a mirror image of *us* on the platform, both of *us* young adults. She climbs down a wooden ladder attached to the side of the platform. Neither of *us* is hurrying; *we* both move steadily, calmly. However, *we* are aware that *we* are pursuing her. As *we* step onto the platform, she is still descending the ladder. She and *we* look into each other's eyes long enough for *us* to know that she is one of *us* and has no emotions at all. Her energy signature told *us* she was a kill alter. Without speaking audibly, she says, "You cannot get that close," meaning she is a deep alter and that is why *we* will not be allowed to catch her unless she decides to let *us*. She disappears below the platform as *we* near the ladder. *We* climb down and when *we* reach the bottom, she is nowhere in sight. We stand on a wooden platform like the one above, only this one is over a fast flowing “river” maybe twenty feet across. We step from the platform up against one side of the “river” bank onto short, soft, green grass, turning to look for her. She has disappeared.

Her programming dictates that she will always be out of *our* reach. *We* were pursuing her inside of one of *our* systems, a journey through one of *our* internal systems in which *we* saw her because she surfaced enough to allow *us* to do so. This tells *us* that she has reason to come up, as in she *saw* something occurring within the system with others of *us* in deep deprogramming that told her it might be desirable to surface. *We* suspect that she witnessed *us* interacting with others in her group telling her it was okay, or she was somehow forced up by the revelations of other presenting alters. *We* are uncertain why she appeared to *us*, but reluctance and unwillingness are not always one and the same.

The second segment of the download will be skipped here, though it is her information as well; it is not necessary here.

The third segment occurred immediately after the second and has had a disturbing effect on *us*. *We* were shown the words, "HURT THEM, KILL

THEM" in large white block letters running from bottom left to upper right inside *our* head, "HURT THEM" in front and partially on top of "KILL THEM," as if coming out of "HURT THEM." The reason for the in depth description here is that *we* clearly understood that this alter was to see the "HURT THEM" while being triggered by "KILL THEM" on another level.

We are uncertain what to call this alter. She is the same one that was on the ladder in the first segment, but with her limited appearance, she has left *us* uncertain as to her identity. The energy signatures are strong and distinct, but alters are often adept at keeping *us* from naming them unless they permit it. As *we* deprogram further, it becomes more common for other alters who surface to tell on these secretive alters and force an appearance to help *us* acknowledge their existence. *We* know that this alter is a kill alter and believe her to be one of possibly four that *we* are now consciously aware of.

This is a typical example of internal programming: bizarre, frightening, and endlessly disturbing. But *we* are grateful it is being consciously revealed to *us* as *we* attempt to break free of *our* programming. *We* must experience and remember what *our* alters experienced in programming and on-task in order to understand *our* systems, and it is only at their discretion, in their time. *Our* responsibility is to provide as safe and non-judgmental an atmosphere as possible so that they will continue to come forward. This is not as easy as it at first may sound. *We* have to *see* and *feel* what they present in many cases for the first time, and that is an ongoing struggle. *We* must fully with them *see* and *feel* what they experienced, their *feelings* or lack thereof, and in the more extreme programmed behaviors, it is very painful for the rest of *us*.

When they present, they are usually breaking programming, though unfortunately this is not always true, given that many alters come forward to present per their deception programming to ensure that *we* and anyone trying to help *us* deprogram are disinformed. Deception programming appears to be very complex and extensive and *we* are diligently working *our* way through it as it appears.

We often know the alter’s fear level of death or disappearing—the same thing to them—but not their specific programmed penalty for breaking programming. Often, they are not aware that they are part of a system of alters, which in and of itself keeps them from interacting with any of *us*. *Our* main front alter was not the only one who thought that she was just a *me*, despite others' presentations throughout *our* life. It has taken a year of deep deprogramming for *us* to realize

that the continued cycles of doubt are mostly, yet not exclusively, from the front alters—a doubt repetitively cycling within the frontline system. With continued deep deprogramming, *we* will have to face it eventually once and for all—at least that is what *we* believe and hope.

We also know that there are alters much deeper in the systems who also have very singular views of who they are. Some alters know there are others, yet their programming runs independent of acknowledging the rest of *us*, or they are not aware that there are any others of *us* at all. There are many who recognize that they are not alone, with some even programmed to interact with or run other alters as a handler. It is an elaborate set of systems that involves many keys, codes and triggers, as well as screen programs to prevent dismantlement. *We* are still in the process of discovering *our* own systems, and the extent of deception programming makes *us* feel that *we* have only begun to scratch the surface of its structuring.

Programming to actor Christian Bale

This experience memory had *us* initially thinking that *we* had interacted with this particular movie actor, but *we* have come to understand that *we* were programmed *to* him. Whether or not he was physically present during the programming experience, *we* are
uncertain. It may not seem possible that a person could not know that, yet *we* can assure you that in *our* case, *our* programmer's skills are still quite astounding to *us*. They are masterful at what they do.

Upon researching Christian Bale's life, *we* discovered that he started in movies as a child. It is *our* strong suspicion that he is a *tmk* victim as well. He is twelve years younger than *us*, so *our* programming to him occurred when he was in his twenties and *we* in *our* thirties.

The part of this programming experience *we* have in *our* conscious mind is this: *We* are working out in a health club, a seemingly repetitive setting for programming. Bale is there to work out as well, yet neither of us is doing so at the onset of the experience. We are standing on a tight weave, light-blue carpeted area sunken about six inches below thin metal railings on each side. *We* are facing him, engaged in talking about him moving away. *We* remain cool on the exterior but feel a pain in *our* heart because *we* must be in contact with him.

We ask him if *we* can remain in touch and he replies, "Yes." *Our need* to see him, to stay in touch, is *our* programmed motivation to see every movie he stars in. *We* are relieved and yet disheartened by his impending departure, due to the programmed sexual relationship between us. At that point, a sexual act occurs between us, yet this memory is lost to *us*: the programming may have been to make *our* alter believe in the sexual relationship, a necessity for other programs, whether Bale was personally present or not.

The most disturbing aspect of the whole experience is the three or four "Round Tables" of observers framing us: the same gray- and white-haired men dressed in dark suits who have appeared within many downloads, some balding, some wearing glasses, almost always sitting quietly at Round Tables while intently observing *us*. *We* exercise caution, looking out of the corner of *our* eye, not directly nor too often or long at the observers, as they unnerve *us*. The entire time *we* interact with Bale, *we* are aware of these men and at a loss as to why they are there observing *us* with such quiet intensity. Bale seems oblivious to their presence. Are they observers on the *exterior* or *interior* of *our* mind? Three-dimensional observers, or observers in *our* mind and part of *our* internal system?

We have suspected these observers to be Church of the Latter Day Saints authorities due to the gray- and white-haired men and women present during End-Time programming that took place at the LDS Conference Center in Salt Lake City, Utah that involved one of *our* kill alters.

We have a programmed compulsion to see Bale in *Batman* movies because they represent a modern version of a story *we* were programmed with beginning in *our* youth. Since *Batman Begins* (2005), *we* have compulsively watched every film from previous decades with various actors playing Batman, even asking *our* local video store when the DVD of *Batman Begins* would be out so *we* could buy it and watch it as much as *we* liked. Once it came out on DVD and *we* owned it, *we* had to negotiate with *our* alter to not continue buying the film (much like J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* that Mark David Chapman and the Mel Gibson character in the film *Conspiracy Theory* had to buy over and over). Fortunately, *we* had begun deep deprogramming by then and were able to talk *our* alter out of buying copy after copy.

When *we* found out that Bale would star in the 2008 sequel *The Dark Knight*, *we* waited for months for its release and went the second day it arrived (only because *we* had to work on the first day). *We* were so triggered by the film that

kill alters surfaced during and afterwards, then *we* received immediate downloads about the storyline being associated with End-Time programming within.

Like so many films, these are not innocuous pieces of harmless entertainment but serious mind kontrol venues designed and utilized by programmers and kontrollers to trigger and reinforce *tmk* slave programming. *We* are certain of this and will not go into all of the details of the film's effects on *us*. What is certain is that several of the characters in the film are representative of alters—Gotham City being Salt Lake City, etc. The most important conscious understanding *we* have is that in *our* End-Time programming, *we* are to assist in creating chaos, one program being to deliver bio-weapons for the direct purpose of protecting Gotham/Salt Lake City for the malevolent ones who own it, and their agenda, furthering it at *our* programmers' bidding. Batman protects while the Joker creates chaos. These two characters, as well as others like “Two-Face,” are akin to alters within at least one of *our* systems.

We suspect that more than one End-Time program has been installed. *Tmk* slaves worldwide are being triggered and "recalled" by these films. The fact that Bale's second *Batman* film *The Dark Knight* was one of the highest grossing films worldwide that year sends shivers up *our* spine. *We* live in a world that most people never even suspect exists, yet that world is very real and powerful, its seeming conspiratorial innocuousness being part of the power these mind kontrollers wield. How do you fight an enemy you are not even aware of, let alone unwilling to hear about?

Various researchers are aware that the *Batman* storyline is programming—a corroboration that occurs over and over as *our* deep deprogramming progresses. Every time *we* found something that *we* had recorded from *our* alter’s experience of downloads from another *tmk* slave or researcher’s writings, it helped to loosen the grip of *our* programming and fueled *our* ability to further deprogram.

In 2009, Bale starred as John Connor in *Terminator Salvation*. Naturally, *we* went to see the film and some of *us* were triggered, given that it is about many things that are non-fictional. With enough research into long-standing documentation on the subject of *total mind kontrol (tmk)* programming, the reader may be able to imagine fiction as the delivery system for truth. Not only does *Terminator Salvation* double as global programming reinforcement and triggering for *tmk* slaves with kill programming, but it deals with the very real subjects of artificial intelligence (AI) and the creation of cyborgs, man- and

woman-machines, using fourth dimensional technology to cross human genetics with all sorts of other DNA sources. This is very real and no longer just science fiction. For history on this, read *The Last Circle*, a baseline for investigations into such topics as “artificial intelligence” and how it relates to the PROMIS software distributed by the company named *Oracle*. (Remember *The Matrix Trilogy*?)

Though *Terminator Salvation* is rife with Hollywood extremes, it is a powerful tool for reinforcing messages to programmers' slaves. *We* are one of them through and through for all time, *our* very insides designed by them and solely owned by them. *We* wept out of a deep connection and resonance with Sam Worthington's character the cyborg Marcus Wright, the most powerful scene for *us* being Wright hung in chains and finally realizing the full implications of not being fully human. This is the world of *tmk* programming. This *Terminator* film is about End-Time programming and involves many, many *tmk* slaves.

no place like hollywood

Splitting

This experience memory came as the second part of a two-part download. Though the first is a very significant experience memory, *we* have chosen not to write it here. What *we* know is that the alter who shared these two pieces of memory is the same alter—not a kill alter but someone who is youthful and innocent, despite her programming. This memory is another of the memories that *we* suspect may take years to assimilate, if *we* ever really do. With this one, like other memories of this nature, despite their extreme difficulty, *we* are grateful they are being brought to *us* by *our* alters so there is hope for some degree of integration amongst *us*, integration being a conscious collective of parts living together in a productive, healthy manner, hurting no one, including any of *us*, while helping to bring awareness to the atrocities still taking place *daily* in *tmk* programming.

During this download, *we* are in total darkness in *our* head when suddenly images made of light begin to appear inside. Some *we* cannot put into words, some *we* can. *We* recall a hand made of light appearing and then fading. *We* recall a head and face made of light, then fading. Many things appeared in *our* head, parts of things, fragments, all in the darkness, all made of light. *We* were very frightened as the images appeared and faded and a terror and pain built inside, a pain *we* could and could not *feel*.

Then an extreme white light appeared, brilliant and accompanied by severe pain somewhere inside, though *we* don't know where. *We* began to scream as it went brilliant white before and inside *us*. It was unbearable and yet during the download *we* could not *feel* it because it belonged to someone else within *us*. Then *we* split, *our* mind fragmented. This download left *us* screaming from a primal place. The depth of sadness is too difficult for words. Alters were being created as *our* mind shattered. This was torture for the sake of shattering *our* mind. When *we see* and *feel* this experience, it is as if everything just stops and time is suspended. Nothing can reach *us*, *we* are away, removed, undetected, invisible, partial.

After this download, the desire to die, to take *our* own life, was severe as *our*

suicide programming ran and ran.

13

Where the Alters and Systems Live

Living in these systems—if you can call it living—is what *our* consciousness has worked at. This section studies the fragmented, conscious pieces of the combination of systems and alters that *we* know of so far, thanks to *our* deep deprogramming.

The alters

The following list represents alters *we* know to be present within *us*, at least well enough to list at this time. It has been therapeutic to name them, and it is *our* hope that other slaves may be able to recognize some of these alters in themselves, if only by nature or specific programming.

It was also very powerful in *our* healing, after coming to know many of those present in *us*, to discover that other slaves have documented similar alters in themselves. *We* found it validating as well as of assistance in breaking down *our* isolation programming a little bit. Often, alters come into a conscious presentation over and over for months, and in some cases even for years. Through *our* whole life, they have been coming up and taking the body to present, and yet *our* front alters were not conscious of who and what they were, despite being aware of some of them.

Now *we* define this process in two ways: one, coming forward without conscious recognition, and two, coming with conscious recognition by *our* front alters. The first is full switches of personalities without conscious recognition, the second conscious co-existence. Integration to *us* is the conscious knowledge that *we* are a *we*, someone with distinct multiple personalities, and then engaging with *our* alters on a conscious level. This is a simple, rather rudimentary explanation, yet accurate in its most basic form for *us*.

The accepted integration method for multiplicity in the mental health community

leaves much to be desired as far as *our total mind kontrol* programming is concerned, though *we* are sure there are many well intentioned mental health professionals out there. For *us*, the *core* is not the front alter—not even close. The core is deeply hidden from *us*. *We* believe that *we* have only *once* consciously encountered *our* core or someone representing her thus far in deep deprogramming.

Alters present to *us* consciously, but often *we* are unable to *see* and *feel* them clearly enough to name or list them until they present in a way that is more clear. Many want to be known yet remain elusive with varying reasons valid only within the parameters of their programming. It is very clear to *us* that *we* have alters who are still fully programmed and able to be accessed as long as that programming remains hidden from the rest of *us*. *We* are diligently working to change this. It has also become clear that possibly some of the alters participating in *our* deep deprogramming were created by *us* as opposed to the extremely large number apparently designed by *our* programmers. As of October 2010, *we feel* the ratio of conscious, co-existing alters has shifted in that the few alters *we* created—apparently allowed by *our* programmers to remain—are now far out-numbered by alters they designed. Mostly young child alters appear to no longer be run by the *entities* or their programming. *We* view this as being very positive in relation to healing.

Most of the programmers' deep alters are still following programming contrary to *our* deprogramming, but not all. The most dangerous ones are cult loyal, and many of these are still hidden from *us* (at least in part). *We* are able to sense them as if from a distance, a *see* and *feel* as if they are hidden just beyond a wall obscuring their particular programming. Their existence is palpable in that it involves downloads that show bits and pieces of programming, but not enough to dismantle. *We* believe someone, or several, are trying to tell.

- *The core*: *Our* original self that has never developed emotionally, physically, or mentally. *We* do not believe that *we* will integrate and return to this core that has never developed. *We* feel, based on *our* personal deprogramming thus far, that this concept can prevent illuminati programming multiples like *us* from ever reaching a deep enough understanding of their own systems and alters that they become empowered enough to not only break their programming but sustain the empowerment to live a life outside its reach. Attempts to re-access *us* have not ceased, contrary to what most of those around *us* say about how this is all supposed to work.

- *The infant:* Part of *our* original self.

- *Rabbit:* A three-year-old animal alter created by extreme torture, trauma, and sexual abuse.

- *Currently unnamed child sex alters and fragments:* Uncertain of how many.

- *The rage alters:* Used to disassociate and distance *us* from the truth of *our* lives and situation, as well as to isolate *us* from others; also facilitated a kontrolled release of lethal rage due to years of abuse, trauma, and torture.

- *The flying alter:* Since childhood, *we* are certain that the "others" taught *us* how to "fly" *in* the physical body.

- *The breathe under water alter:* Since eight years old, *we* have consciously known that *we* can breathe underwater due to this alter.

- *The disappearing alter:* Not sure when this alter was designed, but *we* have experienced this alter's ability in the everyday here and now, though cannot explain how this ability is achieved.

- *Child alter who sexually abuses younger boys:* This alter sexually abused a cousin only a few years younger.

- *Nancy, the cheerleader alter:* Programmed at eight years old, second grade, to seduce older men in her gold and black cheerleading costume with black, patent leather boots while seductively singing Nancy Sinatra's, "These Boots are Made for Walking."

- *The wild one alter:* A loose and wild teenage alter *we* know to be a kill alter disguised by an emotional immaturity that can be mistakenly perceived by her targets as innocence. She has psychopathic characteristics, appearing as *two distinct personalities* in one alter. A naive sexually promiscuous teenager who once triggered into her "kill" program is lethal without rational thinking.

- *The whispering child alter:* Speaking softly, she has presented many times, trying to hide. She *feels* like she is about age six or seven years old.

- *The screaming alter:* She screams always and constantly inside of *us* for all of *us* so *we* don't have to; this allows the proper functioning of other alters.

- *The thief alter:* This alter has been with *us* since adolescence, created either by *us* or by *our* programmers. She steals with no remorse, is quite good at it, giving *us* a perverse sense of control in an out-of-kontrol life. Also perpetuates "shame and guilt" program reinforcement to others in *us*.

- *Lily, Cain's bitch:* Called up time and time again for Cain's use, she is cult

loyal in a very victimized way.

- *The run alter:* This alter takes *us* into hiding and safety, away from others around *us*, as in not insiders, particularly to motels and hotels per motel and hotel programming after on-tasks. This alter has been triggered out inadvertently and extensively during deep deprogramming.

- *The workout alter:* An alter who is very disciplined and consistent in working out despite any mental, physical, emotional and/or spiritual issues that may arise for other alters during programming and on-tasks. Used to keep *us* disassociated from pain, rage, and memory as well as in physical shape, she keeps a potent degree of disassociation.

- *The one who takes severe sexual pain alter:* She is the one who can take being brutalized sexually and keep taking it. She is used by sadists. *We* are uncertain if she and *the stage alter* are one and the same.

- *The stage alter:* Raped with penises and objects (including a hefty wooden cross) on a stage before an emotionless audience, she has limited contact with *us* and *we* don't know much about her, though *we* suspect she may be *the one who takes severe sexual pain*. (As of October 2010, *we* have been given information that another illuminati slave has reported that she too was raped with a crucifix, a tactic utilized by some programmers for ritual and programming.)

- *The adult woman who sexually abuses little boys alter*: *We* awoke one morning with her holding *our* body. In other downloads, she is teaching very young boys about the pleasurable feelings of their penis. *We* have held her at bay due to what *we* have to encounter with her presence, so little is known about her at this time. Definitely cult loyal.

- *The perfect hostess alter:* She is attractive to men, amenable, strong, clever, intelligent, flexible, with strong sexual overtones, lies perfectly, and can handle anyone from any walk of life. She is lethal as she can and has fronted for kill alters. Hosting for kontrollers is conscious for her, though they only tell her what she needs to know to perform within her programming: cult loyal but not trusted with too much information. She can read the power level of the *entity/being* "running" a person near her—i.e. the *demonic* hierarchy level—which serves her programmed on-task successes.

- *She 29th:* The most cult loyal consciously known to *us* so far—lethal, raw, hard, cynical, prone to rage, with kontrolled sarcastic, aggressive sexual energy toward elites and the ability to immediately identify *entity* hierarchy level,

calling it “power” or “juice.” She enjoys inflicting pain, be it emotional, mental, or physical, is very cunning and intelligent, and programmed to hate and kill humans of any age and gender due to not believing she is human. She has kill programming to "Fuck them and kill them," this being her programmed justification: “If they are too fucking stupid to know better, they deserve to die.” In her mind, her successful seduction proves their unworthiness to live. *I* suspect that her strong cult loyalty is programmed to thwart any deprogramming: she presented consciously to *us* within the first four months of deep deprogramming, talking to *us* like *our* programmers would, possibly even being one of them inside *us* who was programmed to surface early as a significant part of “deception” programming. She clearly does not want *us* to succeed at deprogramming. In her case, it is difficult to distinguish the *entity* handler from the alter split off to be used by *our* programmers. *We* have come to suspect she so bonded with the *entity* that extraction seems impossible, so for now complete containment is being utilized.

- *Alter 14:* To an extent *we* find difficult to express, she is lethal, kontrolled, extra-perceptive beyond the five senses with highly attuned physical kontrol over *our* body when she is holding it. She has heavy sexual programming and is apparently used sexually by at least one of *our* handlers for his own personal gratification. She is aloof, calm, detached from emotions, though not entirely emotionless. This alter has the ability to crush the windpipe with her right hand.

- *The kill alter that we pursued within our system: We* know almost nothing about her at this time, nor are *we* able to even name her, though she *feels* almost entirely emotionless.

- *"25":* Part or all of her duties include maintaining kill mode on *alter14*.

- *The soft one*: Attractive, charming, demure, with an innocent sexuality; has a very powerful effect on those around *us* when present in her deceptively innocent way.

- *Greer’s girl:* She is totally devoted to the handler of the same name; brought together with him at 17. Even after becoming conscious of who and what this man is to *us*—his suspected *tmk* programming, *our* own tmk programming to him, etc.—the false love and bond to him is so consuming that *we* often experience a physical ache. Their bond is one of the strongest internal bonds *we* still have, associated with *our* Cain programming. This alter’s devotional programming was used during *our* early deep deprogramming to bring *us* back into programming or possibly death (“going home").

- *The crystal alters*: They number in the hundreds, parts of the crystal structure system within. They are adult sex alters, some full personalities, others fragments utilized for specific on-tasks. This is still in discovery.

- *The anorexic one alter*: Used to disassociate *us* in a variety on situations and maintain dissociation for extended periods.

- *The bulimic one alter*: Robotic, empty, “purges” to accomplish one of several program goals, leads to the completely dissociated alter.

- *The completely disassociated alter*: She appears after *the bulimic one*.

- *The one with the raspy voice alter*: Part of *our* frontline system, she appears when *our* main front alter enters exhaustion, allowing *our* detachment while maintaining communication with those around *us*. She *feels* like a buffer of sorts between the main front alter and the totally disassociated alter that appears after *the bulimic one*, serving as a middle ground and keeping *us* functional in the "world of man."

- *"Jacked":* This high energy, fast-talking anorexic that does not need to eat (different from *the anorexic one)* has very high energy and downloads with lots of pacing due to having to get information out or it may explode! It talks fast and cannot stop until it is all out. It is like a conduit presenting information from within for several other alters. It does not appear to have a gender.

- *The protector alter:* Part of *our* frontline system, she comes in when the front alters cannot handle the emotional pain anymore. She observes everything and makes judgments without emotion, neither engages nor talks much, yet functions for survival as a highly attuned observer who is not well suited for public interaction.

- *The adult dancer alter*: A teenager, she presented consciously while performing in a very uninhibited, raunchy manner for a group of men to the Grand Funk Railroad singing "We’re an American Band."

- *The occult alter*: She calls in the “mothers of darkness.” She seldom presents to *us*, which makes *us* suspect that she and the adult woman alter who sexually abuses little boys may be from the same “group” of alters. She took kontrol of *our* body in deep deprogramming to a very frightening and powerful degree, with the rest of *us* fully conscious.

- *The front alters known as the front line system*: They are designed to present to the "world of man" a well-rounded, highly functioning “individual,” no matter what *our* other alters are exposed to at the hands of *our* kontrollers.

- *The "host" or main front alter*: The first line of defense, part of the frontline system, she is a conduit of sorts for many others to present through. She was programmed to be unaware of *our* MPD, including the alters in the frontline system who know about her. (See http://svalispeaks.wordpress.com/tag/shell-programming/.)

- *The perfect employee alter*: She is very strong, gregarious, humorous, quick-witted, intelligent, observant, and dedicated to *our* work, whatever it may be at any given time. She is part of *our* frontline system presenting to the outside world.

- *The self-inflicting pain alter*: One of several alters who inflicts pain upon *us*, this one can utilize many low-level painful experiences to allow consistent, ongoing dissociation.

- *The cutting alter*: Cuts *us* to dissociate when serious measures are required.

- *The bone breaking alter*: Attempts to break *our* bones to dissociate when a profound degree of dissociation is required.

- *The suicide alter, "eat a bullet" program*: Self-explanatory, she was programmed long ago for future need. It almost took place in April 2008 at the end of an on-task kill that was averted by deep deprogramming. It was to give credibility to the "stalker" explanation for the kill so that no sincere investigation would follow.

- *The suicide alter, "stop my heart" program*: She can stop *our* heart at will to provide no need for investigation afterward.

- *Adam: We* are uncertain about him as he does not present like the others. He may have been shown to *us* as of June 2009, or he may be an "insider" heavily involved in *our* programming, as he knows *us* very well. *We* continue to *feel* him so deeply within that *we* often feel that he may be one of *our* kill alters. This is very much still in discovery.

- *The holding pattern alter*: The alter between other alters when *we* are to think, do, and say nothing. A waiting alter very observant visually and auditorily, with no apparent emotions or sense of self.

- *Jack:* A male alter, he is in 12-step programs, about fifty years old, tan, shoulder-length blond-white hair, loves the tropics, and wears big black sunglasses and a pale yellow button-down, short-sleeved bowling shirt along with plaid shorts. He presented only once to try and stop *us* from a particular action in January 2009. (As of May 2012, *we* believe "jack" is a disembodied

human spirit that gained entry at an extremely vulnerable time in *our* early deep deprogramming.)

- *The organizer alter*: She is an obsessive-compulsive organizer, distracting other alters from the pain of moving forward into experience memory downloads.

- *The denial alters*: These alters fight attempts to deprogram and are found in *our* frontline system as well as in deeper alters.

- *Our higher self:* This part continues to assist *us* in what appears to be truly Benevolent ways, encouraging *our* survival with words of Unconditional Love and empowerment like “Stay alive.” For years now, *we* believe this to be the truest part of *us*. However, this could be an alter designed to assist *our* being kept alive and functional for continued use, *we* really don't know. What *we* do know is that Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love is the very reason *we* survived and still survive, despite many attempts to end *our* life.

The systems

This section, as with many, is still very much in discovery. Thus far, *we* are certain of how at least two systems are set up in *us*, but *we* do not consciously understand how they relate to one another. *We* believe there is a third system, but very difficult to access. Is it possible that they are all parts of one another?

- *Rooms and buildings:* Alters—often in groups, sometimes alone—are repeatedly found in “rooms” and behind “doors,” accessed by “stairways,” “ladders,” even “rivers” that evoke a deep-felt connection in *us*. But are these “rivers” actually part of this particular system? *We* have found both human and nonhuman alters in these “rooms.”

- *The crystal structure*: This structure has the most potent effect on *us* because it is one of the most beautiful and terrible things *we* have experienced thus far in deep deprogramming. Downloads are not in the least two-dimensional—far from it. They have *palpable, physical, spiritual “life”* to them. *We* can *see* and *feel ourselves* as the very parts of this “crystal structure” that contains alters numbering in the hundreds, each being a multi-faceted “crystal” making up the living “crystal structure.” It glistens with life and even moves as if in an occasional breeze, leaving a powerful feeling in *us*, a longing, a reverence, a desire to just look upon it, despite its parallel terrible nature due to what it is: a

living, breathing system of *our* alters doing the bidding of programmers—in this case *our* sex programming as adult alters.

It is *our* understanding that most of this system is still intact on every level, but not fully. *Our* view from below through an opening indicated missing “crystals,” with the remaining ones in a state of stasis, awaiting being needed and called up. This structure is a “sphere” with crystal pieces interlocking with perfect precision and a small space between for movement. *We* could *see* and *feel ourselves* here, our many parts as a *tmk* slave, many fragments and full personalities. It is truly beautiful and terrible for *us* all at once.

- *Galaxy*: *We* are still very uncertain about this even being a system, believing it is possibly more about certain programs relating to *our* "*alien*" programming as opposed to a system. Very little has been revealed, yet what has been revealed in part is from very palpable, living, conscious downloads from many years ago, long before *our* deep deprogramming began. Memories that have been with *us* on a conscious level for many years involve a vast open darkness filled with lights, a palpable, living darkness beyond three dimensions. This has also shown up heavily in the collage work created by many of *us*.

14

Running Interference

These programs are all seemingly designed and implemented to keep *us* in varying states of dissociation and the truth of who and what *we* are out of reach. The power of these programs still frightens *us*. It is only with much time and commitment, and most assuredly the power of Benevolence alive within *us*, that *we* are not completely at their mercy any longer.

We want to *emphatically* state that *we* do not consider *ourselves* cured, whole, or free. What *we* do *see* and *feel* is that *we* are no longer being completely run by high-level people or malevolent *beings* but are learning to deal with the other personalities in *us* so that they too are no longer running to these programs. *We* continue to battle the programming and *entities*. A more wholesome recovery may be possible, but *our* current deep deprogramming process and the ever present danger in believing *we* are finally free constitutes *our* journey through it all, not a dissertation on how it ought to be. *We* are not *entity*-free, but a large degree of forward movement has occurred, and in some cases is significant. A partial list of *our* interference programming:

* *Fog: We see* it inside *our* head. It facilitates loss of memory, particularly during a surfacing memory and leads to confusion.

* *Walls of water: We* hear it and *see* it inside of *our* head as it "washes away pain."

* *Obsessive-compulsive organizing:* This allows distraction from acknowledging alter presence and affects the many of *us* that can be in *our* head at once.

* *Obsessive-compulsive cleaning:* Temporarily alleviates *feeling* of "filth" inside, due to sexual use and kill use, particularly specific on-tasks of the latter.

* *Agoraphobia:* Occurs when too much starts to surface at once and *we* are totally debilitated.

* *Stealing*: Gives a certain young alter a sense of control over her life.

* *Excessive watching of programming and program-reinforcement shows and movies:* Shows and movies that *we* were specifically programmed to, as well as those that reinforce *our* programming.

* *Listening to programming and program-reinforcement music*: Both music that *we* were specifically programmed to, and music that reinforces *our* programming.

* *"Run":* Leave now, pack up or don't pack up, just get out, get away, fueled by intense fear and paranoia. Most downloads have involved *us* going to motels/hotels per that program.

* *"Cut"*: This is done with a razor to dissociate *us*.

* *Bone breaking*: This is *us* perpetrating this upon *us*; profound disassociation.

* *Severe headaches, "split-brain headaches":* This surfaces with experience memories and alters, often accompanied by intense body pain, fever, chills and vomiting as well as extreme fear and panic, and can appear instantaneously.

* *Intense body pain*: Found in *our* tissues and joints, even *our* skin. *We* call it "cellular" memory.

* *Fevers*: Usually low-grade alternating with high, accompanied by cold and hot spots, with hot on the inside. During these, it *feels* like *we* could breathe fire while chilled on the outside of *our* body.

* *Bulimia*: Conscious purging that provides the act of violence to "self," keeping *us* dissociated and *our* alters easily accessed. Tremendous rage release.

* *Anorexia*: Designed to starve *us* and keep *us* dissociated.

* *Masturbation*: Keeps *us* disassociated, plus used to switch alters during solo on-tasks. Additionally, it thwarts *our* deep deprogramming and allows *entities* ongoing access to *our* sexual energy, a very powerful kontrol mechanism.

* *Repetitive "loop" programming*: A cyclical program that can run for hours. This is programming reinforcement at its best, or worst.

* *Numbers and number sequences*: Used to trigger alters and reinforce programs. "13," "18," "22," "222," "33," "333," "1234," "514"… *We* have reason to believe larger sequences exist.

* *"Flipping snapshots" program*: Associated with End-Time programming: a circle and "12:34" as well as flipping pictures.

* *"There is nowhere you can hide that we can't find you and kill you":* See

Chapter 2, "The Teen Years."

* *Crazy*: Maintains *our* programmed status, allowing others to maintain disbelief as well.

* *Doubt*: Maintains ongoing programmed status.

* *Internal entities*: Programmers, kontrollers, and handlers.

* *External entities*: Same as above.

* *Excessive physical activity*: A powerful distraction or dissociation, depending on extent and potential pain level.

* *"Alien abduction":* Feeds the “crazy” programming and works as screen memories, which are *very real, not an imagining*, with malevolent dimensional *beings* engaged as well as human programmers, kontrollers, and handlers.

* *Isolation*: Creates and maintains an ongoing loneliness, still present within *our* deep deprogramming due to others' inability to hear, let alone accept, who and what *we* are, as well as *our* valid fear of allowing a handler or kontroller into *our* lives. Reinforces programming to “trust no one.”

* *“No talk” programming*: Tell no one anything!

* *Threats*: Originate from both internal and external *entities* and the three-dimensional "world of man."

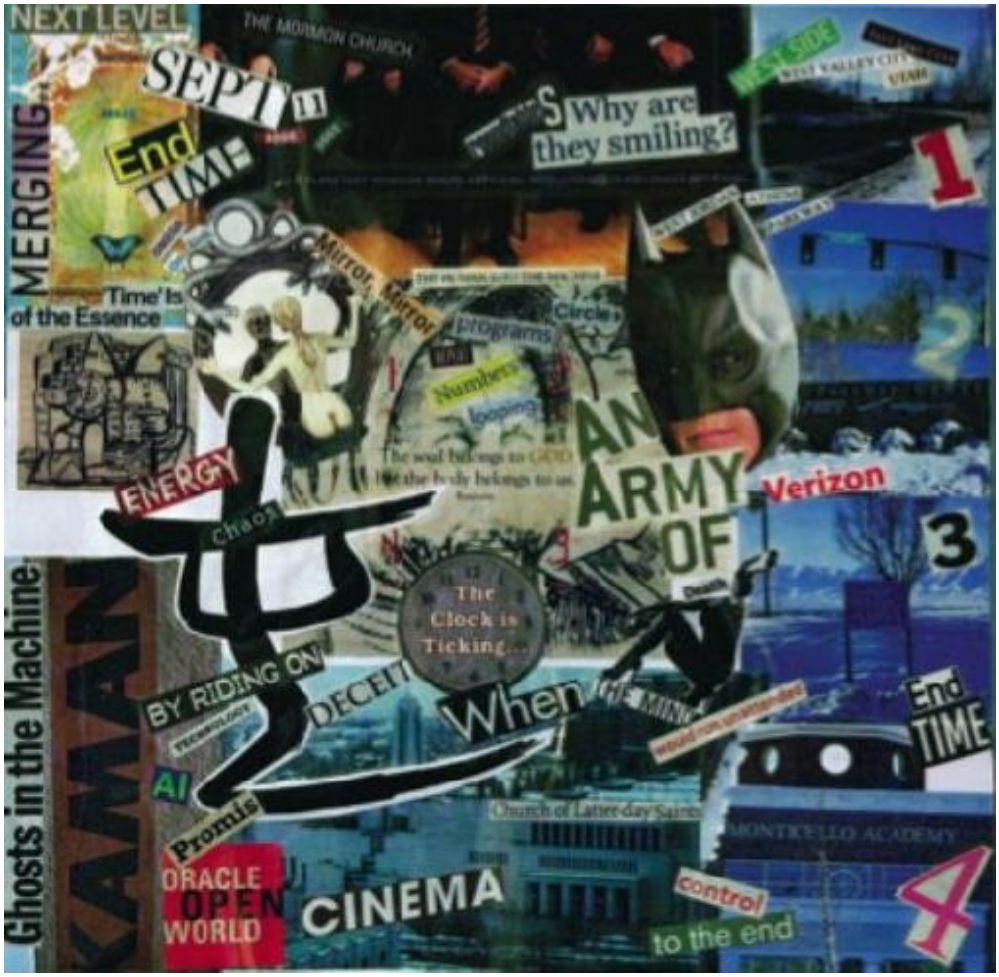
* *Deception programming*: Presented by alters, reinforced by external disinformation.

* *Extreme fear and panic*: Maintains programming states.

* *Guilt and shame*: Maintains programming.

* *Suicide*: Facilitates disposal of malfunctioning slave while discrediting the slave in the process.

* *Death/murder*: Specifically at the hand of kontrollers or handlers, this can be done quickly or over years. A researcher we know refers to it as “rotter status” (not *our* term), *our* May 2012 status.



next level, end time

15

Programming: Codes, Triggers, and Reinforcements

These are parts of *our* programming that *we* have discovered within and without *us*, given that *our* programmers have designed programs that are constantly reinforced by the "world of man" around *us*. The power of these triggers causes sadness and fear in *us* as their effect on *our* alters can be overwhelming. While at times evoking anxiety that escalates into panic, they can also reinforce and calm because they are designed to keep *us* in programmed mode.

The following are in no particular order and do not comprise a complete list. It is impossible to cover all of the triggers, and many of *our* codes are not consciously evident to *us* at this time.

* *Touch*: Specific touch locations as well as certain movements such as a circular hand movement on *our* buttocks will bring out a young child sex alter. Another "touch" involves a hand on *our* inner left thigh (requiring at least two other triggers to be effective) to summon a sex alter.

* *Pain*: Inflicted by others as well as *our* own programmed alters. (*We* have alters who are programmed to seek out pain.)

* *Violence*: Programming breakdown during deep deprogramming can trigger violent alters as well as viewing violence in films to appease these alters so *we* can function in the "world of man." *We* refer to this as “low-dosing.”

* *Blood*

* *Butterflies*

* *Horses and unicorns*

* *Gems and crystals*: Pink, green, blue, clear, purple, black, and more. In some cases they represent alters, as far as *we* can tell.

* *Barbie dolls*

* *Stuffed animals*

* *Nursery rhymes*

* *Sexual abuse and sexual acts*

* *Penis*: A penis is a snake that will "bite *us* and kill *us* if we do not kill it first!" It is particular kill programming associated with a specific young alter known as *the wild one*. It is her justification to kill as well as working as a sex programming trigger.

* *Colors*: Shiny purple, blue, green, gold, black, red, white, black and red, black and white, and more.

* *Clothing*: Among other things, lace panties.

* *Mirrors*: Used by *entities* to access *us*, they appear to be portals for malevolent ones.

* *Symbols*: *Delta* triangle, circle, Flower of Life, Infinity/Mobius strip, Japanese symbol for chaos, symbol of Cain, Eye of Horus, Fleur-de-lis, six-pointed star, etc.

* *Trigger words and phrases*: Far too many to list here, some used once and others ongoing.

* *Guns*: Particularly a .45 and 9mm.

* *Reptiles, demons, aliens, entities*:

Hybrid reptiles (humanoid-looking but clearly not human)

Full blood reptiles (that look like a dinosaur)

Alien grays

Nephilim (humanoids with brown rough skin and black eyes)

Large black male silhouette

Fuchsia silhouette

Double-headed fox

Snakes

Komodo dragons

African lions

American mountain lions

Black-eyed humanoid with long, gray hair

Blue-eyed, humanoid female with long stringy blond hair

A man with solid black eyes, fair skin, no body hair except a head full of

black hair, a perfect physique with black tattoos on his torso and arms reminiscent of black snakes. This is one of the forms the one *we* call Cain takes.

* *Vertical pupil eye, black eyes*: Reptile eyes *and* cat eyes, as well as solid black eyes.

* *Specific foods*: McDonald's french fries, Chef Boyardee beef ravioli, and more.

* *Telephone calls*: Someone else on the other end of the line.

* *Recorded telephone messages*: Pre-recorded messages generated by a person dialing it, initiating it via computer, or generated by an AI computer.

* *Tones*: Sent via telephone or independently. By telephone, they are rapid and high-pitched in a sequence, elsewhere they have been single and varied. On one occasion, they came through a motel room wall in which *we* were staying for several days during deep deprogramming.

* *Tattoos*: Very particular types and more so in certain locations on the body.

* *Specific people*: Individuals *we* are programmed to (Dr. Steven Greer, Danny Glover, Christian Bale, and Dr. A. True Ott).

* *Musicians and music*: Musicians and music *we* were programmed with: Led Zeppelin, Kiss, Perry Como's "Moon River," Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made for Walkin'," Marc Cohn's "Walking in Memphis**,**" Paul McCartney's "Band on the Run." There is *endless* program reinforcement music.

* Movies and television shows: *I Dream of Jeannie*, *Batman*, Disney films including *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Bambi, Jungle Book*; Charlie Chaplin's *Button, Button, Who's Got the Button*, which is also a game found in *Alice in Wonderland*, a major programming storyline. Reinforcement includes but is not limited to *The Bourne* trilogy, *My Own Worst Enemy*, *Dollhouse*, and *Harry Potter*.

(Note: Hollywood is not for entertainment. It was and is designed for programming. This goes for the music industry as well. Until one realizes what it is humanity is dealing with here, the concept of total mind kontrol programming will remain elusive to the conscious mind.)

* *Actors*: Two we are currently conscious of: Danny Glover, a lifelong activist *we* were programmed to as part of a kill team; Christian Bale, to whom *we* were programmed to go and see his films for triggering and reinforcement of *our*

programming.

* *Internal clocks*: Programs triggered by internal clocks (often nocturnal) involves *entity* handlers.

* *Electroshock*: Used during programming and to reinforce programming; additionally to sequester alters and their memories.

* *Drugs*: Used during programming and rituals, as well as during the heavy programming and use years of alters.

* *Lights and flashing lights*: Repeatedly triggered *us* into alters when *we* were exposed to them, even in deep deprogramming.

* *Health clubs, fitness centers, and gyms*: Located in *our* town as well as around the country to pull *us* in. Used as screen memories during programming to keep *us* from knowing *our* real location as well as possible illuminati work out facilities for their people and their slaves.

* *Motels and hotels*: *We* were programmed to go to these for use and programming as well as after an on-task. To this day, *we* still struggle deeply with programming to *move into* a motel for a few months' stay. (As of 2012, *we* still desire this, but it is manageable.)

16

Diary Entries

Morning, June 5, 2009. The front alters understand much that *we* have been talking of for some time now. Time remains elusive. *We* are in a difficult time of discovery, revealing for the first time to *me* that *i* am not the original self, as many of the other alters already know themselves not to be as well. Some do not know this, thinking that they are the only person in this body.

June 9, 2009. *We* awoke with deep sadness, not wanting to get out of bed ever again, but a tremendous amount of energy is running through *us*, despite what *we* deal with day in and day out. *Our* energy is seemingly endless at times, yet *we* also feel a deep exhaustion inside that never abates, that is killing *our* physical body even now. At work, *our perfect employee alter* is viewed as an endless bundle of energy, and even that is changing as *our* deprogramming continues. *We* have come to understand that this energy and the way people are drawn to it is a result of having so many inside *us*.

For the first time in *our* collective consciousness, it makes sense that the mind is energy and *we* have many minds creating lots of energy. *We* can run on very little rest, often for days, and remain high-functioning and productive, eventually crashing briefly or longer, depending on the severity of experience memory downloads. Then, *we* start up again. *We* don't think *we* sleep the way a non-multiple personality does, and certain alters never sleep. Someone inside *us* is always awake, which is why *we* refer to sleep as rest for *our* body as opposed to *our* minds.

July 21, 2009. It is *our* hope to focus even more on aspects of the deprogramming process.

Staying true to *our* original intention to present *our* process as it truly is, *we* have had a very difficult time recently. Just over a week ago, *our* main front alter had a full abreaction to the understanding of *our* personal relationship to the ones *we* call Cain, Lilith and Lucifer. It occurred late on the 12th and early morning of the

13th of July—not a coincidental number. *We* have not recovered from this and are still unable to *feel* any connection to anything around *us*, except within the context of high functioning. *We* feel as if something was lost a week ago—possibly *our* main front alter? *We* are awaiting her return. It is still unclear to *us* exactly what has occurred, but *we* are trying to remain vigilant, despite being unnerved by having discontinued contact with *our* support group. *We* believe this to be temporary, though *we* are also encountering self-destruct programming every day and are again negotiating amongst *ourselves*.

August 10, 2009. *We* are again in contact with one of *our* support people and have begun to grasp consciously what has been occurring in recent months. *We* will continue *our* deep deprogramming, it being *our* continued hope that writing about *our* experiences will assist other *tmk* slaves with their deprogramming.

December 21, 2009. The holidays are too close for comfort. This is not a time of celebration for *us*, but a time to get through. *Our* memories of the "holidays" and what they have held still haunt *us*.

Reaching out to present this information in a safe, anonymous public format will not be easy, if it is allowed to occur at all. The party that *we* attempted to reach out to did not respond, and *we* received a threat in town while attempting to do so. This is not the first threat or attempt to silence *us*. But *we* are not deterred and hope to tell what *we* know in a way that may assist in making a difference to the future of all of us.

January 5, 2010. *We* awakened and went back to bed a couple of hours later, unable to stay warm no matter how many layers of clothes *we* put on. *Our* place being quite warm, temperature change (very hot, very cold) has become synonymous with emotional downloads by *our* alters.

We awakened in late morning from a download by *our* alters that included *us* as an adolescent sexually abusing *our* younger cousin—thus a child alter who abuses at least one other child. In 2008, more than one download revealed an adult alter who sexually abused 5- and 6-year-old boys. (This adult alter is only briefly mentioned due to *our* limited exposure to her, the result of *our* inability to deal with her experiences and what *we* have to feel during them, namely her pleasure carrying out these "tasks.") Without any doubt, she is a cult-loyal alter who, per her programming, was introducing young boys to the pleasures of their penis for the illuminati programmers.

We did not know that *we* engaged in the sexual abuse of *our* cousin until today.

We are sickened. Though *we* were aware of a sexual energy between this cousin and *us* in years past, today has brought out the truth of that energy and its early origins in both his life and *ours*. As stated before, the path of deep deprogramming involves not only facing what *we* have experienced at the hands of *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers, but also facing what *our* alters have perpetrated as the result of their programming under years of systematic abuses, body, mind and soul.

Our biggest obstacle to getting the truth of what *we* personally know out in any public format is first and foremost the kontrollers themselves. *Our* second greatest obstacle is the cemented indoctrination and disinformation of the public at large, an indoctrination so massive that what *we* write of remains for most unthinkable. It is a disheartening irony that those who would label *us* as many things other than what *we* are, are themselves living deluded lives. *Our* sincere hope is that this work may reach through that delusion for the sake of the true freedom of the whole of humanity already in the clutches of the malevolent ones.

January 13, our core's birthday, the first in many years that *we* are attempting to do a very low-key personal celebration. Due to *our* experiences in years past with programmers, kontrollers, and handlers, this day, like many "holidays," has not in the least been a time of celebration for *us*. It is *our* second birth date cycle since beginning *our* deep deprogramming. 2009 was filled with an experience memory download by one of *our* teen alters presenting extreme trauma and sexual abuse from *our* 13, 14, and 17 teen birthdays, after which *we* re-fragmented.

Experience memory downloads often have a re-fragmenting effect, no matter what *we* do. It is *our* hope that this will change with time and the strengthening of *our* collective selves working together. So far, this birthday has brought something quite different. At first, the following concerned *us* until *we* realized that it made perfect sense.

Immediately upon awakening on the morning of January 9th, *we* saw that something had been moved in *our* room. *We* were startled because *we* had no conscious memory of moving it. *We* subsequently realized with anxiety that *we* had done a full switch between alters and that an alter had set the scene in *our* room for *our* awakening that morning. For months, *we* had assured *ourselves* that full switches were no longer occurring, neither writing about it nor talking about it with *our* support people in an attempt to not face it or its implications.

On the morning of the 11th, it happened again: another stuffed animal had been placed in a different spot for *us* to see upon awakening. *We* could no longer deny it, nor the implication of *what* was moved—a stuffed animal, something used by *our* father in *our* youth to assist in switching alters.

While journaling in the late morning about these two occurrences, *we* decided *we* needed to voicemail a long distance support person. While doing so, the alter who had done these acts appeared to *us* within, stopping *us* mid-sentence: an adolescent, young teen alter consciously presenting to *us* for the first time. She did not name herself and remains somewhat elusive, as many of *our* alters do upon first conscious presentations, but her interactions have helped *us* piece together various fragments that have been in *our* conscious mind for some time that we couldn't understand, including *our* father's ongoing gifts of stuffed animals with the code word *Fontainebleau* throughout childhood, adolescent, and teen sexual abuse and programming.

On the 12th of January, at this young alter's urging, *we* learned of The Fontainebleau hotel in Miami, Florida directly associated with the "network" and where *we* may have been used in the 1970s and 1980s. More of *our* past abuse and use was revealed and thus assisted *our* deprogramming.

The point is this: Instead of abreacting at the knowledge of full switches still occurring, *we* chose to continue to stay aware and alert to these presentations of the teen alter instead of putting energy into fearing unconscious switches. *We* came to the realization that the alters *we* do not know about consciously—and in almost two years of deep deprogramming, *we* now know that there are many of these—would still have *entity* handlers running them. Hence, full switches are not only possible but probable. Until these alters present to *us*—those parts of *us* that split off from *us* in the first place—*we* will not have the ability, with their assistance, to remove the *entity* from each alter so they can become part of the conscious collective of *us*.

Thus this birthday experience was a success rather than a setback. After all, simply not being aware of something does not make it not so. (If only it was that way!) It is *our* contention that being unaware of an enemy allows it to continue to perpetrate its malevolence and thwart disarming it. *Our* awakening is and continues to be through the knowledge that *our* alters bring to *our* conscious collective selves.

March 4, 2010. *We* have taken the initiative to anonymously present *our* lives as

we have experienced them online in the realm of alternative radio through a show called *The Story Behind the Story* hosted by Dr. A. True Ott under the alias of "liz." (As of October 2010, Dr. A. True Ott is now on ***www.themicroeffect.com*.)** Exposure is very frightening, but it is still *our* contention that time is of the essence for all of humanity as well as for *our* collective of selves.

The triggering that occurs as a result of each show is strong, due to internal self-destruct programs of dissociation, doubt, flooding, anorexia, bulimia, and rage alters co-existing with *our* front alters, with full switching. The greatest struggle, however, is with *our* suicide programs. *We* pull in Benevolent energies ("pibs"), but it takes several days to regain temporary relief. Still, this is what *we* must do. It is *our* responsibility as a multiple personality recovering from illuminati trauma-based, *total mind kontrol* programming. It may very well be a slave undergoing deprogramming who brings pieces of the truth to light to a public ready to hear it.

May 2010. *We* are very aware that deep alters are still under the active programming of the *beings* that run them. Others of *us* are working to dismantle those programs. Some of these alters have End-Time programming ready to be activated, one of whom is to be activated with details involving three men who are also *tmk* slaves, two of whom *we* have identified and the third *we* believe *we* have identified. Two of these slaves live in the town to which *we* moved just over a year ago—part of the reason *we* are moving quickly toward going public, despite risking *our* anonymity and possibly *our* ability to support *ourselves*, given the possible misunderstandings of those in *our* immediate community. This is a very real fear of *ours*.

October 29, 2010. Some of *our* deeper alters have been surfacing more frequently in recent months. This is a blessing as well as deeply difficult to experience. These alters are presenting more details of experiences that others of *us* have been aware of "at a distance," so to speak, fearful of these details surfacing, even keeping them a bay, yet knowing them to be necessary to *our* healing. *Our* need to know, at least in part, demands that *we* know what happened to *us* so *we* can face these experiences as well as what *we* were made to do under programming. *We* are only as strong as *our* personal healing, and it will last only with conscious knowledge and Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love in *our* heart, soul, and mind. *We* do not seek someone to fix *us* nor save *us* but continue to heal *ourselves* with the Unconditional Love that lives

inside. With this, the more *we* consciously understand about *our* programming and use, the stronger *we* are in dealing with every attempt at accessing or harming *us* still being perpetrated by *our* programmers, kontrollers, and handlers, third-dimensionally and otherwise.

We give thanks everyday for *our* survival and ability to participate in a productive life and continue to call upon Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love to protect and guide *us* in all *we* do. *We* have even begun to be able to pray regularly for others, now that *we* can *see* beyond daily torment by *our* kontrollers.

This malevolent kontrol is not relegated only to the life of illuminati *total mind kontrolled* slaves. It is the agenda of *our* programmers to kontrol global society. *We* are just one of many slaves prepared with individualized, extreme, ongoing programming while global society is being processed on a mass scale, society at large being subject to mind kontrol as well. We are all engaged in a parallel struggle to free ourselves from the grip of the very same malevolence, *we* being but a micro-level example of what is being perpetrated on a macro-level.

Here is the good news. If one wants to take their Divinely gifted power into their own hands and stop these malevolent ones once and for all, they can. In *our* experience, it is necessary to do this not once, not twice, but continuously to protect *ourselves*, asking for the protection of all Life with the highest intention of Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love.

The ultimate reason for *our* survival and ability to progress more and more into this Love each day, despite an ongoing onslaught by *our* own past experience memories held by *our* alters, as well as continued attempts by malevolence to thwart that process, is Unconditional Love. Of this *we* are *certain*.

Hence, it is *our* contention that this must also be the solution on a macro-level. In *our* personal experiences throughout *our* life, as well as currently in *our* own deep deprogramming, malevolence cannot abide in the presence of Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love. This is not a theory for *us*. It has proven itself to be true time and time again, hundreds of times over. *We* are not always consciously aware enough to utilize this, nor strong enough to choose it, yet when *we* are, it works. Each time it works, the opportunities *we* are consciously aware enough to utilize increase. Strength is gained.

We know *we* are not completely free, but *we* have attained a degree of self-awareness and commitment that allows *us* to continue on this path not only for

us but with the hope that *our* writings or radio presentations will reach deep into another programmed slave to touch the truth of who and what they are—a beautiful being of Love with a human soul, first and always.

We will continue to actively seek a deeper understanding of Benevolent Love each day, tempered with the reality that *we* have been programmed and used for all *our* life—not to diminish the possibilities, but to maintain a preparedness for what still occurs within *our* mind and from without.

lucifer's global empire

Epilogue: *Our* Keys to True Freedom
April 2010

This epilogue is directed toward those who wish to assist *total mind kontrolled* slaves attempting to deprogram. *Our* ability to manage *our* lives as a multiple has in some ways become less difficult. Sometimes, the message *we* wish to relay is so very clear and uncomplicated, but as with *our* internal programming, moving through *our* message feels like *we* are walking through a mine field. *We* suspect those like *us* will understand what *we* mean.

Many in the "world of man" offer healing, salvation, and wholeness to multiples like *us*, but the value of such offerings to a newly deprogramming *tmk* slave like *us* is highly questionable, even suspect. *We* wish that what we have stated thus far in *Our Life Beyond MKULTRA* were not so, yet it is so, no matter how often *we* try to tell *ourselves* it is not. Add to this *our* wish that the journey through deprogramming be safe, but this seems to have no basis in fact, at least not in *our* estimation at this time.

It has been *our* hope to present an overview of *our* particular *total mind kontrol* slave experiences under the almost complete kontrol of *our* programmers, handlers, and kontrollers, as well as to offer a view into *our* attempt to deprogram—*without a therapist* but with a deprogramming support group of three—by respecting *our* collective of alters so they will communicate with one another.

We chose not to seek out a therapist because *we* have very little trust in the mental health field's capability regarding multiplicity and illuminati trauma-based *total mind kontrol*, not to mention that some members of the mental health community work in the illuminati programming network. *Our* knowledge of who and what *we* are—a high-level, bloodline slave—unfortunately brought with it a continued need for isolation for early deep deprogramming. This is not a recommendation; *we* are just telling readers about some of *our* choices and why *we* chose them.

Prior to meeting the two men in Salt Lake City who have assisted *our* deep deprogramming, more than one handler was sent to pull *us* back in for

reprogramming. *Our* extensive sexual programming would be the easiest way for *our* kontrollers to access *us*, though *we* have not engaged in sexual relations with anyone, at least *consciously*, since *our* encounter with Simon. (See Chapter 11, "The 40's.") There is, however, a continued use of *our* sexual energy beyond the third dimension very much affecting *us* three dimensionally. *We* were told many times and in many ways throughout *our* life, “You belong to us.”

One of the most difficult aspects of *our* deprogramming has been having so many child and adult sex alters repeatedly presenting their programming to *us*. Though difficult to explain, in some cases they are no longer being driven by the *entities* but trying to feel what they have always felt. To them, *entity*-free space feels like a void and they are temporarily lost, so they take over the body until satisfied that *we* know and accept them without judgment. In a couple of instances, they have engaged in their particular programmed behavior in a frantic manner, desperate to get back to the source of energy they always knew, despite the malevolence of the source.

Deep deprogramming has relieved some of the intensity of these alters, but their struggle has made it evident that the amount of time and energy put into designing *us* as a *tmk* slave was extensive. For almost two years *we* have repeatedly struggled with those within regarding whether or not *we* should "go home" to *our* family (as they call themselves) by allowing one of their handlers —third- or fourth-dimensional—to take *us* back; *or* if *we* should allow one of *our* suicide alters to take over the body and end it all. Should *we* continue to fight *our* way out of their hold on *us* day by day? The latter, fortunately, has repeatedly won out, but not without setbacks.

Alters still driven by *entities* speak loudly about *us* relinquishing the body once and for all, but somehow along the way through connecting with Unconditional Love, abstinence from sex, and the revelations of others within *us*, *we* have attained a degree of communication and cooperation within *our* systems of alters that is working, if only at times.

Most of the world is not ready to know the role malevolent dimensional *beings* currently rule in this third dimension through lies and deception, but *we* believe in the struggle to regain humanity's rightful place on a peaceful, Love-filled planet, despite the fact that the world for *us* seems like one huge trigger, given how *our* programming was designed for 24/7 reinforcement. As *we* deprogram, *we* are at least able to recognize some of these triggers, either during the triggering or some time after, and dismantle the programs to some degree. *Our*

success is due to the communication *we* are developing within *our* systems of alters, though *we* are still uncertain as to how many alters and systems *we* have and may never know consciously.

What has been done to *us* (*and* what *we* have done at their bidding) creates barriers to freedom and "integration." Due to the extremes of *our* programming and use, there is a brokenness that *we* are quite certain will not be fully repaired during *our* remaining time in this "world of man." And yet it is *our* goal to attain a degree of deprogramming that will allow *us* to get as much truth as *we* can out to the initiated public. *We* are also very grateful for the wishes and beliefs of those involved with *our* deprogramming.

We are a collective of selves with many alters consciously present and aware of one another. *We* utilize *our* various skills so as to function in the "world of man." *Our* body is still in breakdown, due to being "jacked" since the abuse and torture began in infancy; *we* can clearly *see* and *feel* that *our* body is not to any significant degree "healing." Expecting deep deprogramming to heal the body may be an unrealistic goal at this point. Healing is possible, but can it occur quickly enough to counteract what is already progressing quickly? To all outward appearances, *we* are functioning just fine, even very well, but cracks are beginning to show.

We felt some relief when *we* recently read that an illuminati programmed *tmk* slave will appear more like a multiple in deep deprogramming than ever before. (*We* thank Svali, an ex-illuminati programmer, for providing this information online.) Reading this saved *us* from despair. *Our* continued high performance level is due, unfortunately, to the alters necessary for functioning in a self-supportive way. "Oz" looks a lot better before realizing that a little man is running it from behind a curtain. Without these alters, a full-blown meltdown would make *us* incapable of functioning and taking care of *ourselves*.

We agree with Fritz Springmeier: what a *tmk* victim needs for healing is a physically present support system to guarantee the time and safety necessary. *We* cannot stress enough the value of *safety* for the deep deprogramming process. The one thing *we* have never experienced in *our* life is the feeling of safety. But these simple conditions are exactly what is unavailable to most *tmk* slaves. Such supportive conditions might protect the energy necessary for the continued programming onslaught from within and without. *Our* experience is that *we* will be accessed by third- and fourth-dimension handlers throughout the time of *our* awakening and deprogramming.

Lucifer and Satan are destroyers, not Creators. *We*, on the other hand, are a very powerful being, thanks to the Creator of all things that out of Love has offered it as *our* human Spirit. This is *our* salvation from within *our* experience and Benevolence is alive in *us.* It is what *we* actively seek, knowing that it will be a long road to recovering *our* other “selves” so as to be a conscious collective living in Love.

Differentiating between what the key to true freedom is for *us* and what many well intentioned others would have *us* believe it is has led *us* to be sure of one thing: partaking of instantaneous “healings” could lead to *our* demise. Every day, the journey through deep deprogramming is one of life and death with danger on all sides from both internal and external forces.

We return to the trust issue. Many who have approached *us* during the first two years of deep deprogramming have been malevolent in nature. Distinguishing between those of truly Benevolent intentions and those influenced, wittingly or unwittingly, by the malevolent ones, has been and is exceedingly difficult. Many are unwittingly used by malevolent forces, and others aware of their malevolent affiliations. This can get very complicated, but becomes easier to discern over time if one is committed to deep deprogramming, which *we* define as not giving *our* lives over to a kontroller or handler, wittingly or unwittingly, while learning from *our* alter downloads.

Many who have no conscious knowledge of what a *tmk* slave must go through to deprogram—including slaves whose programming is just beginning to break down—do not realize how difficult it is to deprogram within a deprogramming community that is heavily infiltrated by malevolent kontrollers and handlers. Many do not want to hear this, understandably, and *our* intent is not to cause disharmony, only to write it as *we* experience it.

In *our* earliest years of programming bleed-through, *we* more than once experienced "helping" individuals who *we* would find out more than a decade later had been sent to reprogram *us*. Thus, *we* continued to be used by them for years to come. Other deprogramming slaves have reported this as well.

But the biggest mistake *we* could have made was to believe that *we* could not be accessed once deep deprogramming began. Only with constancy of effort and time have *we* been able to *affect the degree of the hold programs have on us*, and it is still *our* intention to take that understanding to a whole new level.

These are the things *we* know. First, at the very core of *our* being, *we* are and

always will be a beautiful child of Love, Benevolent Creation. *We* were neither born evil nor completely owned by evil but were in the hands of “sin”—cut off from Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love—due to an overshadowing kontrol since the womb by programmers, malevolent ones who are the very force behind every aspect of negativity here in the "world of man." Whether the programmers had a hand in *our* conception or access to malevolent technology, it is *our* contention that *our* bloodline prior to *our* birth led to *our* use by them. The "black" tech, as *we* refer to it, has been used for longer than most individuals believe humanity has existed on earth.

Second, the only true Power that exists is Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love. Most humans practice *conditional* love, but Unconditional Love knows no conditions, none. It exists within every human being, a gift, a birthright, a Life Force for those with a human soul. It knows neither judgment nor separation, nor does It feel any desire to value the life of one human over another. The human limitations in the "world of man," for which all of humanity is falsely blamed, are the sign of malevolence. The only true Power of Unconditional Love has been hidden deeply from humanity by a well-honed, masterful deception designed and implemented over eons by these malevolent ones. This understanding is out of reach for most individuals' consciousness. To love one as more worthy of Life than another is purely a concept of the "world of man."

Third, the malevolent ones' most masterful design includes numerous alternatives to filling the void created by the deep masking, and thus loss, of conscious understanding of the very truest nature of humanity as it is Unconditionally intended to be. The malevolent ones know more about us than we do about ourselves, particularly that to maintain a position of perceived kontrol over humanity, the deception must be unwittingly or wittingly acceptable. In other words, humanity must remain almost completely unaware of the void being offered instead of Unconditional Love. Those who sense the void usually switch from one false alternative to another (ingenious religious designs) in an attempt to fill it.

There is indeed a “God,” but it is that purest Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love that lives in and is the very Creator of all things, all Life. Malevolence cannot Create, ever; it can only destroy. In fact, the earmark of malevolence is destruction. If *any* act involves *any* taking away, *any* destruction of *any* Life, you can be assured that malevolence is overseeing it, subtly or overtly.

Unconditional Love knows nothing of destruction; the two cannot *ever* abide together in the same heartbeat. In the presence of Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love, the *perceived* power of malevolence cannot abide. Malevolence's deception that it is a power, that it has power, is simply non-existent.

To maintain a degree of conscious, daily participation in Unconditional Love is the only real key to true freedom that exists for *us*, having proven Itself on numerous occasions. The malevolent ones know this better than any human does. They do not care if man practices human love because they know that with human love, a condition can *always* be found, due to it deriving from the "world of man" run and kontrolled by malevolence. Access to individuals is easy as long as they practice *conditional* love. No matter how great that human love is, as long as a condition exists, malevolence has access.

Make no mistake: any forsaking of Life by man has its foundation in malevolent doctrine, no matter what claim of goodness is behind it. One cannot take Life and do so in the name of Love, not the true Creative Benevolence that is Unconditional Love. Even the newest of religions are conceived by the malevolent ones as alternatives to loss of faith in the old religions, "New Age" being the most recent.

As *our* deprogramming continues, *we* are aware that the only way *we* can break free of the programming placed in *us* is to consciously interact with that Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love for all of *our* personalities, *our* parts. Interacting with *our* alters means *seeing* them with Unconditional Love, no matter who they are, no matter what they have done. Certain alters make this exceedingly difficult to live up to—their personalities, the evil deeds they have performed due to their programming, etc. *We* have personalities in *us* who have abused, raped, and killed Life. *We* have parts who know nothing else, only the *perversion of love* by the malevolent ones, which is what programming is. Shame and guilt arise, as well as heart-breaking grief—all of which *we* have to overcome so *we* can face them without judgment. Early on, *we* had to overcome *our* desire to silence them so *we* would not have to *see, hear,* and *feel* them and their memories.

We have parts who know that all of these actions and programmed thoughts go against all that is Good, all that is the true Love. But even the caretaking of some alters by other alters is based in programming, not in Unconditional Love, and was for survival and could eventually become a hindrance that could threaten the very life these alters claimed to protect. *We* knew that with conditional love, the

internal power struggle will forever remain, *our* Spirit separated, and that the malevolent ones and *our* programming would always have kontrol.

This is the very foundation of the "world of man," a conditional realm filled with the separation of one human Life from another. As long as we perpetuate this cycle of human love, we as a species shall never know the true Benevolent freedom that is our birthright. Our true nature is the Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love of our rightful existence.

This is not the illusion of unity touted by the programmers, kontrollers, and handlers as a "global village" of organizations and corporate structures run by malevolent ones. The United Nations and its affiliate tentacles is anything but Benevolent! But do not take *our* word for it. Do the research, follow the money *all the way*. If it is not immediately apparent, remember that it is designed to be hidden.

Stay with it and you will find direct associations between the malevolent ones and their minions. This is not for the faint of heart or those wishing to sustain ignorant bliss, which, *we* assure you, will not last much longer, anyway.

Lexicon

Abreact: to release or express an emotion previously repressed or forgotten.

Alter: Can be either a fragment of a personality or a full personality designed within this body, either by the programmers or *us* (only a few were created by *us*), who has the ability to be triggered to the surface by a variety of means, thus either co-existing with other alters or "holding the body" by themselves, depending on the state of *our* deprogramming from *our* intentionally designed "multiplicity." In *our* deep deprogramming many alters co-exist consciously together all of the time, with some trading predominant roles as needed per their abilities, as well as many trying to surface who are no longer allowed to (by those of *us* conscious enough to control them) due to their malevolent nature, per their programming.

Deep deprogramming: This process began when *i*, the main front alter, became *consciously* aware of who and what *we* are, allowing other parts of *us* to come forward to present to *me*. This could not occur as long as *i* denied the truth of *us* per *my* programming.

Dissociation, dissociated: An ongoing state of *ours* due to programming methods involving various traumas and torture, a scientific and esoteric methodology utilized by *our* programmers. This state can be experienced minimally or extremely depending on any given situation, allowing *us* to remain functional or not within the "world of man" for any given period of time. It is a state of being "removed," "distant," "away" somewhere in mind and spirit, though *our* body is present. It is *our* contention that *our* true nature exists somehow on the outside of *our* body during this state. In *our* deep deprogramming *we* have come to experience being in *our* body for periods of time and it has been quite painful emotionally and mentally, often even physically, though it is *our* goal to do so more and more often, a necessary part of deep deprogramming. There is always some connection between *our* spirit and *our* body, it is only the degree that varies.

Download: Information presented by *our* alters to *me* the main front alter. This can include memories belonging to that alter as well as

information that alter has attained due to its interaction with other alters,

entities/beings, or people and situations in the "world of man."

Front alter: This is *me*, a sort of "shell" or "conduit" alter heading the frontline system through whom other alters present to the "world." This "shell" is the *me* who is always consciously present these days, whether alone or not, and *i* am becoming a more wholly functioning person with the assistance of other parts of *us* and Love.

Frontline alter system: A collection of alter personalities designed to present to the "world of man." This system is headed by *me*, the main front alter, and is designed to never allow the truth about *our* multiplicity to reach the consciousness of *me*, the main front alter.

Illuminati total mind kontrol (*tmk*): A powerful, well financed, vast network of programmers, kontrollers, and handlers who through a variety of methods utilizing occult, esoteric practices, and what we call "black tech" (covert technology financed and designed in secrecy) design *total mind kontrol* slaves to be covertly used by various government, military, intelligence, religious, and corporate organizations and agencies, some of which are part of the very design and programming process to begin with. Slaves are also used by individuals associated with this vast network.

Kontroller: A person whose malevolent hierarchic power level falls between a programmer and a handler. They are more powerful than a handler yet not of the caliber of a programmer, oversee several handlers and slaves, and are often at the head of a group of individuals *we* refer to as a "gang." It is important to *us* that it is always spelled with a "k" though *i* cannot tell you why. The same goes for the word *kontrol* when it is referring to *total mind kontrol (tmk)* programming.

Recommended Reading and Listening

This list is for anyone wanting to better understand illuminati *total mind kontrol* programming as well as multiplicity, along with dealing with the effects of such in deep deprogramming. This list is a small sampling of a quickly growing field of research and understanding. Some of this material is very far reaching, beyond the *total mind kontrol* slave's individual experience. The subject of mind control reaches into every aspect of human existence.

Most of this material can trigger illuminati *total mind kontrol* slave programming. Please do not access this material if you are possibly a victim of this programming, until you are certain that you have someone, at least one person, to utilize as a support person. Someone with whom you have presented your possible situation to prior to your reading this material. This material is not to be taken lightly.

We do not promote any particular faith nor religious views that are provided by the individuals or their works listed below. *We* do however give immense gratitude for their devotion and diligence in providing the valuable, and in some cases, unprecedented parts of this vast puzzle. *We* know personally that to do so forever changes one's place within the "world of man."

Books in print

- Icke, David. *The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy*. Associated Publishers, 2007.

- Seymour, Cheri, a/k/a Carol Marshall. *The Last Circle: Danny Casolaro's Investigation into the Octopus and the PROMIS Software Scandal*. Trine Day, 2010.

- Taylor, Brice, a/k/a Sue Ford. *Thanks for the Memories: The Truth Has Set Me Free: The Memoirs of Bob Hope's and Henry*

Kissinger's Mind-Controlled Slave. Brice Taylor Trust, 1999.

- Sullivan, Kathleen. *Unshackled: A Survivor's Story of Mind Control*.

Dandelion Books, 2003.

- Chase, Truddi. *When Rabbit Howls*. Reed, 1987.

- Craig, Gary. *EFT (Emotional Freedom Technique) for PTSD*. Energy Psychology Press, 2009.

- Keith, Jim. *Saucers of the Illuminati*. IllumiNet Press, 1999.

- *Mind Control, World Control: The Encyclopedia of Mind Control*. Adventures Unlimited, 1998. *Good overview, but opinions on illuminati* total mind kontrolled *slave programming are incomplete.*

- Dizdar, Russ. *The Black Awakening: Rise of Satanic Super Soldiers and the Coming Chaos*. Preemption Products, 2009. *An invaluable tool for understanding the* demonic *aspect of* tmk *programming and its effect on multiple personalities, though* we *do not subscribe to the Evangelical Christian beliefs that predominate.*

- Cooper, Milton William. *Behold a Pale Horse*. Light Technology, 1991. *Background to the deception behind the creation of the "UFO community" as well as the "Shadow Government agenda."*

- Fish, PhD, Melvin C. *Two Weeks to Health and Well-Being*. West Pecos Lane Trust, 2006. *For use during healing, for* us *a change of "Christian Savior" terminology to "Benevolent, Unconditional, Creative Love."*

Online books, articles, and radio

There are many sources of information out there, but caution is recommended, particularly for the *total mind kontrolled* slave seeking assistance. Much of the information can be triggering, and some is intentionally designed to be so by the kontrollers. Unfortunately, there is much disinformation as well, designed to lead even the average citizen down the wrong path. Discernment and caution are required. Do not be fooled. Just because something falls out of the context of one's personal experience or lack thereof does not in and of itself classify it as disinformation. Within the world of *total mind kontrol* programming, high strangeness and heinous realities do indeed exist.

- Cannon, Martin. *The Controllers: A New Hypothesis of Alien Abductions,* ~1990.

- Marshall, Carol. *The Last Circle.* 1994. *Information regarding the Octopus, baseline for various circles in which the network of* total mind kontrol *operates as well as where much of the funding comes from.*

- Ott, Dr. A. True. "HuLu: A Quantum Leap in Electronic Mind Control & Manipulation." February 16, 2009. *High-tech mind control against the masses.*

- "The Illuminati Agenda For The Coming New Order: The PROMIS of DAYLIGHT and The ORACLE 8i." August 9, 2009. *The evolution of Promis software (see The Last Circle). Artificial intelligence and its ultimate role in the kontrollers' agenda.*

- *The Story Behind the Story*. Website and radio.

- Patton, Ron. "The Master Plan of the Illuminated Rothschilds: Ron Patton interviews Marion Knox," ~2006.

- Rutz, Carol. *A Nation Betrayed: The Chilling True Story of Secret Cold War Experiments Performed on Our Children and Other Innocent People.* 2001.

- Svali, "The Illuminati in America: Exclusive Interview with an Ex-Illuminati Programmer / Trainer," 2000.

- Szymanski, Greg. "Satanic Child Sacrificing Rituals First Reported at Vatican and Now at LDS Temple In Salt Lake City." 13 February 2006. *An article about the real activities of the Mormon Church and its hierarchy from excommunicated Mormon, Dr. A. True Ott.*

- Wheeler, Cisco and Fritz Springmeier. *Creating an Undetectable Illuminati Total Mind Control Slave.* 1996.